25 cents

NF

APRIL

The RING

Otto Von Porat

Heavyweight Contender

In this Issue

How About Schmeling Now?

by Jack Dempsey

The Classic of Fistiana

JACK DEMPSEY

The Idol of Fistiana

by **NAT FLEISCHER**

Make Him Happy

Give Him a Realistic Thrill

Let Him Enjoy His Reading Hours

by Sending Him a Copy of

"Jack DEMPSEY,

The Idol of Fistiana" by NAT FLEISCHER

A NARRATIVE AND A HISTORY COMBINED

NAT FLEISCHER knows Jack Dempsey intimately—has known him ever since Dempsey came into New York unheralded, seeking any sort of match to give him a start in the East and keep him in "coffee and doughnuts," as he expressed it.

"Jack Dempsey" is a romantic narrative and an accurate record as well. It supplies a long-felt want in the history of the American ring.

Every contest in which Dempsey participated is described with technical truth and vivid faithfulness to the dramatic picture.

Every step leading Dempsey to the title, every move which stood out in his career as a champion, is told about in the weaving of this tapestry of fact and anecdote and technique.

It has the speed of a romantic novel, the color of a red-hot story of adventure, a human appeal in every page.

The Greatest Biography of a famous fighter ever written. 324 pages of interesting reading. 142 photographs covering the life of the Manassa Mauler from his rise from the Copper Mines to a World Championship; from a hobo to a millionaire; from a preliminary boy earning $2.50 per fight to a star commanding a million for the defense of his crown.

A story with a heart throb

A kick in every line. A knockout in every page. The Most Thrilling Story of The Most Colorful, Picturesque Fighter the world has ever known.

An intimate story of Jack Dempsey, the "Play Boy," and Jack Dempsey, the Manassa Mauler.

A beautiful orange-colored, cloth-bound edition. Only $2.00.
Buy your copy now—At all book shops or direct from THE RING office.
Also a De Luxe Edition, limited to 250 copies, each autographed by Jack Dempsey and the author in Beautiful Blue Morocco Leather. Price $10.00. Make Your Choice.

USE THIS COUPON AND ADDRESS:

THE RING, 11 WEST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Please mail to me a copy of Nat Fleischer's thrilling story, "JACK DEMPSEY, THE IDOL OF FISTIANA." Enclosed find:
$2.00 for cloth-bound edition, or $10.00 for De Luxe Edition, limited to only 250 copies, each numbered and autographed by Jack Dempsey and the author.

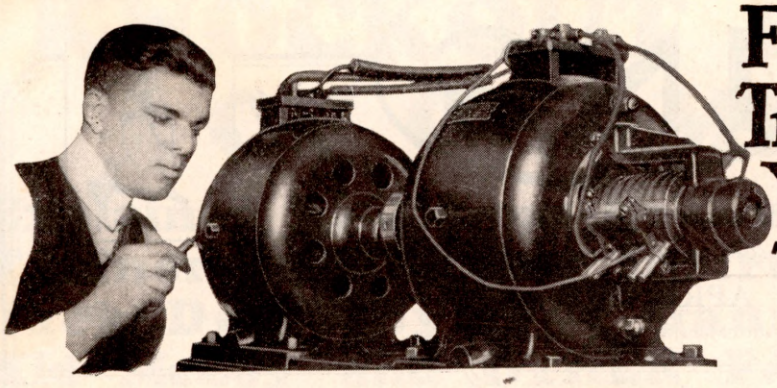
Name.....Street.....

City.....State.....

Illustrated with 142 Photographs, many of them stirring action pictures.

All for only
$2.00

Don't Miss This Story



Fellows I Have Trained Will Tell You That You, Too, Can Cash In On

ELECTRICITY

Not By Correspondence

"First I enrolled with a School teaching Electricity by correspondence. I tried to work out several lessons, but quit when I saw your ad. telling how you taught Electricity by actual work. I didn't have much money when I went to Coyne, but through your Employment Department I was able to work for my room and board. Three days after graduating you got me a good job with a Battery and Electric Shop, and a year later I bought a Shop of my own. I now have a $1300 car and a thriving business—all paid for."

George W. Stoneback, Illinois

Lands a Job at $8,000 a Year

"Before going to Coyne, I was an ordinary mechanic. Now I make $300.00 a month, and am accepting a new position the first of the year as Chief Electrician at $8,000 a year. Any man who works for me will have to be a Coyne graduate."

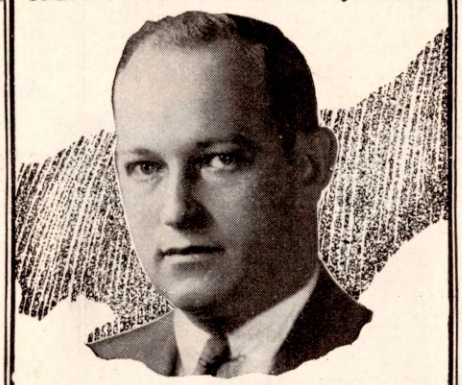
Stanley Zurawski, Michigan.

From $20.00 a Week to $100.00 a Week

"Before going to Coyne, I had worked in a garage for five years at $20.00 a week. I had no advanced education and didn't know a volt from an ampere. Yet I graduated in three months with a grade of 98%. Since I left Coyne, I have jumped from $20.00 to $100.00 a week, and am still going strong. I owe all my success to the practical training I got in the Coyne Shops."

Harry A. Ward, Iowa.

"I knew nothing about Electricity, before I went to Coyne," says Nolan H. McCleary. "I had no advanced education and so little money that I could never have stayed at school, if Mr. Lewis hadn't gotten me a part-time job. Yet I finished the course in twelve weeks, and the School immediately placed me in a fine electrical job. Now I am Chicago District Manager of the largest electrical concern of its kind in the world, making more money than I ever dreamed of making before I went to Coyne. I am convinced that there is but ONE RIGHT WAY to learn electricity and that



NOLAN H. McCLEARY
Chicago District Manager, Beardsley-Wolcott Co.

is the way of the Coyne School—BY DOING ACTUAL ELECTRICAL WORK YOURSELF UNDER EXPERT INSTRUCTORS, ON FULL-SIZE, RUNNING ELECTRICAL MACHINERY AND EQUIPMENT."

For thirty years Coyne has been training men for responsible, Big-Pay electrical jobs—NOT BY BOOKS OR CORRESPONDENCE, but by an amazing way to teach that makes you a practical Expert in 90 days. You need no advanced education or previous experience. I don't care if you don't know an armature from a generator; if you're sixteen years old or forty. IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE! I will prepare YOU for a fascinating, Big-Pay electrical job in twelve weeks time. I will allow you your railroad fare to Chicago—help you get part-time work while at School—and give you every assistance in locating just the job you want when you graduate.

Says You Can Make $60.00 to $200.00 a Week

"Before going to Coyne, I made thirty cents an hour. I borrowed the money for my tuition and you got me a part time job that took care of my expenses. I graduated in twelve weeks, returned home and started doing wiring on contract. In a year's time, I had paid for my schooling, bought a car and had a nice shop of my own. In your catalog you say a fellow can make $60.00 to $200.00 a week. I have done better. In July I made $150.00 to $200.00 a week, and I have made as high as $75.00 a day."

Joseph F. Hartley, West Virginia.

His Advice—"Go To Coyne"

"Some fellows try to learn Electricity by just working at it. Others send away for correspondence courses in it. But my advice to anyone who really wants to learn Electricity is TO GO TO COYNE. They have all the electrical equipment right in the school that you will ever see in the field. NO PICTURES OR USELESS THEORY. They show you just how to do everything you will have to do on the job."

R. M. Ayers, Louisiana.

Nothing Compares to Practical Training

"Before going to Coyne, I took a correspondence course in Electricity, but it was too deep for me and I lost interest. Then I got your catalog, saw how you let the student actually work on electrical equipment, and decided to go to Coyne. At that time I was only making $9.00 a week. Now I make $68.00 a week straight time, have a Hudson car and own my home—where before I could hardly pay rent."

D. G. Emerson, Michigan.

LET ME SEND YOU THE SAME BIG FREE BOOK THAT BROUGHT SUCCESS AND BIG PAY TO ALL THESE MEN—SIMPLY MAIL THE COUPON

Find out how QUICKLY and EASILY you can land a Big-Pay Electrical Job! IT COSTS NOTHING TO INVESTIGATE! Just mail the coupon and let me send YOU the same Big Free Book that started all these other fellows on the road to success. This doesn't cost you a cent, nor does it obligate you in any way. GET THE FACTS. Mail the coupon—NOW!

Coyne Electrical School, H. C. Lewis, President, Founded 1899
500 S. Paulina St. Dept. 40-78 Chicago, Ill.

MAIL THIS COUPON—NOW!

Mr. H. C. LEWIS, President
COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL, Dept. 40-78
500 S. Paulina St., Chicago, Ill.

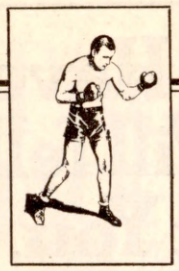
Dear Mr. Lewis:

Without obligation send me your big free catalog and all details of Railroad Fare to Chicago, Free Employment Service, Radio, Aviation Electricity, and Automotive Courses, and how I can "earn while learning."

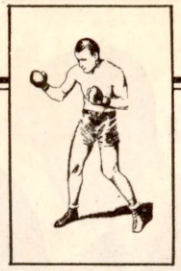
Name .....

Address .....

City..... State.....



The RING



World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

(Trade Mark Registered in U. S. Patent Office) (Copyright, The Ring, Inc., 1930—All Rights Reserved)

Vol. IX APRIL, 1930 No. 3

Published Monthly by The Ring, Inc.

Table of Contents

		Page
HOW ABOUT SCHMELING NOW?	By Jack Dempsey	6
MIAMI BOUT RECALLS LONDON PRIZE RING RULES	By Nat Fleischer	7
FISTIC TITLES ALL IN A MUDDLE	By Charles F. Mathison	8
A MEMORABLE BATTLE		9
A NEW YEAR'S FIGHT IN THE GOLD RUSH DAYS	By Thomas R. Best	10
FAMOUS FIGHTS RECALLED		12
FOREIGNERS MAKING GOOD		13
OH FOR THOSE DAYS OF ROUGH AND TUMBLE	By Wilbur Wood	14
A PRIZE FIGHT OF THE ANCIENT ERA		16
NEW KNOCKOUT KING ARRIVES	"Doc" Almy	17
THE SHEIK TAKES AN EARLY TRAIN	Daniel M. Daniel	18
AURELIO HERRERA	By John L. (Ike) Dorgan	20
NAT FLEISCHER SAYS—Editorial Comment		22
A "RAH RAH" TURNS INTO A RIOT	By Frederick R. Glassman	24
THOSE GOOD OLD DAYS IN PUGILISM	By Jack Kofoed	26
THE GREAT JOHN L	By Joe Humphries	28
ALONG THE GREAT FITE WAY	By A.D. Sullivan	30
IN THE LONG AGO	By Ed Phillips	32
THEY HAVE A GOOD FOLLOWING IN NEW YORK		33
INDOMITABLE COURAGE	Nat Fleischer	34
THEIR FISTIC DEEDS ARE NOT FORGOTTEN		36
ONE DOLLAR FOR THE WINNER	By Kid McPartland	37
WHERE SPORTSMEN GATHERED FOR PRIVATE FIGHTS		39
BOTH ENDED IN THE SECOND ROUND		40
FAKE, YET A BLESSING		41
SKAL, SHOUTS OLD SCANDINAVIA FOR OTTO		42
NEW YORK NEWS	Marty Berg	46
A CORNER IN THE FISTIC MARKET	Eddie Borden	48

In Our Next Issue

Beginning a series by Jack Curley —great tales of reminiscences and adventure — things really happened to him.

———

Jack Dempsey has more to say about the heavyweight situation.

———

An expert analysis of the Sharkey-Scott battle by Nat Fleischer, editor of THE RING. He describes what he saw both in the ring and in the dressing room following the fouling of Scott.

———

We will also hear more from Kid McPartland, Joe Humphries, Dr. Walker, Eddie Munson, Jack Kofoed, Wilbur Wood, Daniel M. Daniel, Ed Sullivan and many others, together with action pictures of great battles of the ring.

The Ring **is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of THE RING guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.**

The entire contents and photographs of this magazine are copyrighted and must not be used without permission.

MEMBER OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

Our readers are earnestly requested to forward changes of address at least 30 days before publication of next issue. The price of this magazine in Canada is 25 cents. If you want your query answered by mail, return postage must be forwarded.

The Ring, Inc., Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J.

Editorial Offices—11 West 42nd Street, New York City—Telephone—Long Acre 7244-45 General Offices—1926 Broadway, New York City.

Nathaniel Fleischer, President and Editor. Daniel M. Daniel, Associate Editor. Wesley F. Pape, Secretary.

Advertising Manager—E. J. Darragh, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

Price—25 cents per copy in United States and Canada. Subscription Price—$2.50 per year in United States and possessions; also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and Panama. All other countries, $4.00 per year.

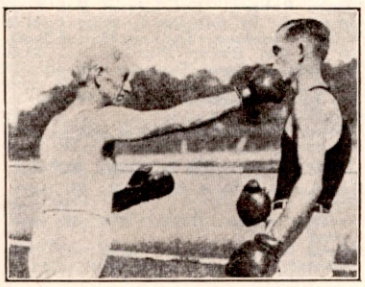
Entered as second class matter January 9, 1930 at the Post Office at Dunellen, New Jersey. Additional entry at New York, N. Y.

Regular contributors—Wilbur Wood, John L. (Ike) Dorgan, Hype Igoe, Charles F. Mathison, A. D. Phillips, Jack Kofoed and Eddie Borden.

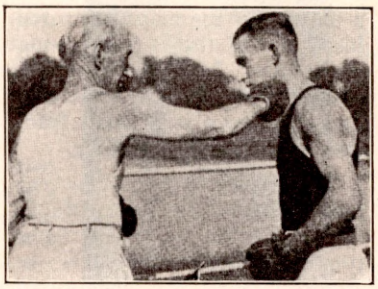
Printed in U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

KNOCKOUT PUNCHES OF CHAMPIONS

Explained by Jimmy De Forest, World-Famous Trainer and Boxing Instructor, who taught Jack Dempsey, Joe Gans, George Dixon, Kid McCoy and OTHER FAMOUS FIGHTERS!

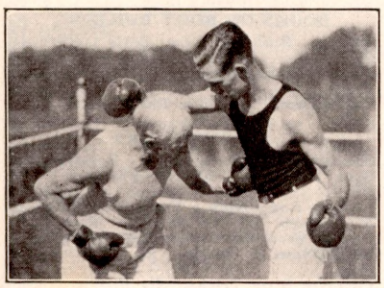


Right on the button! Here's one of the most common of all the knockout punches, the STRAIGHT RIGHT TO THE JAW. Looks easy, doesn't it? But do you know exactly when and how to land it? Don't try to lead with this punch ordinarily—you're apt to get a sock in the jaw yourself if you do. Do you know why? Do youknow the difference between this punch and the left jab? Jimmy De Forest tells you exactly how, when and where to deliver this punch, in his famous Boxing Course by mail. See offer below.

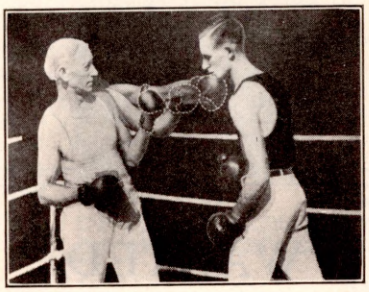


One of the most powerful of all punches—the RIGHT HOOK TO JAW. This is the punch with which Benny Leonard knocked out Richie Mitchell, and Stanley Ketchell knocked out Jack O'Brien, and Dempsey knocked out Fulton. It's a killer alright, but you've got to know how to make your feet, body and arm work together. It's as easy as A-B-C when you follow the simple instructions in the Jimmy De Forest Boxing Course. In this great training system the whole science of boxing is explained from beginning to end.

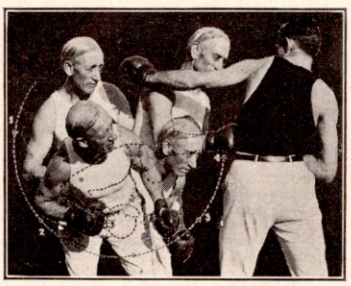
Jim Corbett had Fitzsimmons lashed to the mast in their famous battle, when suddenly—BANG! Fitz shot a terrific wallop to the solar-plexus and dropped Corbett for the count. This blow, the right uppercut to the body, is illustrated by Jimmy De Forest above. Just think what it would mean to have this greatest of all trainers show you exactly how to deliver this punch and all others! That's what you get in the wonderful De Forest Boxing Course—**everything** in boxing.



The man on the right let go with a right hook to the jaw. But Jimmy De Forest ducked and countered with a left to the body. Do **you** know how to defend yourself against every blow? Do you know how and when to block, parry, evade, back-sway, slip, duck, side-step and roll with the punch? Do you know how to counter-attack against every attack? Get the Jimmy De Forest Boxing Course and learn **how to keep from being hit** as well as how to hit.



Here's the "corkscrew" punch of Kid McCoy. Jimmy De Forest taught it to him. He teaches it to you in his great Boxing Course by mail. Boy, if you want to know how to use your fists, send for this course today. It gives you all there is to boxing: footwork, punches, the art of defense, counter-attacking, the art of feinting, ring tricks and strategy, training, securing matches, etc. Everything is here, for amateur and professional alike.



The Dempsey Roll! In this remarkable photo Jimmy De Forest shows every step in the Manassa Mauler's famous weaving style—how he feinted his opponent out of position, then came in with one of his crushing body blows. Pictures like this illustrate every blow, every defense, every move in the whole science of boxing. There are also profuse charts and diagrams showing footwork, the knockout spots, dazing points, etc.

Learn Scientific Boxing at Home Famous De Forest Course Now Only $2.98

Mail This Coupon

JIMMY DE FOREST Boxing Course, Dept. 104, 347 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me the COMPLETE JIMMY DE FOREST BOXING COURSE—text, diagrams, photos.

☐ **I enclose $2.98 in full payment (P. O. Money Order, Express Money Order or Cash registered mail).**

☐ **I will pay postman on delivery, $2.98, plus postage.**

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

TOWN.....STATE.....

(Outside U. S. A. Cash with Order)

Only $2.98 for the whole wonderful training system of Jimmy De Forest, the greatest of all fight trainers, who developed Dempsey, Kid McCoy, Dixon, Joe Gans and other topnotchers. This marvelous system is now developing champions by mail! It will make **you** a scientific boxer—in your spare time at home. Just the first few lessons will teach you to use your fists for self-protection. TRY some of the punches—see how EASY it is to knock 'em cold when you know how. And if you want to get into professional boxing, here's your complete program of 20 weeks' training that will make you a WINNER.

Johnny Nemis won the Welterweight Championship of Eastern Canada after finishing this Course. J. J. Clifton wires, "After finishing your Course, won first go in second round against old timer."

George Tasker had never won a fight in his life before taking this Course—then he took NINE OUT OF TEN in a row—and the tenth he lost only on a close newspaper decision.

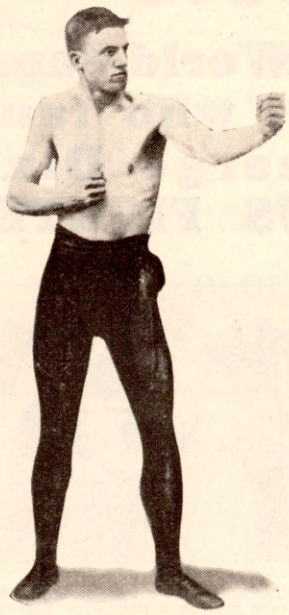
If you want a ring career, Jimmy De Forest will put you in on the big money. It doesn't matter whether you've ever used your fists before or whether you are already an experienced boxer—this Course is filled with priceless information.

And all it costs you is **$2.98**. Others have paid many times this price for the same system—but now this great offer is made to encourage interest in boxing among all red-blooded men. You shouldn't need any urging to take advantage of a golden opportunity like this!

Send No Money It isn't necessary to send a penny in advance. Just mail the coupon and the **complete** Jimmy De Forest Boxing Course will come to you in one mailing. No reader of this publication should miss this sensational offer. MAIL THE COUPON RIGHT NOW.

JIMMY DE FOREST BOXING COURSE,
(Dept. 104)
347 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

OVER 500 KNOCK-OUTS



I held the Amateur Lightweight Championship of the World for fifteen years and retired undefeated. My record of skipping rope 500 times in two minutes, twelve and one half seconds still stands. In a cold water marathon swimming race with 71 nationally famous swimmers, 17 finished, one was drowned and the rest were pulled from the water to save their lives. I came in second.

During my ring career, I fought both amateurs and professionals from lightweights to heavies, never lost a fight and finished every opponent within three rounds. Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil, lasted 13 rounds against Bob Fitzsimmons. I stopped Dempsey in 2½ rounds.

Why have I had this extraordinary career? Because I early discovered certain simple, basic rules of training and principles of fighting. I can teach them to *you*. If you are a natural fighter, I can make you a champion. If you are not a fighter I can make you one.

If fighters were taught as I learned, no fight would last five rounds. I could make Dempsey lick Tunney or Tunney lick Dempsey! If I could K.O. 500 men inside three rounds each, others can do so. I can increase your speed. I can triple your punch. I can give you the art of winning. I can give you such health and physique as you have never had before. In 30 days, your physical improvement will be so great your friends will be astonished.

My fully illustrated book is so simple and clear that a boy can understand it. I am prepared to second my pupils for important fights. No wins—no charge. If they are amateurs, I make no charge. For one year, you get my advice free by mail on boxing and training. Furthermore, I can arrange to box with you, regardless of weight, and show you what a streak I am, and how easy it will be for you to get them on the jaw or pit of the stomach, with my system that beats them all.

Fill in, tear off and mail this coupon today and get five courses for the price of one.

Gus Martel, 198 Broadway, New York City

Dear Sir:—Enclosed is $5 for complete, illustrated book giving five courses for the price of one. Boxing that will make me a fighter, Training, Good Health, Physical Culture and Muscular Development. Should I for any reason return same within ten days, I am to get back my $5 plus postage.

Name..... Age....

Street.....

City..... State.....

Boxing Managers' Column

As the result of many requests that we furnish managers with a means of putting their messages before the entire boxing profession, THE RING Magazine has inaugurated the Boxing Managers' Column. Obviously, the support of such a column is dependent upon its wholehearted acceptance by the managers themselves.

THE RING will gladly provide a means for the manager to tell his story to the entire boxing profession. In addition, it will enable the manager to reach that great audience at a small fraction of the cost of mailing.

The world's foremost boxing publication—THE RING Magazine—is read by every fight promoter and matchmaker in America and in 27 foreign countries, as well. It reaches, also, nearly a hundred thousand boxing fans.

If you believe that your boxers are entitled to become better known, send us their names and weights together with your own name and address, for publication. Send all inquiries to the Boxing Managers' Department, care of THE RING Magazine, Graybar Building, New York, N. Y.

WANTED

Young men seeking boxing careers. Amateur or Professional. State age, measurements and experience. Inquiries to Box No. 104, care

THE RING MAGAZINE
420 Lexington Ave.
New York

OPPORTUNITY

For young heavyweight, without manager, to make a connection which will assure him slow, careful development, and the best of training and treatment. No expense to boxer. Write only.

EDWARD TAPPER
132 Washington Street
Hoboken, N. J.

The Ring Book Shop

11 West 42nd Street, New York City

Carries a complete stock of all books on Boxing and Wrestling

Books for the Boxer, the Trainer, the Promoter, the Second, the Boxing and the Wrestling Fan. History—Fiction—Biography—and Technical books on the above sports for sale.

BIOGRAPHY

Jack Dempsey, The Idol of Fistiana—324 pages, 142 photographs—beautiful binding. By Nat Fleischer. Price.....$2.00
Young Griffo, The Will-'o-the-Wisp of The Squared Circle—A story of Griffo's Life and Battles. By Nat Fleischer. Price.....75 cents
The Life of John L. Sullivan. By R. F. Dibble. Price.....$2.50
"Ruby Robert," The Life of Bob Fitzsimmons. By Bob Davis. Price.....$1.00
William Muldoon—The Iron Man of Sport. By Ed Van Every. Price.....$3.00
The Life of Gene Tunney. By Ed Van Every. Price.....35 cents
The Life of Battling Nelson—Written by himself. Price.....75 cents
In And Out The Ring (Life of Jack Johnson) By Jack Johnson. Price.....$2.00

MISCELLANEOUS BOXING BOOKS

Knockouts I Have Seen. By Ed Smith. Price.....50 cents
Everlast Record Book. Price 45 cents, by mail.
Bound Volumes of the Ring—1922-1923-1924-1925. Price $10.00 each; 1926-1927—Price $7.50 each; 1928—Price.....$5.00
Ring Battles of Centuries. By Tom Andrews. Price $1.00. Reduced from $1.50
"The Fight". An essay. Price.....$2.00 With Beautiful English Colored Print.

BOOKS ON WRESTLING

Complete Science of Wrestling. By George Hackenschmidt. 70 full page illustrations. Price.....$1.50
Scientific Wrestling. By George Bothner. Price.....75 cents.
Wrestling. By Frank Gotch. Price.....50 cents
The Science of Wrestling and Jiu Jitsu. By Earle Liederman. Price.....$3.00

BOOKS ON BODY BUILDING

Muscle Building. By Earle Liederman. Price.....$3.00
Secrets of Strength. By Earle Liederman. Price.....$3.00
Endurance. By Earle Liederman. Price.....$2.00

BOXING BOOKS

Training for Boxers—With a Foreword by Jack Dempsey. By Nat Fleischer. Price.....$1.00
How to Box—With a Foreword by James J. Corbett. By Nat Fleischer. Price $1.00
How to Second a Boxer—With a Foreword by William A. Brady. By Nat Fleischer. Price.....$1.00
Favorite Ring Tricks. By Freddy Welsh, Bombardier Wells and Jem Driscoll. Price.....85 cents
Ring Strategy and Tactics. By Freddy Welsh. Price.....85 cents.
Boxing Through the Slow Motion Film. By Georges Carpentier. Price.....$1.00
My Methods, or Boxing As a Fine Art. By Georges Carpentier. Price.....$1.00
Blocking and Hitting. By George "Elbows" McFadden. Price.....50 cents
Scientific Boxing. By James J. Corbett. Price.....50 cents
The Straight Left and How to Cultivate It. By Jem Driscoll. Price....85 cents
Scientific Boxing. By Tommy Burns. Price.....$1.00
Modern Boxing. A Guide to Present-Day Methods. By Bombardier Billy Wells. Price.....85 cents
Hitting and Stopping. By Jimmy Wilde. Price.....85 cents
The Art of In-Fighting. By Frank Klaus. Price.....85 cents
Text Book of Boxing. By Jem Driscoll. Price.....$1.25
Out-Fighting. By Jem Driscoll. Price.....85 cents
Ringcraft. By Jem Driscoll. Price 85 cents

PRIZE FIGHT FICTION

Bold Bendigo. By Paul Herring. Price.....85 cents
Sir Toby and The Regent. By Paul Herring. Price.....$2.50

HISTORY

Ten and Out. By Alexander Johnston. Price.....$3.50

All book orders must be sent to The Ring Book Shop, 11 West 42nd Street, New York City

Strongfort Gives You Vigor, Health and Strength

YOU can't get by any more without being physically fit. The world of industry, the world of business, the world of finance—all demand that you have abundant health and manly strength. Everywhere comes the demand for fellows who are full of pep, "up on their toes," "go-getters," real men of speed and stamina. You must be fit—and how are you going to be fit?—how are you going to pull yourself out of the languid, lazy, dragging habits that have made you a second-rater, a shambling, aimless, timid individual?

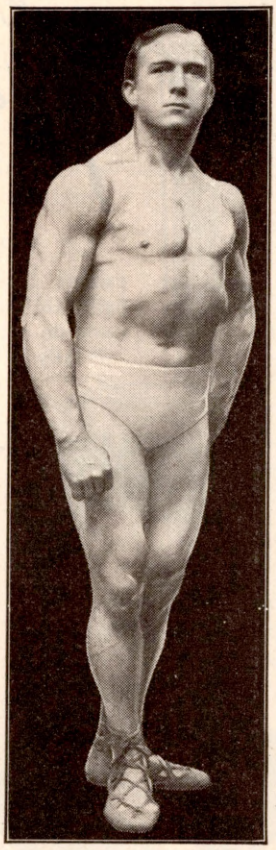
Let Lionel Strongfort point the way.

Let him take hold of you and make a he-man of you by his original, muscle-making methods. Let him, through STRONGFORTISM, banish vitality-sapping weaknesses, constipation, catarrh, indigestion, sleeplessness, nervousness, stomach troubles, rupture, rheumatism and other afflictions.

Strongfortism Dominates

There isn't any question about STRONGFORTISM dominating in the field of physical culture. It is the supreme method of attaining health and strength. It has proved its merit throughout years of performance and has outlived hundreds of pretenders.

Lionel Strongfort became the world's finest physical specimen, employed to pose by famous sculptors, by developing his muscular system uniformly—arms, legs, and body—into one harmonious symmetrical human organism—as good inside as out. No bulging, knotty muscles. No muscle-bound arms or legs. No distortion of the human figure. Perfect balance—that is the beauty of Strongfort's system.



STRONGFORT

Dr. Sargent, of Harvard Universtiy, U. S. A., declared Lionel Strongfort to be unquestionably the finest specimen of physical development he had ever seen.

Neglected Bodies —Strongfort's Warning

At the conclusion of the war, Lionel Strongfort warned the young men who had "kept the home fires burning"—because of physical weakness—would be displaced by the physically fit and hardened boys who came back from the war—and this proved true, but only in those cases where the returning soldiers kept themselves in condition by continued care of their bodies. Those who forgot and neglected themselves and relapsed into old bad habits, fell in with the other physical weaklings and have become useless to business and industry—worthless in the athletic field.

You Can't Hide Your Weakness

You weaklings—you grown-up physical babes—may masquerade in men's clothes—you may devour cigarettes and poisonous booze and make a pretense at manliness, but you can't hide your weakness nor lack of real manhood. Men know you—you can't fool them. Women quickly size you up for what you are. Nobody cares a rap for you. **You can't get or hold good jobs. You can't get into sports. You can't qualify for military training camps.** You are just so much deadwood in the scheme of life. Rubbish! Misfit! Reject!

What are you weaklings going to do about it?

Men wouldn't have to worry about prohibition if they kept their bodies in right physical condition. Failure to do this creates desire for stimulating drinks. Healthy bodies require no jazzing up, and create no desire for intoxicating, vitality-destroying liquor.

STRONGFORTISM
Creates New Energy and Strength

Through STRONGFORTISM men all over the world have been restored to health and strength. STRONGFORTISM has a record unparalleled—there is no other system, or method, or course that compares with it in restoring impaired human beings to health and strength.

STRONGFORTISM begins at the source to create new energy and strength by utilizing Nature's forces scientifically. It builds up the *internal muscular system first* and thus gets rid of constipation, dyspepsia, indigestion, heart ailments, bad blood, catarrhal troubles, rheumatism and other afflictions. increasing your energy and stamina.

External muscular development follows quickly and you become a new man inside and out—a fellow to be reckoned with and envied wherever you go—a peppy boxer, a contender in athletics, a graceful dancer.

Give Nature a Chance

Strongfort's Course does not depend upon artificial means or stimulants—no dope nor drugs. Nature does the work—all you do is give Nature a chance. Only a little of your time, in the privacy of your room, is all that is required. You will be surprised at how easy it all is, how astonishing the results, how speedily you will feel the effects, the new life animating your whole body.

STRONGFORT INSTITUTE
LIONEL STRONGFORT, DIRECTOR.
PHYSICAL AND HEALTH SPECIALIST
DEPT. 45 NEWARK, NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.

Send For My FREE BOOK

"LIFE'S ENERGY THROUGH STRONGFORTISM"—a revelation of inside facts about the human body that makes it priceless to men seeking to banish vitality-sapping ailments, and consequent mental depression. This book points the way to a newer, better, joyous life. I will be glad to have it sent to you Free. WRITE TODAY for your copy.

Send this Coupon

Mr. Lionel Strongfort, Strongfort Institute, Dept. 45, Newark N. J.—Please send me absolutely free my copy of your book, "LIFE'S ENERGY THROUGH STRONGFORTISM." This does not place me under any obligation. I have marked (x) before the subjects in which I am most interested.

..Catarrh	..Colds	..Asthma
..Headache	..Rupture	..Thinness
..Pimples	..Insomnia	..Constipation
..Rheumatism	..Nervousness	..Overweight
..Weak Back	..Weak Eyes	..Short Breath
..Weak Heart	..Lung Troubles	..Round Shoulders
..Stomach Disorders		..Muscular Development
..Great Strength		

Other Ailments.....

Name.....

Age.....Occupation.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

How About Schmeling Now?

By Jack Dempsey

WITH the Sharkey-Scott fight in Miami out of the way, the fistic highway is cleared for the heavyweight championship contest between Sharkey and Max Schmeling in New York this coming summer.

I do not believe any of the stories which have had the German suffering all sorts of injuries from broken bones to sprained ankles, chilblains and jaundice. Schmeling will come over here in pretty good shape and I dare say he will give a good account of himself.

However, my choice still rests with Sharkey, who remains the best bet on this side of the Atlantic.

It is to be regretted that the Sharkey-Scott fight resulted as it did.

I can appreciate the difficulties of Louis Magnolia, the referee, when the question of foul arose. I was placed in a similar predicament when Von Porat fouled Scott in New York, and there was nothing for me to do but to disqualify the Norwegian.

I think it should be emphasized at this time, and in this place, that the rules of boxing which govern the foul do not say that the man fouled must be utterly incapacitated in order to gain the decision through disqualification of his opponent. The rules merely state that a foul is a punch below the belt. There is a feeling among the spectators that a man fouled takes a mean advantage if he claims the foul though he is not in actual agony, or out. But the rules stand. If they are not satisfactory in this day they should be changed. But until they are changed, referees will be in a class with the onlookers on every occasion when a foul blow is delivered.

* * *

THERE is no question that in the Miami bout, Scott went into the ring with a psychological handicap. He had figured in something like eleven bouts in which foul had been entered in the record. This practically landed the psychological setting of the engagement into Sharkey's hands. It is to be deplored greatly that the bout ended the way it did for the good reason that it was quite apparent that Sharkey was going to win, and not very much past the fifth round at that.

The bout between Risko and Campolo which ended in a draw, saved the Argentinian for an engagement with Carnera. Although from all accounts Risko won. Ringside experts gave him six of the ten rounds. Risko made the fight. He punished the South American badly and all Campolo could do until the tenth was score with the rabbit punch. His rally in the tenth was not strong enough to win for him a draw.

The Loughran fight with Pierre Charles was quite an upset. Tommy won, but the Belgian gave a corking fight.

One of the big surprises of the night was the difficulty which Tommy had in getting the lead over Pierre, who outweighed the Philadelphian by seventeen and a half pounds. Charles was a willing and clever fighter whose boring-in style proved very tough for the clever Tommy. Loughran's lip and left eye were cut and he had to call on all his canniness to gain the verdict. It was Loughran's second excursion among the heavies and it was not a very happy event. However, Tommy may have been a bit stableworn and this Charles man was big; he weighed 209 pounds.

The practical certainty that Sharkey will meet Schmeling in the Milk Fund show at the Polo Grounds in New York, reopens the question of standing with regard to the German.

* * *

THERE are some who believe that the American's rating was injured through the way in which the Scott bout ended. However, the fact remains that Sharkey was the better man, and at this time, that is the paramount fact. We no longer really are concerned with the technical features of the Magnolia decision and the Scott claim.

Will Sharkey beat Schmeling or will the German have the better of the argument? We will have to let the question wait for another month.

One fact remains, however, the Sharkey who gained the verdict over Scott, a decision which, like the famous "fourteen count" verdict at Chicago, has started an international controversy, will have to do far better against Schmeling to carry off the world's title. He will find in Herr Maxie a different style battler, a more courageous, tearing-in fighter who will give and take—something Sharkey has not been up against since he was knocked out by me.

As for the stories that are going the round that I will attempt a comeback, I shall now repeat my statement published in the February issue of THE RING—if Sharkey wins, I'll remain in retirement; if Schmeling should win, I'll come back, provided I can condition myself.

Miami Bout Recalls *London Prize Ring Rules*

By NAT FLEISCHER

THE boxing program conducted by the Madison Square Garden Corporation in Miami produced a most exciting night's sport and left a very interesting question open to discussion.

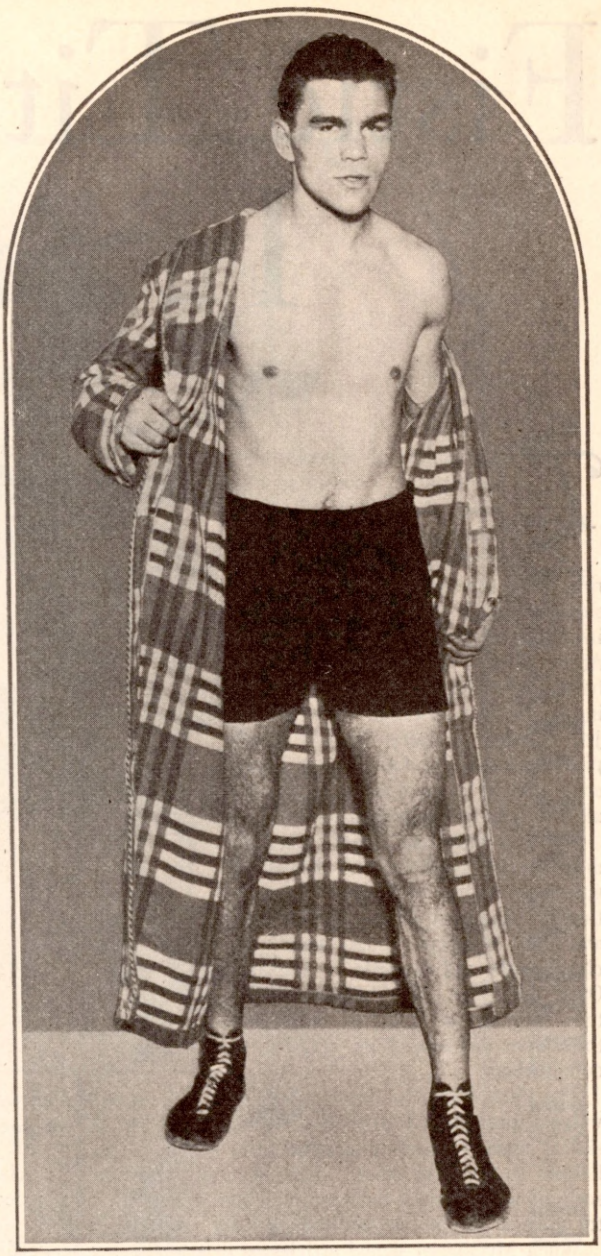
The much heralded meeting between Jack Sharkey and Phil Scott was ended in the third round when Louis Magnolia announced that the Briton had been disqualified.

The fight had an incident which is unmatched in the history of the ring under modern glove rules. It was a relapse to the old London prize ring rules, when a knockdown was a round. By calling a recess after Scott seemingly was hit low, the referee did something which never before had been seen in an important fight in this country. The official time of the third round, shortened as it was, was 3 minutes 42 seconds. The recess was more than one minute in duration.

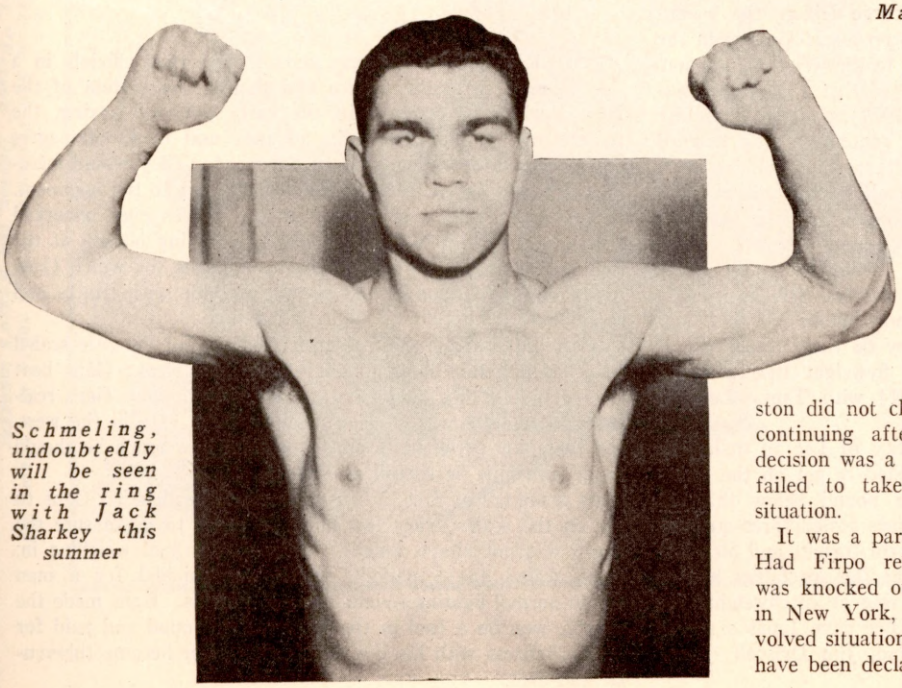
* * *

WHETHER Scott was fouled or wasn't fouled will remain a much debated question for some time to come. But we should get one point clear. Jack Dempsey refers to it in his article in this issue. The Marquis of Queensbury rules which govern boxing in this era say that a foul is a blow struck below the belt. There are other species of fouls, but we are dealing, in this instance, only with that variety which has to do with a punch below the belt.

There is nothing in the rules which says that a fighter fouled must be unable to continue.



Max Schmeling



Schmeling, undoubtedly will be seen in the ring with Jack Sharkey this summer

A strict ruling would have disqualified Sharkey for fouling, for he undoubtedly struck two low punches.

* * *

BUT the fight was surrounded with conditions which grew out of Scott's record for having been involved in fights which developed fouls. This gave Sharkey a tremendous advantage. It placed Scott under a big handicap. In view of the fact that Jimmy Johnston did not claim foul and prevent his man from continuing after the minute's recess, Magnolia's decision was a just one. Wise as he was, Johnston failed to take advantage of a most interesting situation.

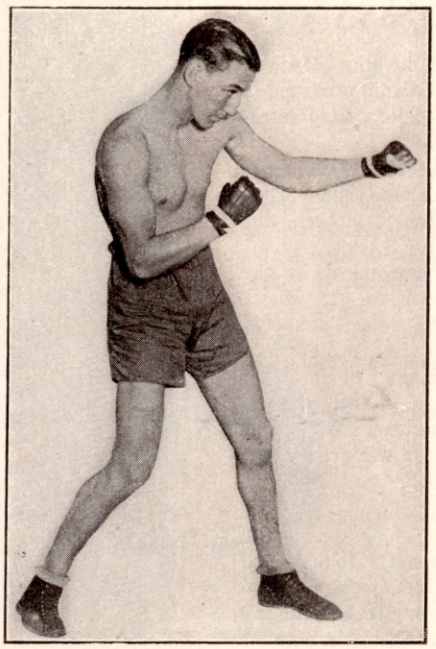
It was a parallel to the Dempsey-Firpo incident. Had Firpo refused to continue after Dempsey was knocked out of the ring at the Polo Grounds in New York, there would have been a most involved situation in which the South American might have been declared within (*Continued on page 72*)

Fistic Titles All In a Muddle

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

THE series of discreditable non-titular contests in which the holders of championships have compelled challengers to enter the ring above the weight have gone far to sink the entire championship situation in a pool of farce. The spectacle of Andre Routis and Mushy Callahan being thoroughly beaten and yet hanging on to their so-called titles, and of Joe Dundee emerging from a championship battle the loser of the crown on a foul, is calculated to discourage all who take an interest in boxing.

There is only one remedy for this disheartening condition and that is for governing bodies to insist that every time a champion enters the ring he and his opponent must make the class weight and the title be at stake. Only then will title holders realize that they cannot cling to titles that they have dishonored by refusing to defend them.



Jackie Fields who won welterweight title from Joe Dundee on a foul

The fact that the same scale of weights prevails all over the world, should make it easy to compel title-holders to obey the rules. Although there was not an official scale of weights until ten years ago, yet, when two men signed to make a certain weight, they usually did so.

When McGovern signed articles to defend the featherweight title which Terry had won from George Dixon, the weight was placed at 126 rounds. Corbett stopped McGovern in the second round, and thus became the featherweight champion. Some of McGovern's supporter's insisted that 122 pounds was the featherweight limit at the time, (1901), and that therefore Terry did not lose his title. This contention was laughed down, as Dixon, who had defended the title at 120 to 126 pounds, had compelled McGovern to make 118 pounds ringside when they met for the championship battle.

* * *

WHEN Kilbane got hold of the feather title he insisted on challengers making 122 pounds, but he lost to Criqui at 126 pounds. Over in England they do these things differently. Percy Jones, holder of the flyweight title and the Lonsdale belt, made a match in 1914 with Tancy Lee for the title and $500 a side.

Jones was skeptical about the ability of Lee to make the weight and the challenger was compelled to get on the scales twice. Lee was three-quarters of a pound below the 112 pounds, and to the surprise of all, Jones scaled three-quarters of a pound above the limit. Jones paid forfeit, and also lost his title then and there. However, as the spectators had to be considered, the boys entered the ring at catchweights for $250 a side, with no title at stake. Lee gave Jones a severe trouncing and in the fourteenth round, Jim Driscoll, Jones' chief second, said "enough."

That method could profitably be followed in this country, and after a titleholder or two had forfeited his honor through failure to make weight, the rest of the crew would be more careful. Quite naturally, if the challenger failed to weigh at the stipulated figure, there could be no title contest. However, if the challengers for titular bouts were notified to be sure and make the class weight, there would be little trouble on that score.

To be sure, the champions who have been guilty of staging non-title fights with able opponents have located the affairs in the outlying districts where supervision is loose if not entirely negligent. Yet the scandals arising from recent contests of that description, should have an awakening effect on the promoters and those having supervision of contests. The Illinois Boxing Commission appears to be one of the bodies still groping in the dark. In the recent Dundee-Fields farce, the Commission permitted the promoter and the opposing boxers to have a say in the selection of the referee. The commission sent a list of referees to the promoter, who in turn turned them over to the opposing camps of the boxers. The final selection was then made and was known before the fight started.

* * *

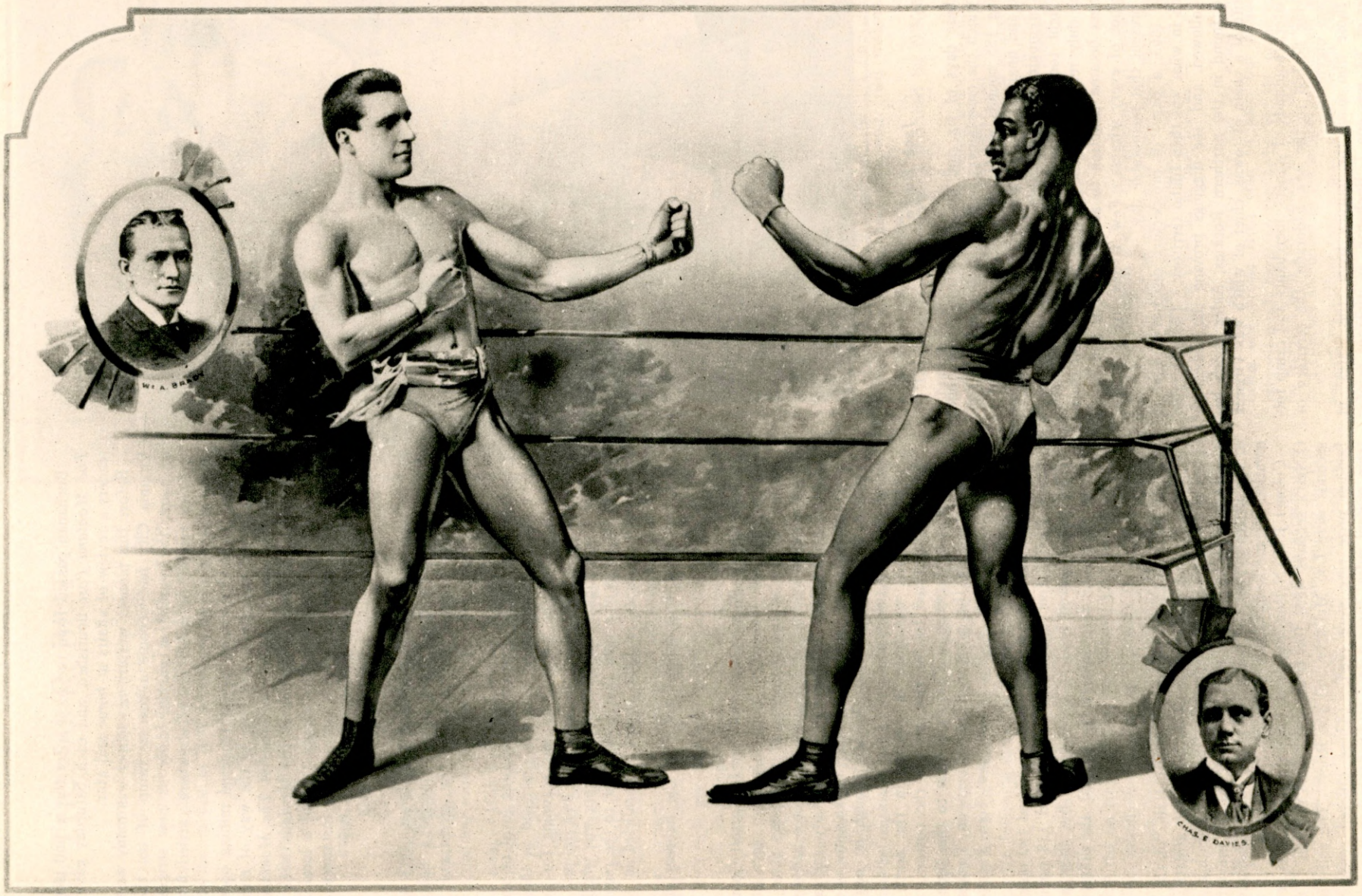
THERE is only one way of selecting ring officials in a manner to assure justice and that is the system of the New York Commission. In the early days of boxing, the referee was always known in advance and tricky managers imposed unfair conditions on an opponent. They would introduce a weight stipulation that would be unfair to the opponent.

No more unjust a scheme of that sort was ever uncorked than that by Billy Nolan, manager of Battling Nelson at the time of the match between Nelson and Gans for which Gans was forced to reduce to 133 pounds ringside with trunks and shoes.

McAuliffe and Myers in their final joust, for the title scaled 137; Lavigne and Erne fought at 135, 3 o'clock; Gans beat Erne at 136 at 7 o'clock; and yet possibly because Gans realized that a bout with Nelson meant a large gate in the west, the champion permitted them to tell him how much he should weigh and how he should scale.

As a matter of fact, Nolan compelled the deluded Gans to get on the scales every few hours in order to make sure the negro was not above weight. Thus at the final weighing in, Gans scaled 131½ pounds, which was suicidal for a man whose normal fighting weight was 135 pounds. Gans made the weight, won on a foul in the forty-second round and paid for his foolishness with his life, as he soon after became tubercular and died.

A MEMORABLE BATTLE



James J. Corbett and Peter Jackson, as they appeared in their great 61-round bout on May 21, 1891, at San Francisco, which ended in a draw. The upper left insert shows William A. Brady, Corbett's chief of staff, and the lower insert, "Parson" Davies, the Negro's manager

A New Year's Fight

Jack Burke

IN these days of six, and ten and fifteen round bouts, for which the entertainers receive fabulous sums, a fight lasting 185 rounds would be something of an event in fistic and financial circles, provided promoter and public had premonitions of probable proceedings.

Such a fight took place in the wildest of western mining camps, was duly recorded in the press of the day and place, and doubtless became tradition to all who saw it and to all within earshot of every witness. Few, if any, are still alive that were present that memorable day.

In May, 1863, a party of prospectors discovered gold in Alder Gulch in what was then Idaho territory. The inevitable stampede followed, and, the diggings proving the richest in placer gold found in the northern Rockies, Alder Gulch became the site of a chain of towns, chief of which was Virginia City.

A year later, thousands of miners, merchants and camp followers having flocked to the new Eldorado, the territory of Montana was organized.

Among those who made the journey from "the States" in the summer of '64, was one J. Buchanan, an itinerant printer of the old school. So far as is known, his only claim to remembrance by the world at large, is that he gave to a region a thousand miles in extent, its first newspaper, calling it *The Montana Post.*

Buchanan passed from the scene after the second issue, but *The Montana Post* flourished, and each Saturday gave to its readers a review of affairs at home and afar.

Before this pioneer western newspaper was many weeks old, Virginia City had become a roaring camp of ten thousand or more, the population varying daily as new strikes were made or rumors of richer gravel elsewhere carried hundreds on the wings of a stampede.

When the cold northern winter rendered mining operations arduous if not impossible, anything in the way of entertainment was welcomed. Hardly an issue of *The Montana Post* but mentioned some amusement of the previous week (such events were not heralded), the shooting up of a local Indian Camp and an execution by Vigilantes being instances of the sport enjoyed by certain sections of the populace.

* * *

THE manly art was not neglected and almost every number of *The Post* carried brief items concerning fights and fighters; a challenge in one issue and the acceptance in the following frequently being the only advance publicity in the paper.

Modern ballyhoo as a means of arousing local or national interest in a boxing contest was not practiced in those benighted days, and the writer, who was scanning for another purpose the yellowed and brittle pages of a long defunct newspaper of a now almost deserted mining camp, was wholly unprepared for news of a fight that ranks close to the record for bare-knuckle contests, a fight almost unparalleled in length, courage and punishment.

Here are brief biographical notes of the fighters gleaned from *The Post:*

> John Condle (Con) Orem was born in Carroll County, Ohio; joined the Pike's Peak gold rush some years later; became known as the champion of Colorado: (one adverse decision was recorded because the referee had a gun pointed at his head, whereupon he tactfully indicated Con's opponent as winner) and was, at the time of the Virginia City fight, a saloon keeper, though he neither drank nor used tobacco.
>
> Hugh O'Neil was born in Antrim in the north of Ireland, emigrated to America as was the custom, and became a gold miner in California. Up to this time he had fought in the prize ring but once:—in Tuolumne County, California, where he whipped Tom Facey in twenty rounds.
>
> O'Neil stood 5 feet 8½ inches and weighed 190 pounds. Orem stood 5 feet 6½ inches and weighed 138 pounds. (The writer looked hard at these figures but they were correct as given. Elsewhere in the account, the difference of more than fifty pounds was noted.)

* * *

THE scene of the match was Leviathan Hall, "on the north side of Jackson Street". This agora of athletics was eighty-five feet long and twenty-eight feet wide; seating capacity not mentioned. There were two galleries the greater part of the length. That the house was a sell-out, is indicated by mention of emergency space to handle the rounds.

Colonel J. A. Nelson, owner of Leviathan Hall, was referee. O'Neil's seconds were Joe Bean and Dan Coughlan. Orem's seconds were Lou McCarty and Joe Riley. The rules of the London prize ring were read. (These differed considerably from present rules: three points of difference being as follows: bare knuckles were used; each round lasted until one of the fighters went down, whether by a punch or in a clinch, and there were only half minute rests between rounds).

The scene, the time, the spectators, and the fighters having

in the GOLD RUSH DAYS

By THOMAS R. BEST

been made known, let *The Montana Post* tell the story of the fight. These were the headlines that appeared in the issue of January 7, 1865, for the fight which took place as a New Year's Day celebration and set up just as they appear here:—

GREAT FIGHT
BETWEEN
JOHN C. OREM & HUGH O'NEIL
FOR
$1000 A SIDE IN GOLD AND
THE RING MONEY

* * *

THE following is part of the description, word for word, by rounds, just as it appeared in *The Montana Post* sixty-five years ago:

1st round—Was short and lively. Con got in his right on the ribs receiving a fac simile from Hugh. The men closed for the fall, and after a severe struggle, both fell, Con undermost.

7th round—Con registered a miss at the bread basket with his left, but got away; he then put in an appearance with his sinister mauler on Hugh's knowledge box; Hugh rushed in but after a short struggle they separated; Hugh forcing Con to the ropes, let fly an awful left hander at Con's right eye, which he avoided by the 1-16 of an inch, and Hugh's hand, running open along the rope, came against the post with great force, spraining his hand and leaving it worth little the rest of the fight. In the fall, Con was uppermost.

17th round—Heavy mauling from the word "time". Con pepped in his right on Hugh's olfactory department, which brought the ruby in a shower; Hugh replied with a heavy lunge on Con's shoulder, which taking effect as he was retreating, floored him and Hugh fell heavily upon him.

* * *

The sporting editor of *The Montana Post* reported every blow during the early rounds but after the fighters had come up twenty times, the description of each round became shorter. Perhaps the following indicates adjournment by the scribe, for a drink.)

21-22-23-24th rounds—These were all alike, Con leading off of the ribs; Hugh closing Con down, and Hugh falling flat on him.

39th round—Con's left paid a visit to Hugh's right listener, both rapping away at the ribs at the close: Con down.

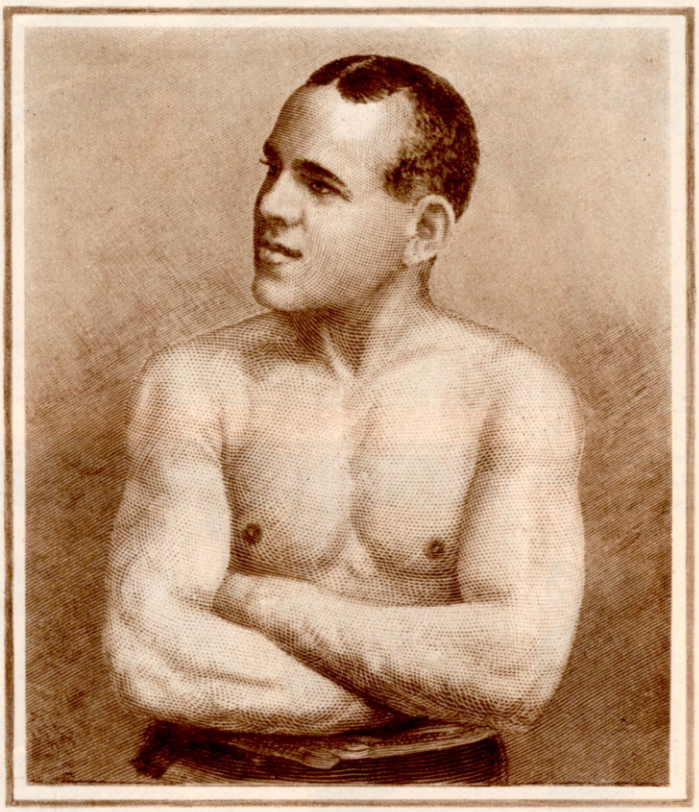
64th round—A fine round. Con bored in with his left. Hugh returned with a regular right handed mower on the chest which sent Con squarely to Mother Earth's lap.

73-74-75th rounds—No notable events.

(However exciting the fight must have been the account of it became more and more monotonous, each round ending in a fall. So through the rounds they fought to 90- to 100- and on.)

118th round—Orem lively on his feet; struck his opponent a rap on the mouth, got away, and returning with a charge, put in a smasher on O'Neil's mouth, knocking him down, and falling on him.

147th round—In this round Orem fell and Hugh fell on him saddle fashion, striking at the same time Orem in the face; great confusion; loud cries of "Foul", "Fair", "Put him out", "go on".



Andy Bowen, who fought Jack Burke 110 rounds, lasting 7 hours and 19 minutes

166th round—Con cut in his left to the face, and O'Neil knocked Orem down with his right hand behind the ear.

177th round—Orem boring in, missing right and left; O'Neil caught him, held him, and tried without much effect to punish his head.

185th round—Con severely punished by O'Neil while slipping down.

At this juncture, a sudden feeling seemed to animate the backers of both men (not the men) and the referee was called on by both parties to get the matter arranged. This was accordingly effected to the joyous satisfaction of every true blue present. Bets off, ring money divided.

* * * * * *

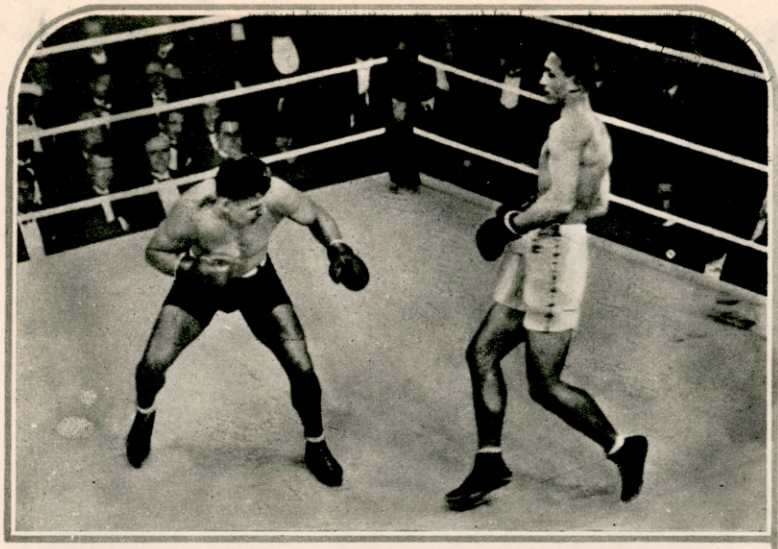
THUS ended in a draw this amazing fight between a good big man and an amazingly good little man. We will let *The Post* supply further comment, which it did on another page of the same issue, as in part follows:—

The left side of Con's face was his worst spot, this being one bruise from chin to hair, but although he escaped much harm on the body, yet the numerous falls he received with 190 pounds of solid stuff on top of him, as a clincher amounted to the sum of punishment which it seemed miraculous that a man of his weight could bear for over three hours.

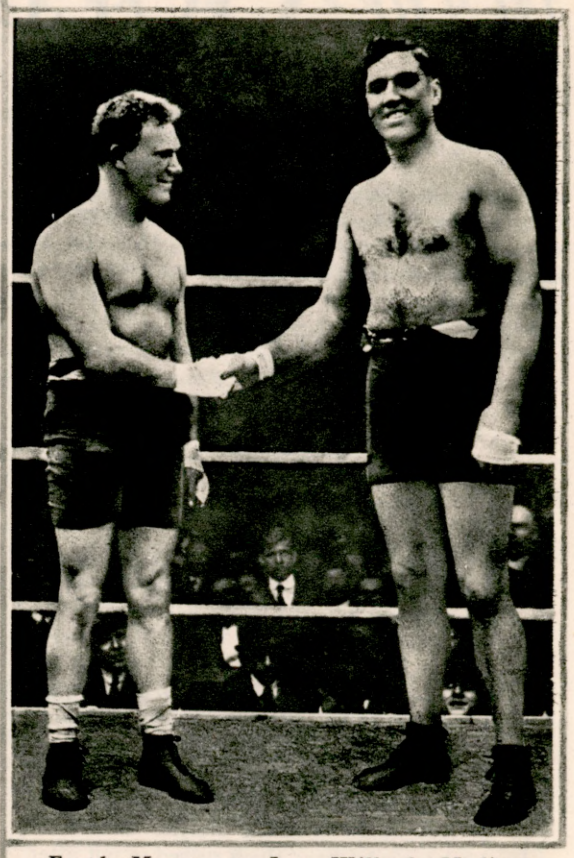
Hugh O'Neil also deserves his full share of credit on this score. Con visited his ribs in nearly the same place with his right some forty times and the bruised condition of the man showed his determined nature. At the termi-

(*Continued on page* 45)

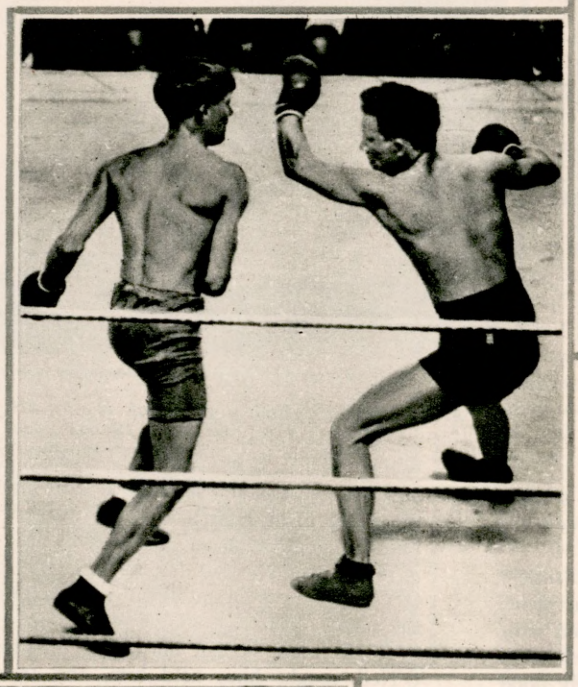
Series No. 4 ~



Carpentier vs. Beckett, Oct. 1, 1923. Beckett knocked out, one round



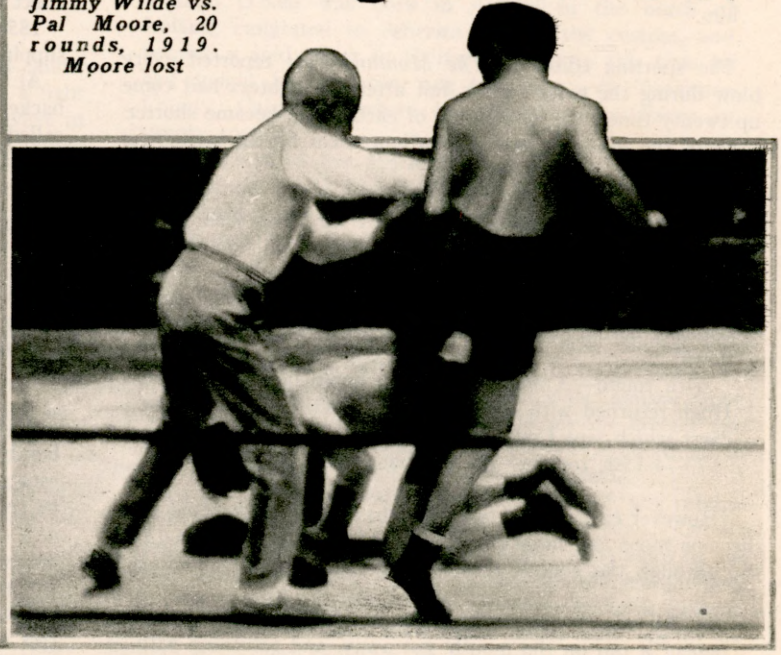
Frank Moran vs. Jess Willard, Madison Square Garden, March 25, 1916, 10 rounds, no decision



Jimmy Wilde vs. Pal Moore, 20 rounds, 1919. Moore lost

Famous Fights Recalled

Abe Attell vs. Johnny Kilbane, Feb. 22, 1912, Los Angeles, Cal. Kilbane won the featherweight title, 20 rounds



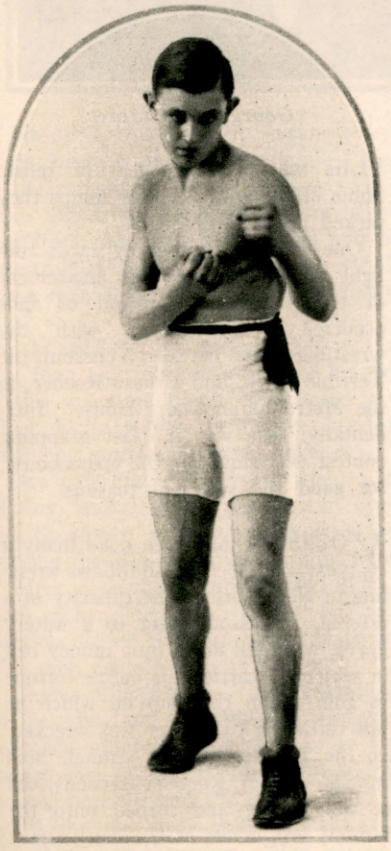
Mickey Walker vs. Jack Britton in 1922. Britton lost title, in 15 rounds

Foreigners Making Good

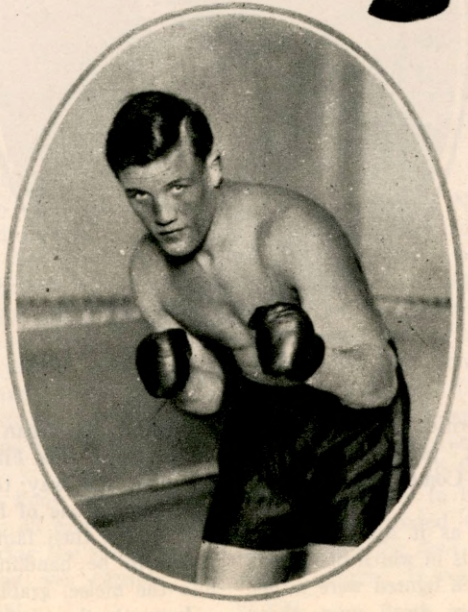
Edgar Norman of Norway, who scored two knockouts in Chicago

Haakon Hansen, Norwegian middleweight

Hein Domgoergen, middleweight champion of Germany



Yvon Trevidic, best flyweight in France



Hein Muller, German heavyweight, who beat Ruggerello

Oh, for those *DAYS*

Boxing Has Become Too Effete and Polished, Say Old Timers

The wily Kid McCoy

George Considine

THE boxing game is distinctly high-brow these days. Such crudities as rough and tumble arguments between boxers or their managers outside the ring are frowned upon and heavily penalized. The powers that be will stand for no unseemly brawling, by heck.

There was a brief flare-up of hard feeling at the weighing-in of Jack Sharkey and Young Stribling, at Miami Beach last winter, that reminded old-timers of the sort of thing that was so frequent in what the greybeards of fistiana soulfully refer to as the good old days. A member of the Sharkey entourage let go a swing at one of the Stribling family and such a rumpus ensued that it was necessary for the cops to step in.

Bob Fitzsimmons

This miniature riot was tabbed as a black-eye for boxing by the fistic authorities. "Such a thing never could have happened in New York," proudly proclaimed a member of the Empire State Boxing Commission when he learned the harrowing details.

That statement was correct, insofar as it applies to the present, but there was a time when brawls in which prominent boxers, managers and even newspaper men figured were rather commonplace in New York. Old-timers dwell upon these affairs with a great deal of relish. Some of them still display lumps they picked up in such brawls.

One rumpus the greybeards delight to recount to the amazement of the younger generation of fans occurred in connection with the wrestling match between Youssouf, the Terrible Turk, and Ernest Roeber, in the Metropolitan Opera House. Incidentally, that was the last grappling contest ever staged in the opera house, for good and sufficient reasons.

* * *

YOUSSOUF has been dead many a year, but Roeber still follows wrestling in New York in the capacity of a referee. Youssouf went to a watery grave, weighted down by a money belt in which he carried his entire fortune in gold, when the ship on which he was returning to Europe was wrecked.

The trouble began when the Turk obtained a strangle hold on Roeber. Bob Fitzsimmons, one of Roeber's seconds, did not like the way things were going and leaped onto the mat, aiming one of his famous left hooks at the Turk's jaw. Bill Brady, then famous as a manager of athletes, who happened to be handling Youssouf at the time, followed Fitz into the melee, grabbing Roeber.

Instantly the whole place was in an uproar. Brady, attired

of *ROUGH* and *TUMBLE!*

By WILBUR WOOD

Billy Brady

in full dress, was valiantly tugging away at Roeber when Fitz seized Brady's coat tails and pulled them off. At the height of the rumpus a platoon of cops went into action, smashing heads indiscriminately. The carnival spirit spread among the spectators, who ripped up chairs and otherwise added to the unrestrained gaiety of the occasion. No wonder the opera house management put a ban on further wrestling shows!

* * *

FITZSIMMONS probably figured in more of these affairs than any other character of his day. In a recent article in this magazine the writer related a couple of instances in which Ruby Robert figured in free-for-all scrambles. They were but samples of many such.

One day Fitz, who was trying to get a match with Kid McCoy, walked into a saloon run by McCoy at 41st Street and Broadway, to pick a fight with McCoy, with the idea of goading the Kid into meeting him in the ring.

After a few preliminary broadsides of verbal abuse had been exchanged, Fitz dared the Kid to fight him on the spot. McCoy replied that the proper place to fight was in the ring. Fitz then made a rush at McCoy.

George Considine, a famous character around New York at that time and probably the best rough-and-tumble scrapper in town, grabbed Ruby Robert as Fitz rushed for McCoy, picked him up in his arms, carried him to a side door and heaved him out into the street.

"You're out and you'll stay out if you know what's good for you," said Considine. "I'm letting you off easy this time. If you come back I'll kill you." Fitz, seeing the steely glint in Considine's eyes and knowing that he was capable of making good his threat, decided to stay out.

Ernest Roeber

John L. Sullivan was another famous fighter who came off second best in a ruckus with Considine. The latter, who had been brought to New York from Detroit by Big Tim Sullivan, had his first bar at 40th Street and Sixth Avenue.

Considine and Jim Corbett were close friends. Not long after Corbett had taken the heavyweight championship from Sullivan at New Orleans, John L. walked into Considine's place. Corbett happened to be there.

"Hello, John," greeted Corbett, in friendly fashion.

But Sullivan was in no friendly mood. He cursed Corbett fluently.

* * *

"YOU beat me in New Orleans, but I can whip you here and I'm going to do it right now, you such-and-such," roared the infuriated Sullivan.

Before John L. could get at Corbett the watchful Considine had him by the throat. In spite of Sullivan's struggles, Considine rushed him to the door.

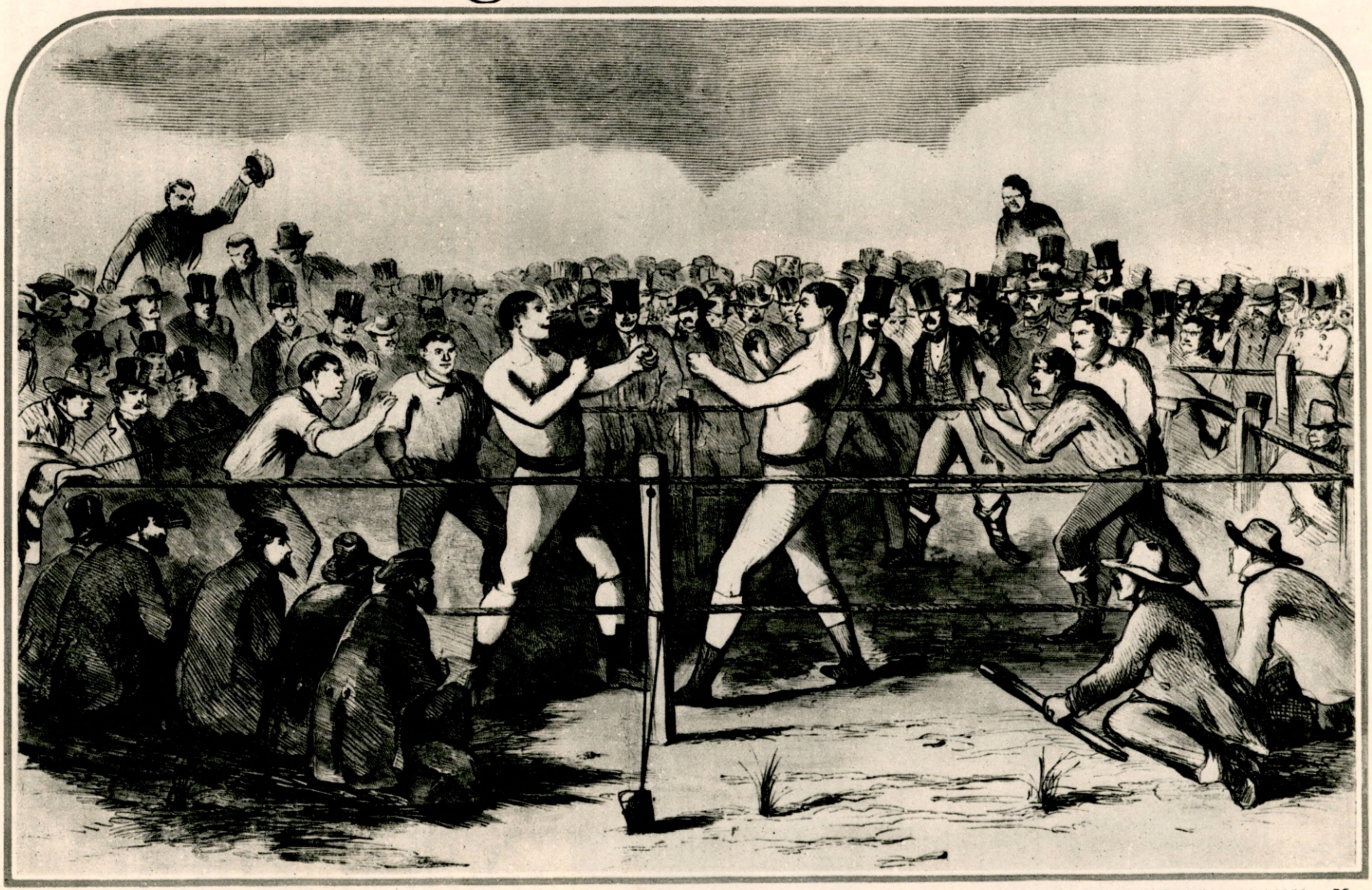
"No fights here, you," barked Considine. "I'll give you a chance to walk out. If you don't walk out without any more fuss I'll throw you out."

Sullivan, so the story goes, mumbled something about not having any desire to fight with Considine but reaffirming his desire and ability to bash in Corbett's nose.

"Get out," roared Considine, pushing the Boston Strong Boy through the door. "And don't come back. Never mind about Corbett. If you want to fight somebody I'll take care of you."

(*Continued on page* 45)

A Prize Fight of the Ancient Era

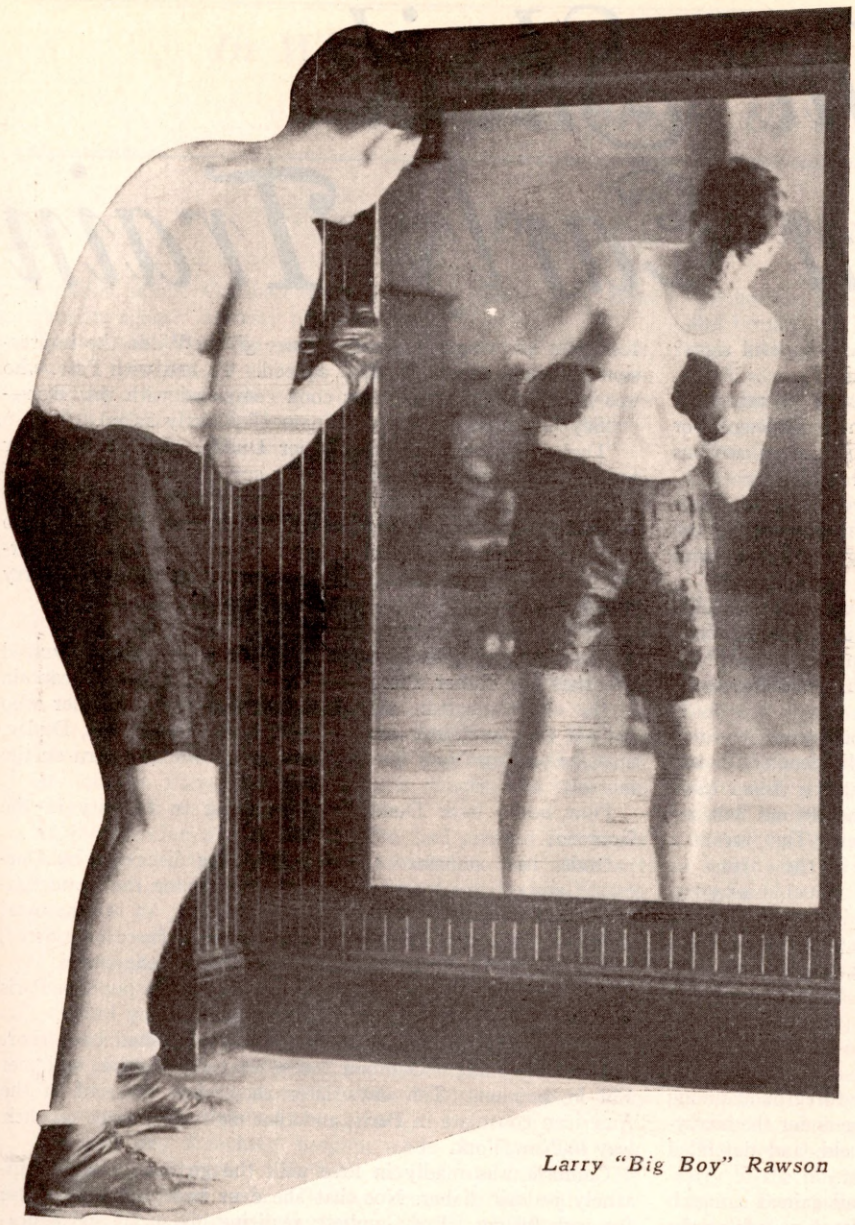


An artist's sketch of the great battle between John C. Heenan, the Benecia Boy, and John Morrissey, at Long Point, Canada, on October 20, 1858. Morrissey won as a result of an accident in which Heenan broke his hand by striking a spike. The refusal of Morrissey to give Heenan a return match resulted in the Benecia Boy's going abroad to fight Sayers in the greatest international heavyweight bout except that in which Dempsey whipped Carpentier. Note the reporters sitting at the ringside on the left, and the ring keepers, with their heavy bludgeons, on the right

New Knockout King Arrives

Larry "Big Boy" Rawson Piles Up Enviable Record

By "DOC" ALMY



Larry "Big Boy" Rawson

DORCHESTER, MASS., is singing the praises of a new knockout sensation who threatens to rival the great record of Paul Berlenbach. Larry "Big Boy" Rawson is the name of the lad, and like Babe Ruth, who made his start in baseball after leaving the St. Mary's Orphanage in Maryland, Rawson left the Working Boys' Home at Newton Highlands to take a fling at fisticuffs.

A few years ago, New York was taken by storm by the rapid rise of Berlenbach, who, prior to making his debut in a six round bout in Madison Square Garden against Frank Carbone, scored twenty-two consecutive knockouts, sixteen as an amateur and six as a professional, and in his contest with the veteran Carbone, he added him to the list of victims by stopping Frank in the sixth.

Up in New England, "Big Boy" Rawson has rolled up a far better record, for in twenty-four professional fights he has scored twenty-two knockouts, and was stopped once.

When a strong boy who has not yet turned 21 years can land the haymaker so often, there must be something in that lad's make-up that entitles him to recognition. Unfortunately, there are those among his critics who cry: "He has been meeting setups," but apparently the Massachusetts State Boxing Commission doesn't think so for it has officially recognized his ability by giving its sanction to the seven bouts he has had in the Bay State up to this writing. Rawson may never become a world's champion, and at this writing he doesn't even figure among the first ten in his division, but Mike Carr of Boston, who is his mentor, at least figures the "Big Boy" is a great prospect and so do hundreds of expert fight fans who have seen him in action.

* * *

CHALK up the case of Rawson to just another example of what the World War has done for boxing. This lad, a native of East Boston, was an inmate of the Working Boys' Home when the war broke out. Although only sixteen years old, he passed the scrutiny of the recruiting officer and within two months' time, he had mastered soldiering. Like all other recruits who were being prepared for the battlefields of France, Rawson was taught the bayonet drills and with them, the use of the fists, part of his military training.

It wasn't long before Rawson found himself a keen student of boxing. He engaged in several army affairs and, when his term of enlistment was up, he decided to throw his lot with the money mit-slingers. He knocked out his first opponent, Johnny Isham of Burlington, Vermont, in the first round of a scheduled four rounder, and followed that with three more one-round sleep producing pellets administered to Nick Ryan, Billy Angus and Mike Barter.

* * *

THAT gave the "Big Boy" the necessary confidence. He already had proved that he had grit, courage and determination, three important fighting assets, for otherwise he would not have joined Uncle Sam's war brigade at an age when most boys are enjoying their school sports. No matter whether Rawson can make the grade, at least he is the proud possessor of the finest knockout record of any New England boxer since John L. Sullivan made Boston famous.

Of his first twenty-three battles, all resulted in knockouts, the odd one finding Rawson, himself, the victim. In that bout, Larry, then coming along hand over hand, tackled Big Bob Mills of Franklin, N. H., (*Continued on page 71*)

The Sheik Takes an Early Train

"WELL, Dudac, how goes it? Any hopeful signs? Have they been scrapping again?"

Peter Deresty, shrewd boxing entrepreneur and manager of Frank Mullaner, challenger for the heavyweight championship, had an anxious look on his calculating face as he questioned Dudac.

They were in Deresty's room in the Gorgeous Hotel in New York. Peter had left Mullaner at his training camp in the foothills of the Adirondacks for this secret meeting with Dudac, whom he was using in his business.

Dudac, long in the employ of Deresty, was a capable chef who had learned his high profession well in Paris. It was Deresty's cunning practice to plant Dudac in the camp of the rival fighter—to learn through Dudac such little secrets as may be used to the best advantage.

Sometimes this manoeuvre resulted in nothing of any real value. Sometimes it was repaid with rich dividends. It was Dudac who learned from remarks dropped at the dinner table that Joe Kirker had suffered a serious hand injury, but intended to go through the fight with Mullaner. That meant a knockout victory for Frank. The end came in the fifth.

It was Dudac who brought to Deresty the valuable information that Pete Narley had suffered a very bad cut over the left eye. Narley went into the ring with a big plaster over each eye. But Mullaner knew which was the bad one, and in the sixth round Narley, with a gushing stream from the reopened cut blinding him, had been forced to quit.

* * *

THIS triumph had placed Mullaner in the foreground among the half dozen who stood out as challengers for the heavyweight title that for five years had been held, and defended brilliantly and opulently, by Marine Gambett.

Deresty had played his cards well, and had gained a match with Gambett for Mullaner. It was to be fifteen rounds at the Yankee Stadium in New York, and the sporting world had become quite excited over the impending event.

In come circles there was a strong feeling that Gambett was riding to a fall. It was felt by many critics that after a tenure of five years Gambett was about to take the beating which inevitably comes to all champions unless, like Gene Tunney and Benny Leonard, they cheat the Fates and retire before defeat gets in its malign punches.

When Willie Kokely set up the Gambett camp at Atlantic City he discovered to his dismay that Pete the Greek, who always cooked for Gambett when the champion was in training, had been coaxed into the employ of the Mullaner crowd. It developed that Deresty had doubled the Greek's salary and Pete had been unable to resist the temptation.

However, within an hour Dudac applied for the job. He had heard that Monsieur was in a bad way for a chef on account of the dirty trick of that Pete person.

Well, he, Dudac, who was very much interested in boxing, having cooked those French delicacies for Mons. Carpentier when he came across to engage Mons. Dempsey—he, Dudac, would take the job!

Of a certainty, Monsieur Kokely—of a certainty, it was not quite the sort of employment to which he, Dudac, was accustomed. He had been chef at Ciro's in Deauville. He had been enployed under Oscar at the Waldorf. But boxing—ah, it attracted him even as a great dancer attracts those Johnnies at the stage door, Monsieur.

And Dudac—he laughed uproariously, the while giving Kokely a knowing wink, and at once giving Willie the impression that here was a rare gem, indeed. To hell with Pete, who was only a cheap short-order cook compared with this Doo—

"Say, Frenchie, what's your name?" Kokely asked.

"Dudac—Francois Henri Gautier Dudac, of Paris—at your service, Monsieur," said the Deresty spy.

"Well, you're hired, but around here you'll be known only as Dude," chuckled Kokely, well pleased with himself. "Go into the kitchen and report on what we need. And don't forget, this champ eats long and fancy—and he likes strawberry shortcake."

* * *

SO it came to pass that three weeks later Dudac announced that his brother, Pierre—the brother who had been captain in the old Manhattan, monsieur—incidentally, a brother who did not exist even as a corpse—had passed away. He, Dudac, must go to New York for the funeral, but would return on the morrow.

Four hours later Dudac was reporting to Deresty in the Gorgeous.

Dudac had confirmed a most interesting discovery by Deresty. Gambett was married. Soon after gaining the championship he had taken as his wife Fifi D'Alvarez, an international beauty and dancer whose grace had charmed three continents, and made her the toast of the cosmopolites of the world.

A Spanish ballet master had married a French pupil in Paris and Fifi was the one and only issue of the happy union.

Their courtship—that of Gambett and Fifi—had been short and breath-taking. Gambett, on a tour of Europe, had met Fifi in London. Ten days later they were married in the American consulate in Paris, and that night they were on their way to New York.

Gambett was madly in love with the girl—and he was insanely jealous of her. Not that she ever had given just cause for such feeling. But Gambett, realizing his social and educational shortcomings, was prone to wonder just why a beauty like Fifi ever had married him. The more he wondered, the more jealous he became.

* * *

WHEN Gambett nursed some fancied grievance born of the fact that Fifi had smiled at a good looking man, he wasn't worth much in the ring.

This strange fact explained Gambett's poor fight with Battling Lowerrey. The ring sharps had given the Battler just three rounds, but Gambett, missing often and looking decidedly mediocre, had allowed the fight to go twelve rounds. Fifi had admired an actor's performance in what Gambett had regarded as too extravagant language.

Gambett's peculiar love complex was the real reason for the ten-round, hit and miss, slapstick comedy which the Marine had indulged in with Sailor Slaney, who should have gone out in one session—and a short one at that.

And, on the other hand, Gambett's jealousy also explained the two-round knockout of Bombardier Blarkey, the English champion. The foreigner came to New York with an impressive record. London thought he could stop the Marine.

But it so happened that Fifi had not given Gambett cause for fancied grievance for nearly two weeks. Gambett was a joyous, happy, rip-snorting son-of-a-gun against the Bombardier, who was knocked down four times in the first round and three more before the full count was tolled in the second.

Deresty, crafty, cunning, calculating, had verified this in-

In Which a Frenchman's Strain of Romance and Chivalry Breaks Up a Bold Plot

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

formation about Gambett from Dudac. "Have they been scrapping again?" Deresty repeated.

Dudac was sad. "No, monsieur, they are as two love birds, cooing. Gambett, he is happy. He is in fine shape. If you intend to act, please do so at once. To be sure, Gambett is too full of life and pepper. He would make of Mullaner—what you call it? The hash. Yes!"

* * *

TEN days before the big fight, the Marquis De Chavennes-Quastel appeared on the beach at Atlantic City and was introduced to Fifi D'Alvarez Gambett.

The Marquis was a slick looking—and good looking—individual who had been living on his wits on both sides of the Atlantic. At this time he was a pet of a certain not too particular branch of Society—a new branch which had blossomed out of the Oklahoma oil fields.

Yes, the Marquis explained, he knew Monsieur and Madame D'Alvarez. He had visited them only two months before, in their home in Paris. So nice of their daughter to take care of them in that way, with a fine home.

At the mention of her parents, Fifi had grasped the hands of the Marquis, and when, some ten minutes later, Gambett happened on the scene he saw enough to drive him into a frenzy.

The next afternoon the Marine quit his training abruptly. The newspaper experts were amazed. Willie Kokely was panic stricken. Gambett got into his roadster and drove madly. He arrived at the beach just in time to witness another interesting tête-à-tête between the Marquis and his wife.

That night Gambett stormed and yelled. In vain Fifi protested that she had no interest in this Frenchman apart from the fact that he had visited her parents.

The next day Knockout Bergren made the champion look like a ham and egger. Gambett scowled and missed. He scowled and missed again. Bergren peppered him with lefts, and becoming a bit over-enthusiastic, clipped the Marine with a right which sent the title holder reeling. Gambett came out of his trance and knocked Bergren down and out with one punch.

* * *

THE following afternoon the Marquis visited Fifi in her suite at the Gallant. "Monsieur le Marquis, I am very sorry, but you must not see me again. My husband is insanely jealous, and seems to have lost his reason," she explained. "Please, go away. I was interested in you because you were interested in my parents. But other than that I really am not concerned about you."

The Marquis, with tears dripping from his farewell, was kissing the hand of Madame Gambett when the champion came tearing in.

The storm which ensued left Gambett like a dish rag. He was through. He'd let her have her divorce. Fool to believe she would stick to a fighter. Well, mistakes are made by the wisest of men. Good-bye—and good luck!

Fifi came to Gambett's training camp that night to explain it all—to tell of the banishment of the Marquis.

But Gambett had locked himself into his room. He would see no one. The great Marine sat, tears streaming down his face.

Outside sat Fifi, also crying, as if her heart would break.

Dudac peered into the room, and Dudac's heart was touched. At bottom, Dudac wasn't a bad sort.

Dudac himself was moved to tears. Of a certainty, this was carrying this thing too far. Business was business, and Deresty had paid him well. But he—Francois Henri Gautier Dudac—was not the beast to break up a home and perhaps kill so fine and beautiful a lady as Fifi D'Alvarez, daughter of a Frenchman, and as innocent as Caesar's wife.

"Madame, cease," said Dudac, as he sidled up to Fifi. "It is I, Dudac. I have a secret."

Hurriedly, he told her of Deresty's plot—how the manager of Mullaner had hired the Marquis to come to Atlantic City and enrage the champion. He told her how the Marquis had been supplied with information about her parents—how he never had seen them or known of them—how Deresty had paid $1000 and all expenses to the adventurer.

And then, terror stricken himself, Dudac went back to his quarters to pack up. Well, he'd be the loser by this, but at least he was a gentleman—and that was something.

Fifi got Kokely and told him all about the plot. In vain they called to Gambett. She pleaded, cajoled. "Come out, you fool, and listen to this," Kokely yelled, banging on the door.

A haggard Gambett staggered out. Quickly Kokely outlined the story. Fifi put her pretty head on his shoulder and wept with a French and Spanish intensity which soon persuaded the Marine that he had made a fool of himself.

"Well, we'll tend to this Marquis in the morning, and settle a score with Mr. Deresty at the Yankee Stadium," Gambett promised.

* * *

IT was six in the morning. There was a knocking at the door of the Marquis' suite.

The sleepy De Chavennes-Quastel admitted the explosive Dudac. Of a certainty, it was up to him to unmask the plot, but not to place the Marquis in danger of his life.

Dudac explained that somehow Gambett and Fifi had discovered all. "Fly for your life, Monsieur le Marquis, for the Marine is coming," Dudac advised.

Had you been in Atlantic City that day, and been up so early in the morning, you would have seen a somewhat good-looking Frenchman rushing out of the Bontemps Hotel rather disheveled and excited, and urging his taximan to make haste.

"The Sheik makes an early train," snickered Johnny Dooley, the bell boy who threw the Frenchman's bags into the taxi.

The fight? They're still talking and writing about it. Gambett came out of his corner like an enraged tiger. He had everything that night. He caught Mullaner on the jaw with a right hook in the first minute and put him down for a count of nine.

"Wise guy, you are—had it all fixed—had got this guy insanely jealous so he couldn't fight," sneered Mullaner in a more lucid moment before the fourth round. "Great little fixer and wise guy. I guess if you hadn't hired that Frenchy I would have been knocked out with just one of Gambett's looks."

In vain Deresty tried to furnish excuses, explanations. He was at a loss himself. He hadn't seen either the Marquis or Dudac.

Gambett could have stopped Mullaner at any time after the second round. But he played cat and mouse with the challenger He cut Mullaner to ribbons. Just when it looked as if he would stop him, Gambett started to nurse Mullaner back to something like consciousness.

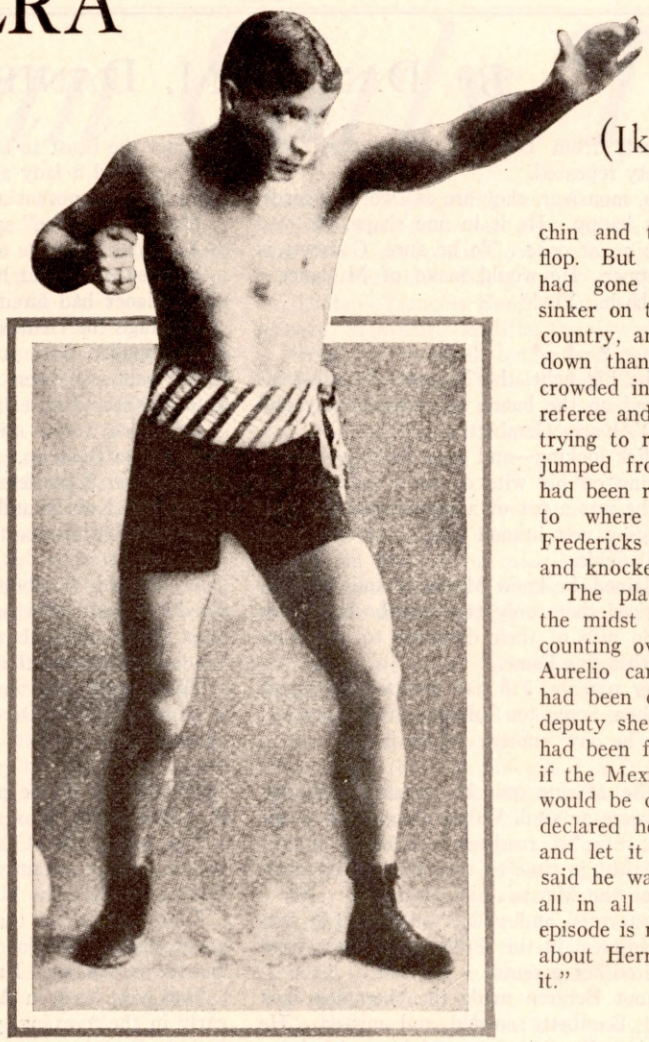
The experts wondered at this new, strange mood of the champion. But, after Gambett had knocked Mullaner cold with a right to the solar plexus in the eighth, a light dawned on Deresty.

A smiling Gambett walked to Mullaner's corner and whispered to Deresty. "Next time hire a Duke. Just a Marquis couldn't put this over, you dirty skunk. If I ever catch you within a block of me from now on I'll wring your neck and throw you to the buzzards."

AURELIO HERRERA

The Mexican With Bone-Breaking Fists

By JOHN L. (Ike) DORGAN



Aurelio Herrera

THERE have been some hefty sockers in the game of fisticuffs, but for his weight and inches, none ever equalled Aurelio Herrera, of Bakersfield, California. One night, out in Butte, Montana, Herrera fought Benny Yanger, the hard-hitting and hard-jawed Chicago lightweight. Yanger slammed away at Herrera for two rounds and had the Mexican worried—and angry because of the licking he was taking. In the eighth, Herrera let loose with that tremendous right of his. It flared in an upward arc and crash—it landed on Yanger's jaw.

Yanger left the floor as if he had been lifted by invisible wires. He went fully three feet into the air, then turned over and came down head foremost. Benny landed on his shoulder and broke his shoulder blade. He was out for fifteen minutes and Sheriff Jack Quinn, who was one of the last of those Bret Harte sheriffs, placed Herrera under arrest while two doctors worked over Yanger, who it was feared would die. That's how hard Herrera hit 'em!

* * *

AND he hit a lot of others like that. There was just one woozey thing about Aurelio. He didn't like to "take it," himself. One night, back in 1903, when he was going at his best and was cleaning up around his stamping grounds, which happened then to be in Butte, he was matched with a fellow named Kid Fredericks, who hailed from Havre, Montana, and held the Montana State lightweight championship. Fredericks was a nifty boxer and had quite a list of K.O.'s to his credit.

The Butte fans were pretty much stuck on Herrera, for they had seen him flatten out some of the best boys in the country.

But in other sections of the State he wasn't so well liked. This Fredericks person was first matched to meet Herrera in Butte, but a few days before the fight declared he couldn't get a square deal in the Mining City, even though Duncan McDonald, the old-time middleweight and a fearless and honest man, was the referee who usually officiated in that locality.

So the promoters switched the battle ground to Anaconda, about twenty-five miles distant. This was done to "give Fredericks a chance."

* * *

In the fifth round Herrera planted his right on Fredericks' chin and the Havre boy took a flop. But the Fredericks' backers had gone down hook, line and sinker on the boy from the cattle country, and no sooner did he go down than twenty or thirty fans crowded into the ring. While the referee and several policemen were trying to restore order, Fredericks jumped from his corner where he had been revived and dashed over to where Herrera was sitting. Fredericks swung one from his hip and knocked Herrera off his chair.

The place was a bedlam. In the midst of it, the referee stood counting over Herrera. Well, when Aurelio came to, he was told he had been counted out. The local deputy sheriff opined that Herrera had been fouled and declared that if the Mexican wanted it, the fight would be continued. But Herrera declared he would claim the foul and let it go at that. The fans said he was "yellow". But taken all in all he was justified. This episode is recalled when one thinks about Herrera not liking to "take it."

* * *

THE greatest fight Herrera ever had was that with Battling Nelson in Butte. In those days Butte was the stamping ground for the champions. It was along in this period that Jack Monroe bobbed up and fought four rounds to a draw with Jeffries in Butte when Jeff was the heavyweight champion. All the notables were around at that time. Stanley Ketchel, another of the great sockers of ring history, blossomed forth in the old camp that Marcus Daly and Senator William A. Clark tried at different periods to place upon the map.

Herrera had put away such fellows as Young Corbett (after Corbett had lost his title); Yanger, Kid Broad (it was the first time the Kid had been knocked out), Eddie Santry, Kid Abel, Jack Clifford, Kid Tracey and a lot of others. Before appearing in Butte, the Mexican had knocked out Biddy Bishop, the present-day boxing manager and sports writer; Solly Smith, Joe Welch, Tommy Barry, Billy De Coursey and Jack Lowery and had been knocked out by Terry McGovern and beaten by Abe Attell.

Well, a lot of big sports around the Mining City, red hot sports, among them Jerry Clifford, who was the big promoter of the city, and one of those "square-shooting" fellows who thought nothing was too good for Butte, induced Billy Nolan, who was in and out of Butte in his capacity of fight promoter and fight manager, to bring Battling Nelson on for a match with Aurelio. And the match was made, the writer being among those present who watched the proceedings.

It was held in a big wooden bowl, smaller, but on the same style as Boyle's Thirty Acres in Jersey City. It was one

of those long, lazy, hot September afternoons that sizzle the folks out in the high altitude of Montana. Bat had been studying Herrera's record and discovered that out of some sixty odd battles, Herrera had emerged victor by the K. O. route in over forty.

Bat was a bit cautious. He trained hard in a roadhouse south of the city. In another roadhouse a couple of miles farther from town, Herrera did his training. Now the difference between Nelson's training and Herrera's was this—Herrera trained on black cigars and whiskey and stayed up all night dancing.

But he had done this before and he thought it would do in this case. There were about 10,000 fans in the stands when the fight started. It was a bad day for the Herreras. Monty Herrera, brother of Aurelio, was beaten in one of the preliminaries and Aurelio went out to save the day for the Herrera family.

He got his big chance in the fifth round. Nelson, who was no shy thing when it came to taking one to land one, had absorbed quite a few and was kind of wobbly on his pins, while Herrera seemed fresh enough. Bat came rushing in, swinging, and Herrera stabbed with his left, stabbed and as he landed rather lightly, turned his wrist and pulled down Bat's guard. This was an old trick of Herrera's.

* * *

BAT'S jaw was uncovered and quick as greased lightning the Mexican shot over that wicked uppercut that carried its deadly sleeping potion. It landed flush on Bat's jaw, but a bit high for the "button". Nelson fell back, then up came another right. Nelson tried to duck but the punch crashed right on top of Nelson's head and spun him around like a pinwheel. He got onto one knee and looked blankly at Referee Dunc McDonald giving the count. At seven, Bat got up, dizzy, but full of fight.

That proved a great shock to the Mexican and the fans. Once, now and then, a fellow whom Herrera had hit would stagger up at the count of nine and flop around helplessly, compelling Herrera to send in another to finish the job, but not one ever had risen at seven. But what was worse, Bat came up swinging.

He rushed right at Herrera and landed a right and left before the astonished Mexican could figure it all out. And then Bat, as if he had been angered greatly at being floored, tore in and whaled the daylights out of Herrera for the remainder of the round. Funny thing, but the round went to Nelson by a wide margin despite the fact that he had been dropped and nearly finished.

At the end of the twenty rounds, McDonald raised Nelson's right arm in token of victory. So downhearted was Herrera after Nelson had astonished him by his "come-back", that throughout the last seven rounds, he proved only a flash of his former self. When the referee awarded the fight to Nelson, that almost broke Herrera's heart. It was the beginning of the end for this boy with the mighty fists.

His friends always remarked that the surprise of seeing Bat come up after being hit with that terrific wallop, was too much for the Mexican. With that bout under his belt, Nelson from that day aimed towards one goal—the lightweight championship—and it was not long after, that he was crowned by beating Joe Gans.

And from that day Herrera went skidding down the fistic trail. He fought many good boys during the years he still remained in the ring, but never again was he the terrific punishing Herrera who almost knocked out Nelson. Herrera died in San Francisco in 1927.

* * *

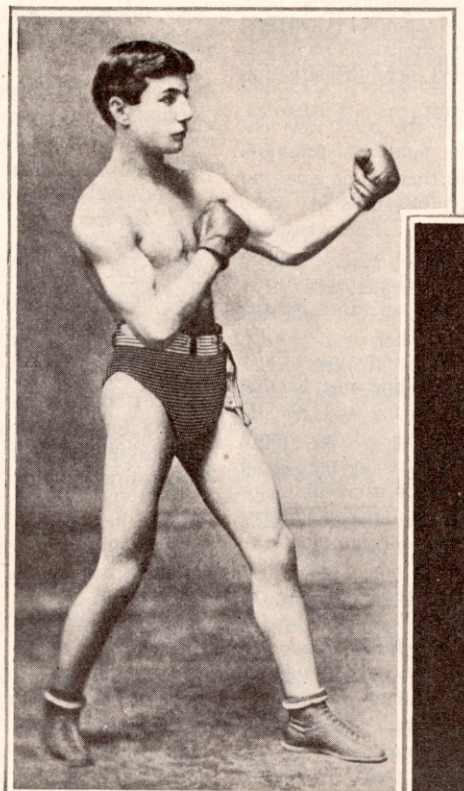
SPEAKING to Bat Nelson at the Tunney-Dempsey fight in Chicago about his mill with Herrera, Nelson became all excited as he refought the battle for me. Here is his own version of the power of the Mexican's blows:

"He came at me with a rush in the fifth round, I think, and crashed a terrible right against my jaw. I was thrown back and almost off my feet. I straightened but before I could get into fighting pose again, up came that Mexican's bone breaking right again. I tried to duck, and in bending my head, caught that wallop full force right on top of my bean.

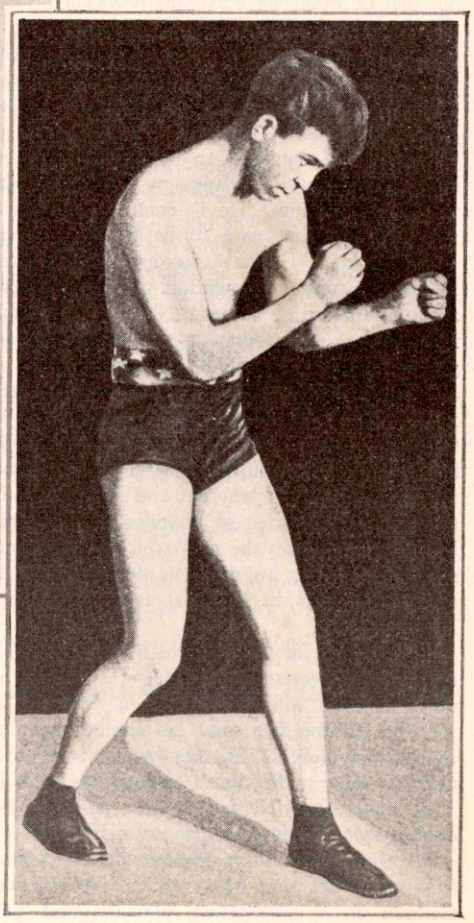
"I was sent spinning around like a pinwheel and then down I went with a crash. I was dazed but could hear the referee count and when he reached seven I arose. Dizzy as I was, I was mad clear through and went at Herrera with both arms swinging. The 'Spig' was dumbfounded to see me get up and it wasn't long after that I came to and battered him all over the ring.

"If ever there was a harder hitter than the Mexican, I'd like to know his name. Say, when that fight was over, my head weighed like a ton. I had a big bump and a terrible headache which lasted many days."

When one records the great punchers, the fellows with the iron fists, the name of Aurelio Herrera must go close to the top of the list.



Benny Yanger, the Tipton Slasher



Battling Nelson, the Durable Dane

Nat FLEISCHER *says:*

Miami and After Effects Heavyweight Prospects Dempsey vs. Carnera?

WITH the vanishing of time comes the diminishing of interest that centered around the international heavyweight battle between Phil Scott and Jack Sharkey. The Madison Square Garden Corporation, actuated by the highest of motives, that of finding the logical heavyweight champion, staged the Miami battle with the purpose of clearing this puzzling dilemma.

The venerable William Muldoon, one of the members of the New York State Athletic Commission, with truly altruistic ideals, was passionately set on seeing a new heavyweight leader crowned. He selected Scott, who holds the Heavyweight Championship of Europe, and Jack Sharkey, the American champion, as the two outstanding figures.

There is no gainsaying the fact that he meant well and tried his utmost to clarify the chaotic state of affairs that existed and bring about law and order. However, the fracas in Miami with its most unsatisfactory ending, didn't help the situation any.

Scott, under the exact interpretation of the rules, was entitled to the verdict. Sharkey, while the fight was progressing, was able to prove his supremacy and there is no question but that he would have eventually finished Scott in a few more rounds. Phil is the enigma of the prize ring. Endowed with a superlative degree of boxing skill and science, with two good fighting hands, a fine straight left hand jab, and a strong, sturdy makeup, it seems all is wasted because he is not fitted for the gladatorial task.

He has the tendency to flinch and one could almost hear him plead when the adversary made the sailing just a trifle too rough for him. He is content with boxing and playing nice but does not care to be flurried or rushed into more drastic action. He has too delicate a nature to remain in this arduous game of fighting. He was never carved out for a successful boxing career. Now that he has started another international controversy it would be best for him and the game at large, to have Phil Scott retire.

It is definitely proved that he is a marked figure in the ring. For the balance of his fighting days Scott will be the target of the gallery gods. His greeting will be hisses and boos. The people who foot the bill have no mercy for fighters who take the easiest way out and Scott has gained that reputation through a series of victories won on fouls. Yet in his battle with Sharkey he displayed extreme courageousness and should have been awarded the decision on a foul. I shall go deeper into this in the next issue with an analysis of the Miami battle.

Sharkey was far from impressive at Miami, but that fault was caused by over-anxiety. He was intent upon scoring a quick knockout and the manner in which he left himself open was due to the fact that he wanted Scott to open up and exchange punches. Sharkey sought a quick knockout and played a body attack in an effort to wear his man down early. That was responsible for the low punches. Now that he has officially won from Scott, his next objective is Max Schmeling.

Fighting in the same fashion against Schmeling as he did, it is my belief that Max would have stopped Sharkey. The German is a devastating puncher and both careful and methodical in his actions. He would have ploughed away in a systematic manner, without taking any chances, and fighting in a purely mechanical style could have hit Sharkey at will with either hand. But naturally, stacked up against Schmeling, Sharkey would assume a different fighting attitude and would not take as many chances. The German is dead game, can assimilate punishment and can punch as hard as any heavyweight in the world today.

* * *

Sandwina Comes to Fore

DURING the coming year there will be many heavyweight prospects that will come up for trial. One that we have particular reference to is Ted Sandwina, as mentioned previously. Since flattening Knute Hansen in one round he participated in his first feature event at Madison Square Garden against Riccardo Bertazzolo, the Giant Italian, and according to the reports from the critics displayed more ability than he had heretofore shown. He punched Bertazzolo at will and won every round in easy and impressive style.

Sandwina is still a boy in years and his future lies before him. He has faced a few unfortunate reverses when he was not ready for tough opposition and there is a strong possibility that he is just beginning to find himself. He is built like a young Hercules, beautifully proportioned, strong, muscular and can hit with terrific force from either hand. His main fault lies in his poor defence. He leaves himself open for a counter when he delivers a punch and takes too many chances when he is off balance. Perfect stance is an important factor and when Teddy acquires that polish then there is a possibility that he will be a strong contender for the vacated crown.

* * *

A Word About Griffiths

TUFFY GRIFFITHS, of Sioux City, is about the most promising of all right now. He has advanced rapidly in the heavyweight class and in all probability is capable of giving Sharkey a tussle right now but with a few more months of campaigning will be a more qualified applicant. A free puncher with either hand and always colorful in action. He has passed through two crises when he whipped Paulino Uzcudun and Johnny Risko and to us it appears as if Griffiths and Sandwina will be the brightest prospects for the coming season.

* * *

Cheers for Ike Dorgan—and Sandwina

WHEN Ted Sandwina, the big American-born German heavyweight, knocked out Knute Hansen, the Collapsible Dane, in a single round cheers and hosannas arose in the vicinity of Times Square. This is not to be taken as an indication that Herr Sandwina is a popular idol along White Light Alley—but that his manager, Ike Dorgan, is.

Ike is a grand fellow and a good pilot, but he can't get into the ring and do the thinking for his boys. A string of hard luck defeats for Harry Ebbets, Lope Tenorio and others on Dorgan's string made the Broadwayites pull for victory somewhere along the line.

Sandwina, one of the best built men in the game, a good boxer and a hard hitter, had not made the progress that his inherent ability indicated. His bouts with Harold Mays and Pietro Corri were anything but educational. When Dorgan matched him with Hansen, another potential great who had only a one round knockout over Phil Scott to brighten an otherwise indifferent record, the wiseacres shook their heads. Hansen was on the comeback trail, determined to fight himself into the big money. It looked like a good bet that Knute would chill Teddy, and turn Ike Dorgan's sky into unrelieved black.

Instead, Sandwina punched him out in a single round. The fans have become interested in Teddy. His faults seemed to be a tendency toward slow thinking and an inability to whip himself into a fighting frame of mind. Perhaps he has found that now. Perhaps he will go on to put himself in the front rank of the heavyweight brigade. Other men have been made overnight. It is not impossible that this one bout may be the making of Theodore Roosevelt Sandwina.

Incidentally, the handlers of Primo Carnera passed up an easy chance to add to the bankroll and their protege's fame. They turned down Hansen as an opponent for Carnera. If they had accepted Knute—who still has some shreds of a gaudy reputation left—it would have helped Primo well along toward the big shot he is looking for this summer. He'll get it, I suppose, anyway, but sometimes caution is too well exercised in the effort to build up promising contenders.

Anyway, one of Ike Dorgan's warriors is up there in the limelight again, and that is a happy augury.

* * *

Another Not-So-Hot Crowning

THE crowning of Jimmy Slattery as light heavyweight champion of the world is not entirely convincing. He showed some of his old form and all of his old courage in defeating Lou Scozza—but Scozza was dimmed as an outstanding rival by Maxie Rosenbloom and Larry Johnson. These two must be reckoned with before the handsome Buffalo boy can sit easily on the throne so recently vacated by Tommy Loughran.

Had Jimmy taken care of himself, trained earnestly and allowed ambition to blanket his desire for pleasure he might have won the title long ago. He had speed and skill and a youthful verve that made him a darling of the ring before he had reached his majority. Then, an explosive knockout by Dave Shade, a pulverizing thumping by Paul Berlenbach and Slattery slipped into the background. He made one gesture toward the championship in a great fight with Tommy Loughran, but fell just a bit short.

Perhaps it is just as well that he has been recognized. A division without a champion is rather weak and futile. With Jimmy as a defender and Rosenbloom, Johnson and others hammering at the door there should be the same live interest that was manifested in the 175-pounders when Berlenbach, Delaney and Loughran were the reigning monarchs.

* * *

By All Means, Pay Those Solons!

THE proposal that members of the New York Commission be paid salaries of $10,000 a year is an eminently sensible one. There is no reason why these men should be asked to work for nothing. The task takes a lot of time and thought. It opens them to almost continuous censure.

When men give freely of their time to a task such as this, aspersions are cast on their motives. James A. Farley, William Muldoon and General John Phelan are beyond reproach so far as their honesty goes. No Commission in the United States is better qualified than this one. Yet the uninformed, on occasion, ask why these men serve when there is no financial reward. They don't understand that the Commissioners are stirred by a love of boxing and are willing to sacrifice time and effort to build up the game.

A dishonest Commissioner could make a lot of money. That is evident on the face of it. New York's solons have scorned any but upright and righteous practices. They may be wrong at times—but always on the level. If they are paid servants of the Commonwealth there will be less opportunity for mud-slingers to wield their weapons.

There is another issue involved. New York is too big and too wealthy to ask men to work for her gratis. Boxing annually turns hundreds of thousands of dollars into the coffers of the state. It has paid its way in other directions. It can certainly pay its way with its Commissioners.

* * *

Pete Latzo Makes a Comeback

JUST when everybody was saying nice things about Pete Latzo, and deploring his apparent slide down the fistic toboggan, the onetime welterweight champion made a dramatic comeback against Larry Johnson in the Garden in New York.

Johnson had come to the metropolis from Chicago touted as a remarkable fighter. True, Rosey Rosales had had the negro on the canvas nine times in a ten-rounder. But the Los Angeles scrapper had entertained certain easily intrigued imaginations and the battle with Latzo was labelled by many as the preliminary to a Rosenbloom-Johnson light heavyweight elimination.

However, Johnson lost the decision to Latzo in ten rounds. The negro had size and weight, but Latzo knew too much for him. There is no belief in this quarter that Johnson is a real contender for anything in particular.

* * *

Dempsey to Return to Carnera?

THERE is a strong hunch among boxing followers that the coming Summer will see the return of Jack Dempsey to the ring, and that he will meet Primo Carnera, the Italian mastodon. Dempsey's adventures as a boxing promoter in Chicago have not had a very happy turn. It is said that Jack already has lost close to $70,000, and that he is about ready to give up promoting for a while and replenish his treasury with one fight.

Carnera is creating quite a stir because of his great size and quick knockouts over ham-and-eggers. Thus far Carnera has shown little that would create the impression that he is a potential world champion.

However, he would draw a big gate with Dempsey, and that's what seems to intrigue the former title holder.

Carnera is one of those hulking, stationary targets, the kind Dempsey always has liked to fight.

He stopped Willard, and he stopped Firpo, and it is quite possible that he would send the Italian circus man kicking in a few rounds.

The boxing public would welcome Dempsey back into the ring, be it against Carnera or anybody else.

He always gave the fans a run for their money, and they'd string along with him in a comeback.

* * *

McLarnin on Way to a Title

Jimmy McLarnin is on the road to a championship. Those who saw him batter Sammy Mandell, world's lightweight title holder, all over the ring in Chicago, were fully convinced that as soon as Jackie Fields enters the ring with Jimmy in a championship match, McLarnin will dethrone him. McLarnin's second victory over Mandell was even more convincing than the first and proved to the boxing world that the Vancouver cyclone is the greatest hitter in the world at his weight.

A "RAH-RAH" TURNS

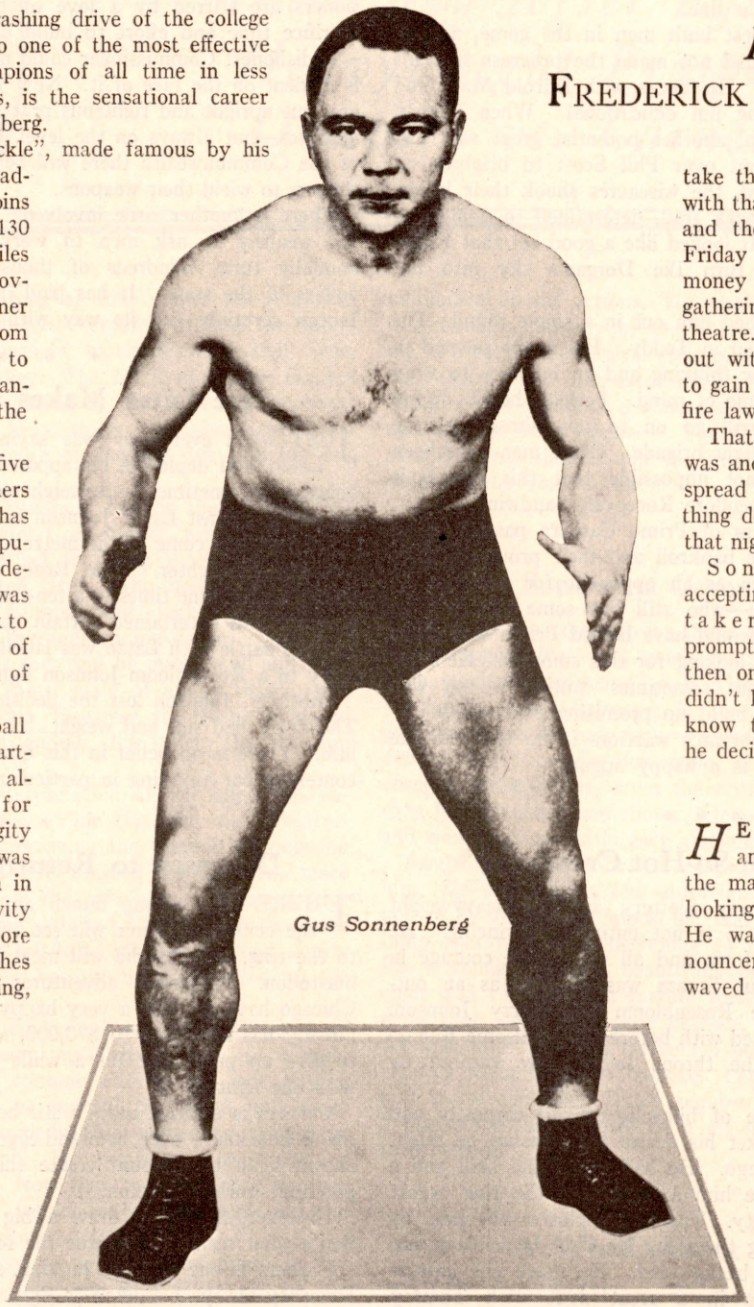
By
FREDERICK R. GLASSMAN

FROM the crashing drive of the college football line, to one of the most effective wrestling champions of all time in less than two years, is the sensational career of Gus Sonnenberg.

Sonnenberg's "flying tackle", made famous by his headlong dives to the "breadbasket", has knocked the pins from under more than 130 opponents in the 60,000 miles of his travels. He has covered every nook and corner of the United States, from the Back Bay of Boston to the Golden Gate of San Francisco, from the mouth of the Rio Grande to Canada.

Crossing the continent five times, meeting all comers and barring none, he has gained an international reputation as a wrestler, this despite the fact that it was through a dare that he took to the mat game. The story of his entrance into this field of sport is most interesting.

Sonnenberg was a football player of prominence at Dartmouth and Detroit and always seemed to crave for action. He was quite fidgity in his youth and this trait was part of his make-up even in college. He found inactivity rather boring and therefore participated in all branches of sport—boxing, wrestling, running, football and baseball, the first two only as a means for keeping in condition.



Gus Sonnenberg

* * *

ON one occasion, while in Providence where he was living, he went with a party of friends to a wrestling show in which two alleged grapplers were tossing each other around in what looked like a prearranged act. As is customary at most boxing and wrestling bouts, especially where college students form the greater part of the spectators, Gus razzed the show. He hooted, hurled some catcalls at the matmen and in general, carried on in a rather hilarious manner.

This aroused the promoter, who flew down the aisle in a rage, and stopping short at Sonnenberg's seat, upbraided him for his conduct and threatened to hurl him from the theatre if he didn't stop booing.

"If you think you can do better, I'll let you tackle either one of those two fellows here next Friday night," said the promoter. "And what's more, if you can stay ten minutes with either, I'll make you a present of $500."

Sonnenberg was too much of a sport to take such a dare. He rushed from his seat, and pointing a menacing finger at the pee-wee promoter shot back:

"You're on. You can't scare me. If I couldn't do better than those two so-called bone-crushers, I'd be ashamed to take these people's money." And with that the bargain was clinched and the promoter the following Friday found himself coining money by playing to the biggest gathering ever housed in that theatre. It was a complete sell-out with several hundred unable to gain admittance because of the fire laws.

That's how popular Sonnenberg was and how widely the news had spread that there would be something doing down on Main Street that night.

Sonnenberg, previous to accepting that match, had only taken part in several impromptu matches at college and then only for the sport of it. He didn't know the holds, nor did he know the intricate pointers, but he decided to take a chance.

* * *

HE spent one week tuning up and then came the night of the match. He entered the ring looking the typical college athlete. He was laughing when the announcer introduced him, and waved joyously to his many friends and admirers. He took the entire affair in the nature of a good joke, but it proved otherwise, once he entered into action.

For more than half an hour he was being tossed from side to side. He was having his head pounded against the canvas. His knee was bruised and his opponent was trying all kinds of tactics to put him down, but without avail. Once he got Gus' head against the mat and rubbed the left ear against the rough canvas to give Sonnenberg "tin-ear" in the hopes that it would make him quit, but apparently he didn't know the make-up of this great athlete.

While all this was going on, Gus' mind was working overtime. Suddenly it dawned upon him that if he could get his opponent into a position where he could use a flying tackle, Gus could execute this dangerous football movement and knock his man silly.

Like a flash the opportunity came. The men were sparring for an opening when Sonnenberg saw that the stomach of his rival was unprotected. In a jiffy, Sonnenberg leaped into the air, landed his head full force into the stomach of his opponent, and down went his rival. The referee took one look and waved Sonnenberg the winner. Gus' rival was not only easily pinned to the mat but was out more than five minutes.

The flying tackle, a famous football move, had made Son-

Into a RIOT

Gus Sonnenberg of Dartmouth Football and How He Became a Wrestler

nenberg famous. He had won and there and then he decided that what could be done once, could be accomplished often and Gus threw his lot with the wrestlers. To-day he is without an equal in the execution of the "plunge", and so dangerous is he with this tackle, that he finds it difficult to induce the big fellows to meet him. He is a veritable human torpedo when he cuts loose with that tackle, one of the most dangerous of all present day wrestlers. That is why many of the stars have protested against the use of the tackle in wrestling. Shikat undoubtedly is his master but it is doubtful if they'll ever meet as Shikat is strictly a wrestler, a great one at that, and won't stand for the style of grappling which Sonnenberg has made famous.

* * *

WHY shouldn't Gus be superlative in the execution of the tackle? Behind every tackle there is sixteen years of football experience, including six years as a professional with such clubs as Pottsville, Pa., Detroit, Columbus, Ohio, and Providence. Because of this, his mental faculties have been developed to such an extraordinary high degree of proficiency that he can grasp an opportunity instantly. There are very few wrestlers today who can boast of an education such as Gus has.

In character he is a fine, cheery chap. He received his sheepskin from Detroit University in 1922 after leaving Dartmouth two years previously.

* * *

HIS greatest thrill came in the peak of his meteoric career when he lifted the crown from the crest of Ed "Strangler" Lewis on January 4, 1929. Since then Lewis has proven to be his toughest and most consistent challenger, although "Panther" Joe Malcewicz has also been an active and aggressive adversary.

The greatest number of bouts that he has engaged in, in a single week, was during his recent western tour, toppling six men in six nights. The shortest time in which he has ever pinned a man was at Milwaukee. He stepped on the mat, shook hands and won in eleven seconds. His longest first fall lasted close to two hours.

He concedes Lewis to be the most scientific and cleverest wrestler of all time. Frank Gotch, he believes, was a great man but he did not possess the color and showmanship of Lewis. Jack McGrath, promoter of the Wilkie match, who was in the dressing room at the time of this interview, also conceded Lewis this honor. McGrath wrestled both Gotch and Lewis and is therefore in a position to quote. Sonnenberg also has high praise for Richard Shikat, now recognized as world's heavyweight champion wrestler—his greatest rival.

Here's Strangler Lewis, about to gain a fall. The Strangler lost his title to Sonnenberg.

This scene was often duplicated in the old days when the fight fans evaded Johnny Law by sneaking out in the dark of night to the scene of battle

Those Good Old Days In Pugilism

By JACK KOFOED

AT the fight between Ace Hudkins, the blue-eyed fury, and Rene DeVos, of Brussels, the ringside at Madison Square Garden in New York presented a cross between the golden horseshoe of the Metropolitan and a swanky sin celler in the Roaring Fifties. A sack suit and bowler were decidedly out of place among the serried lines of dinner coats, bare shoulders, lorgnettes and exceedingly cultured accents.

This was partly due to Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, Jr., Philadelphia society's gift to the cauliflower industry, and partly to the general social evolution of the game that began with Gene Tunney's adoption by Greenwich, Conn.

After the DeVos-Hudkins fight Biddle entertained at the St. Regis, where blue blood and broken noses met on common ground. It was a rare and warming occasion. True, some of the guests, more used to Twelfth Avenue than Fifth, forgot they were not in the Automat when sandwiches and champagne were passed, but on the whole it would be captious to complain.

* * *

THE boxing racket was in the process of being elevated. The sight would have brought tears to the eyes of Kid Broad and oaths to the lips of John L. Sullivan. Evening clothes instead of sweaters. Ball rooms instead of bar-rooms. Millionaires and debutantes instead of bindle-stiffs and the gay sisterhood.

I know the ancients will call out in distress, and say that the dressed up crowd isn't new to the ringside. When Gentleman Jackson was fighting with bare knuckles back in the eighteenth century the Prince of Wales was frequently present. When Tom O'Rourke ran his boxing shows in the old Amsterdam Opera House there was no scarcity of starched shirts in his front rows.

Yet, our old timers forget that Wales always was incognito, and the evening dress that honored O'Rourke was worn by Jerry Siegel, Honest John Kelly, Maxie Blumenthal, Sam Harris, Eddie Foy and other luminaries of the theatrical and gambling world, not by the Biddles and Lauders and Pryors.

* * *

AS a business, boxing is looked on with more tolerance than when it was the furtive sport of saloon backrooms and hidden country spots. College men talk of passing up bond-selling for a fling at fistic glory. Sully Montgomery and Wyoming Warner tried—not very successfully. Others are trying now.

It may seem funny. The hard boiled ones moan of the good old days when Sullivan smashed glasses and mirrors in a dozen saloons to celebrate a victory, instead of being the guest of honor at a St. Regis reception. They cry to heaven at this sad retrogression in the game of trading punches.

Let us see whether boxing has suffered or improved during the passing years; whether the presence of debutantes at the ringside has given the enlightening touch, and if the late Tex Rickard's six hundred millionaires brought the social graces to and took the fight out of the fight racket.

The Honest John Kellys and Big Tim Sullivans have not deserted the ringside because Park Avenue has moved in. They never will, either. The late Arnold Rothstein missed few big bouts, nor did Titanic and the Greek and Hump McManus. Do you think the old business of buying fighters has gone into the discard because the price of ringside seats scales at $27.50? Have a look!

* * *

THEY used to call "Diamond Lou" Bailey's place in Philadelphia "the Bucket of Blood". Fat Lou always had a glittering stone in his shirt front, no matter how hard the times.

He knew what the patrons of his fight club wanted. They smelled of the stables or the docks and expected blood and bruises, and no genteel boxing for their half-dollars.

Guns, pistols and clubs formed part of the paraphernalia used by the old-time fight fan

Most of the pugilists were known personally to the customers. They loafed on the same street corners, and frequented the same pool-halls and saloons.

If a boxer made an indifferent showing, he was warned at the top of a strident voice that the gang would "kick hell out of you tomorrow."

As the gang stood ready and willing to keep that promise, there was seldom any indifference in that ring. For their efforts, the fighters sometimes received as much as five or ten dollars—if Diamond Lou was in the paying mood.

* * *

THERE is still a faint resemblance to that condition among the Jews of New York's East Side. Terris, Goldstein, Singer—half a dozen headliners come from there, and their neighbors clutter the gallery of the Garden. But their approval or sadness is not the unanimous spirit that haloed the old Bucket of Blood.

Bailey introduced slightly modified gang warfare to the gentle folk of Philadelphia by way of the "battle royal." The Roman Coliseum would have rocked with laughter, just as did his ramshackle little boxing club.

Lou spent an afternoon a week along the Delaware River docks, and hired a dozen husky negro stevedores. All were sent into the ring at the same time. There were no rules, except that kicking and biting were looked on as savoring of unnecessary roughness. A man could hit from behind or below the belt. Usually the boys ganged the biggest fellow among them, and when he was unconscious started on the next. So, it usually happened that the two smallest fought it out for the prize.

Anything as murderous and savage as these brawls would have brought the reserves into action with their locust clubs had they been staged along the waterfront, but Lou's customers looked on them as merely entertaining tid-bits.

* * *

Some of the ruggedness has gone from the ring. Pugilists were paid strong-arms and ballot-box stuffers. They hung around the Haymarket, Billy McGlory's and Harry Hill's, where John L. Sullivan knocked out Steve Taylor.

John Morrissey became a great gambler and a tough gambler at that. He was a big trouble maker.

Another American heavyweight, Jimmy Elliott, was known as one of the best cracksmen in America, and proudly served his time in the "big house" at Sing Sing. Others turned into bleary, watery-eyed bar flies like Joe Coburn, and died miserably in the gutter.

Si Flaherty had a place at Laurel Hill. There was not another between his and Pete Hart's at Borden Avenue in Long Island City. The interval was swamp and tangled brush. Later a horse-car line, built by order of Mayor Paddy Gleason, nosed its way out there.

(Above)—"Dad" Cunningham, famous bare-knuckle days character, the guardian of the ring. (Below)—Types of fans who attended the old-time fights

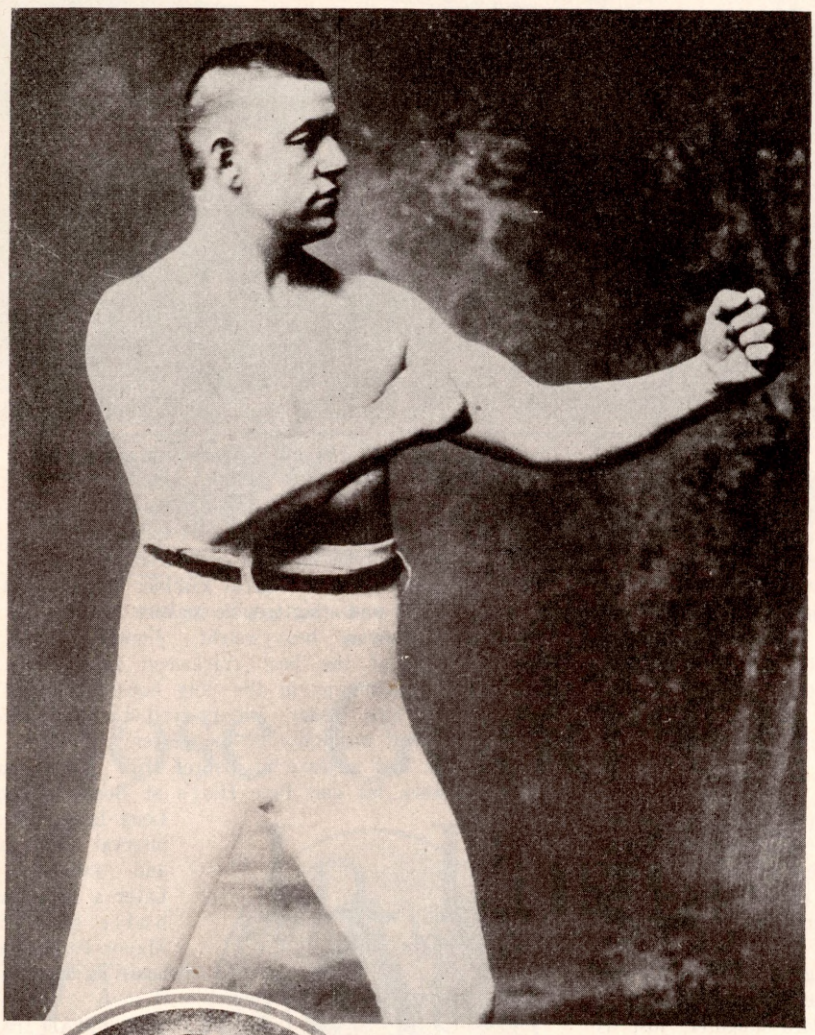
A MAD Irishman, Pat. One winter he had all the fences along the Long Island Railroad chopped down so the poor folk might have wood to burn on bitter nights.

Before that line was built, doggy lads took the Thirty-fourth Street Ferry, and then walked if they couldn't afford cabs. From Brooklyn they came on the railroad to Penny Bridge, and then dodged furtively through Calvary Cemetery.

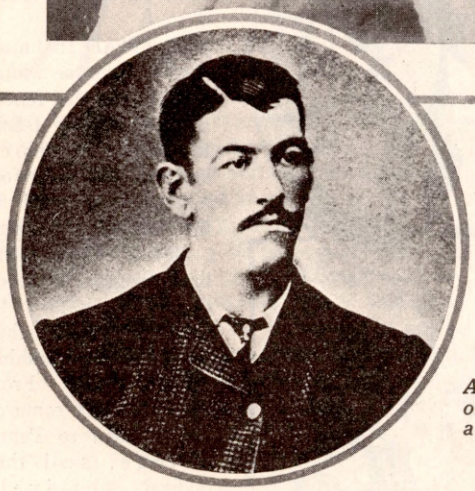
Because of the annoying police, never a fight—between men or dogs—or a cocking main was held before midnight, and most wore well along

(*Continued on page 27*)

The GREAT JOHN L.



Sullivan in his prime



A rare picture of John L. as a young man

GREAT as was my admiration for Terry McGovern, whose stage career I described in the last issue, the outstanding hero of my boyhood days was John L. Sullivan, the "Greatest Roman of Them All." Long before I made the acquaintance of Terrible Terry, an acquaintance which grew into sincere affection as the years rolled on, the hero of my youth was the Boston Strong Boy, America's most colorful champion of champions.

When I was a poor, orphaned kid hustling newspapers and shining shoes along the Chatham Square section of the Bowery, the toughest spot in New York in the late eighties and early nineties, to keep alive, I often sold my wares to budding fighters, near-champions and champions. But my one ambition was to meet the Great John L. and to shake his mitt.

* * *

MANY a time I hustled up and down my route just to take a peep at the big 'uns in the boxing game, and often I was tipped off that Sullivan was in this or that saloon, but it was not until the funeral of Jimmy Elliott, who ruled the heavyweights in 1879, that I finally got the opportunity to have my wish fulfilled. When the body of Elliott, who was killed by Jere Dunn in a Chicago brawl, arrived in New York it was sent to his home at Mott and Mulberry Streets and then to an undertaker's establishment on Canal Street near Elizabeth. The papers carried the story that Sullivan would be among those at the services.

Like all other kids in my neighborhood, I got to the scene of the funeral early and despite the throng that blocked the street, I managed to crawl close enough to the funeral parlor to get a peep at the Mighty One.

When Sullivan came out, I sneaked up to him, took a good look at my hero and then felt content. I still have a mind picture of Sullivan as he stood there watching the coffin removed to the hearse. What a picture he made! How handsome he looked! I just was aching to grasp his hand and might have done so, had not an officer pushed me off the walk.

* * *

TO me, that day was heaven. I had seen the greatest sports character of the age, the man everybody was talking about and I could brag about it to my buddies. Gee, what a feeling! I was about to run down Canal Street when Sullivan pushed his way through the crowd, and before I was aware of it, there he stood next to me again. This time I didn't hesitate. I grasped his hand and said: "Hello, Mr. Sullivan."

Instead of brushing me aside and telling me gruffly to be on my way, Sullivan smiled and patted me on the head. What a sensation! There was I, a dirty-faced street urchin, with my papers in one hand and the mitt of the world-famous fighter in the other! Can you blame me for being in my glory? John L. handed me a dollar and refused the paper!

Little did I think that afternoon, that a few years later, I, the same newsie, Joe Humphreys, would be introducing the great John L. in his last ring battle. The thrill which I got on the day I shook the hand of Sullivan was comparable only

America's Boyhood Hero

By JOE HUMPHREYS

to that which went through me the night at the Polo Grounds when I offered a prayer for the safe guidance of Lindbergh in his lone journey across the Atlantic.

I had started something when I grasped that mitt of the Strong Boy, for every lad in that vast crowd soon flocked towards him, to do likewise. There stood Sullivan with his high hat and his Prince Albert, and for a few moments it seemed that everybody had forgotten the solemnity of the occasion. Sullivan found it difficult to rid himself of the mob, so he thrust his hand in his pocket, took out a handful of coins and tossed them into the street where a wild scramble followed. With that, he dodged into a cab and shot away.

* * *

OF Sullivan's fighting career much has been said and I don't feel that I can add anything, but I can tell some interesting stories of his stage life for I played with him in "The Man From Boston."

It was six years after the incident at the Elliott funeral that I met John L. again. It was back in 1888, the year after he had fought that thirty-nine round draw at Chantilly, France with Charley Mitchell. I was a super at the Windsor Theatre where Billy Roche, discoverer of Gene Tunney, and one of the greatest fight managers of the old school, was among our gang. Billy's father trained Paddy Ryan for the fight with Sullivan in which John L. won in nine rounds, and Sullivan had come to our theatre to play the character of Captain Harcourt in "The Man from Boston."

In that play, the football hero was supposed to be poisoned by his rival who had wagered a considerable sum on the opposite team. This chap was booked to kick the winning goal, but when he was poisoned, Captain Harcourt, my hero, John L. Sullivan, was called upon to turn the trick.

Billy Roche, Jim Gagin, a 6 foot 6½ inch giant, and myself were the three supers of the opposing team. In fact, there were no other players on the stage, the rest being "dummies".

* * *

GAGIN, a famous fistic character, was facing John L. in that scene while Roche and I were out three feet to Sullivan's side. When the signal for the kick was given, Gagin dove in to make the scene realistic. At the same time, Sullivan lifted his boot and his mighty toe missed the leather! Like a bullet the boot hit Gagin in the stomach, and he was knocked cold.

He hit the side of the scenery and the scenery collapsed, burying poor Jim. The audience was in a riot. The painted football field fell and crashed across the footlights and into the orchestra pit, burying the musicians.

Sullivan rushed towards Gagin to help him, and just as he leaped forward, the other side of the scenery collapsed and he went down under it. Fortunately the scenery was flimsy and couldn't do much damage, but the crowd in the theatre didn't know that and a general commotion followed.

That football scene was next to the last in the show, the final one being a boxing scene in which Sullivan and Joe Lannon, his life-long pal, appeared in a sparring match. When the collapse took place, the manager ordered the curtain down and Sullivan, to reassure the throng, came from behind onto the stage platform and assured all that no one was injured.

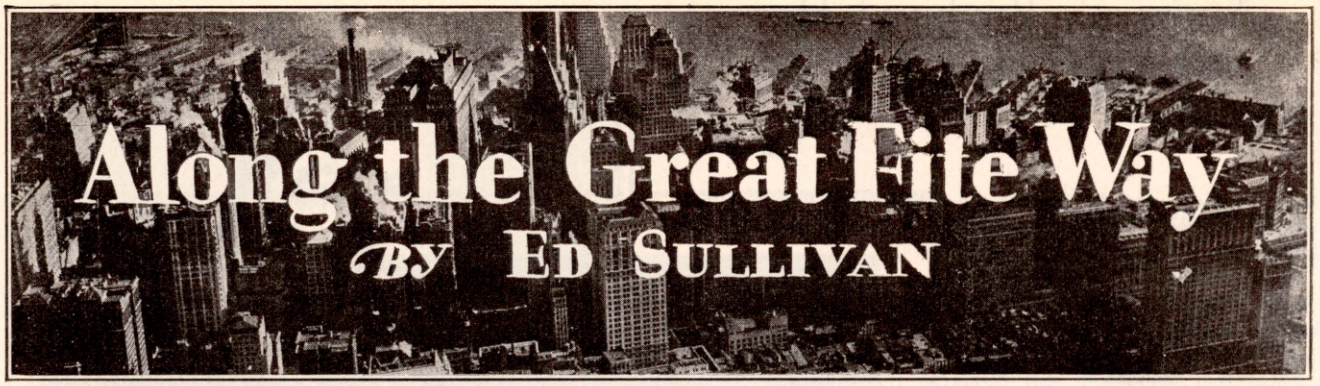
Following his little speech, Sullivan came back to the dressing rooms and inquired if any of the stage hands or supers were hurt. When informed that all were well, he let out a mighty roar, so pleased was he at the fun he had had at Gagin's expense. It was then that I reminded him of the incident at the Elliott funeral when I was a raggedy kid selling papers and shining shoes for a living.

(John L. Sullivan in a rampage at Terry McGovern's training quarters, is the subject of Joe Humphrey's next story.)

Sullivan after retirement

Recognize John L.?

Another quiet pose of the one-time Boston strong boy



Along the Great Fite Way

By Ed Sullivan

LITTLE did Tex Rickard think when he first saw chunky John Risko, of Cleveland, belt Paul Berlenbach to the matting at Madison Square Garden one night, that the Cleveland Rubber Man would serve to perpetuate Tex's memory. Yet such is the case.

The name which Rickard plastered on Risko, calling him "The Spoiler" in deference to Risko's habit of upsetting Rickard's cards by whipping one or the other of the principals, will last a long, long time. And every time Risko's nickname is recalled, so also is Tex Rickard recalled.

Probably nothing Rickard left behind him is so well-remembered as "The Spoiler" tag he stuck on Risko.

When Risko, running true to form, won seven out of ten rounds from Vittorio Campolo at Miami Beach in the latest "Flop of the Century" and made William Muldoon, New York Commissioner, look ridiculous by spoiling the man Muldoon said was too big for Johnny, every paper in the country recalled Rickard's apt bit of nomenclature, and built their stories about it.

So far as I know, it was the only nickname Rickard ever coined. Old Tex wasn't much of a hand at coining nicknames, he preferred to coin dough and he left the fancy writing to the sports writers.

I have often felt that a touch of sentiment prompted Rickard to pull this "Spoiler" nickname out of the bag and drape it around rubbery Johnno's fat neck.

When Rickard was running a gambling joint in Alaska he regularly visited a logging camp a few miles down the river. One of the loggers in that camp was a fellow named Rex Beach, then in the Alaskan wilds to gather material for a series of novels which were to carry him to international prestige later on.

Remembering the nickname Rickard gave to Rubbery John Risko, it is interesting to recall the title of the book which Tex always vowed was Rex Beach's greatest. The name of it was "The Spoilers."

* * *

The Giant-Killer's Calling List

OF all the heavyweight fighters on the present disordered heavyweight scene, this chunky Johnny Risko, of Cleveland, is by all odds the most inspiring. Had Rickard not called him "The Spoiler," he could have been named in all justice, "Jack the Giant Killer" just as they so called Jack Dillon when he was fighting out of Indianapolis. Dillon, by the way, was running a hot dog stand outside of Miami when the fight mobs were down there recently.

Risko, the Clevelander, is the gamest son-of-a-gun in the heavyweight ranks and that takes them all in with no exceptions. He has more courage and heart in his little finger than ninety per cent of the big fellows and whenever he goes to post, the fight fans are certain of an honest performance and a run for their money.

Look at the list of opponents they've chucked his way and you get a better idea of his calibre. And he's ducked nobody. He fights them as fast as Danny Dunn signs on the dotted line.

Since he started throwing leather, Risko has fought Gene Tunney, George Godfrey, Jack Delaney, Paulino Uzcudun, Jack Sharkey, Phil Scott, Vittorio Campolo, Max Schmeling, Tommy Loughran, Young Stribling, Mike McTigue, Jim Maloney, Ernie Schaaf, Chuck Wiggins, Eddie Huffman, George Manley, Joe Sekyra, Paul Berlenbach, the late Jim Delaney, Jimmy Slattery, Harry Persson, Young Bob Fitzsimmons, Sandy Siefert, Sully Montgomery, Jack Renault—but why continue with such a list?

Risko has probably done more to hold together the unsteady heavyweight fabric than any other one fighter. Regardless of the business arrangements other fighters made, regardless of the "fouls" which bobbed up to disgust the fans, the chunky figure of Risko always stood out like a beacon light of honesty to the fans.

* * *

Gene Tunney Tipped Him in 1925

THE first time I ever heard of him was back in 1925. Gene Tunney, back from a tour of the hinterlands, called me at the old New York *Graphic* office, in downtown New York. After trading greetings, Tunney told of a fight he had just engaged in at Cleveland.

"I just got through with the toughest, roughest and gamest cuss I ever met," said Tunney. "I hit him with everything I had and at the end of twelve rounds, he was still charging in at me. Keep your eye on him, Ed, he's an iron man. His name is Risko, Johnny Risko."

Five years later, Risko is still charging in, regardless of size or odds arrayed against him. He is a credit to a game which has more than a trace of shabbiness in it.

* * *

That Was Tunney's Weakness, Too

SPEAKING of Tunney brings to mind that before the Scott-Sharkey fight at Miami, Gene was sounded out by newspapermen, anxious to get his opinion of the principals in the Battle of What-was-it.

Tunny said: "I understand Scott cannot slip punches with his head. He is a stand-up fighter and I don't care for that type for if he can't duck or bob his head out of range, then he is an easy target and it then resolves itself into a problem of how much punishment he can take."

That criticism, perfectly fair and perfectly truthful, is vitally interested for Tunney was exactly in the same style-boat as Phil Scott in regard to inability to slip punches with his head.

As Jim Corbett pointed out in an interview in this department some weeks ago, it was Tunney's inability to duck with his head that always rendered him liable to sudden death when trapped on the ropes. It was while on the ropes that Dempsey took advantage of Tunney's weakness and pasted him with seven punches, **ALL TO THE HEAD.**

In mid-ring, or in the clear, Tunney overcame this weakness by moving away from a punch at his head when he couldn't break it with his arms or gloves. On the ropes, Tunney was unable to move away from a head-punch and there his weakness became glaring and on one occasion, almost fatal.

There was no comparison between the abilities of Tunney and Scott of course, but in this one particular, there was a decided resemblance and Gene apparently was blissfully unaware of it when he analyzed Scott's style at Miami.

Latzo's Win Put New Life in Veterans

WHENEVER a veteran comes along and upsets a fresh young squirt of the ring, it would be worth your while to go to some local gymnasium and see other veterans getting back into harness.

Although Pete Latzo is not a veteran in years, his amazing showing against the hard-hitting Chicago negro light-heavy, Larry Johnson, at Madison Square Garden, inspired a lot of the old-timers to break out of retirement for another shot at the game.

"If Latzo, with a broken jaw, can do it, so can I," they vowed and immediately went to work.

Not all of these veterans are washed-up, by a long shot.

The other afternoon at Stillman's gymnasium, New York City, close to one hundred fans and hangers-on of the game completely surrounded one of the two rings set up in the center of the floor. "Watch him go," they gasped incredulously as a lithe little fellow tore into action, bounded off the ropes and punched with gatling-gun fury at the tough hombre opposed to him.

The little fellow who had the spectators spell-bound and his sparring partners demoralized was none other than your old friend, Guiseppe Carrora, better and more familiarly known as Johnny Dundee.

Showing more stuff than he has exhibited in years, Dundee is now being lined up for a fight at Boston and following that, may embark on a cross-country tour that will carry him to the Pacific Coast.

* * *

It Sounds Like Abe Lyman's Work

THE Pacific Coast, incidentally, or that section of it which revolves about Hollywood, was treated to something novel in receptions the other night.

Lou Davis, New York song writer, who owns a wholesale meat business in New York in addition, was the arriving celeb and he got a greeting that was unparalleled.

Under the guidance of Abe Lyman, Bob Goldstein and Jack White, the Hollywood celebs arrayed themselves in butcher's aprons and hats and stormed the station. One of Lou's big song hits was "Precious Little Thing Called Love." The greeters at Hollywood parodied it with placards reading: "That precious little thing called chuck-meat" and other reminders of Davis's wholesale butcher business.

It was a very meaty reception and it was all in good wholesome fun.

* * *

Jeffries' Protege Impresses Coast Fans

JACK WHITE, Broadway comic and former "Scandals" star, forwards from Hollywood the newspaper accounts of a fight in which Jim Jeffries' heavyweight protege, Al Morro, Burbank, Cal. Italian, performed.

The story appeared in the Los Angeles Evening* Herald *under the by-line of Lee Lewis and should be of interest to boxing fans all over the country because of Jeff's interest in the kid. It follows:

"James J. Jeffries, former world's heavyweight champion, knows what is to be expected of a first-fight performer in that division. Hollywood Legion Stadium fans admitted today after seeing Al Morro, his Burbank, Cal. Italian protege win the decision over Tony Stabineau, the veteran trial-horse after ten hard-fought rounds.

"Morro, occupying the unique position of fighting his first professional bout and in a main event, too, before so exacting an assemblage as that which packed the Stadium to the rafters, made good in the eyes of the throng and bore out Jeffries' statement, 'He's a good prospect.'

"Stabineau, the veteran of many battles, proved himself a gamester, took quite a shellacking and in turn dealt out ample punishment to test the mettle of his younger opponent. Those who came expecting to see a 'Tank-act with handcuffs', were undoubtedly disappointed as the milling was sincere and both battlers were trying to the end.

"A check-up of the rounds revealed that Morro, trained in secret by Jeffries, is a real comer in that he is active afoot, boxes well and at the same time packs a punch in either hand. He set the pace early, taking the first five rounds largely through an effective left which until it was injured in the fourth, beat a steady tattoo on Tony's head.

"Morro showed the merit of his left hand in the third when he jabbed Stabineau to the canvas for a nine count.

"In the closing rounds, Morro tired under the distance, in addition to the handicap of a battered left eye. The tenth round was bitterly fought, with Stabineau trying his best, but Morro's short uppercuts giving him the edge and justifying Referee Freddie Gilmore's call.

"The experience gleaned by Morro undoubtedly means more to him than the victory, and the admiration of the fans for Jeffries, when introduced proves the fans do not forget."

* * *

Tommy Burns Ranks the Heavyweights

JEFFRIES by the way, still holds a conspicuous place in the hearts and minds of those who were around when his crouch was baffling Ruby Bob Fitzsimmons.

Frank Graham, veteran staff writer of the New York *Sun* and understudy to Joe Vila, brings Jeffries to the fore again in New York by digging up Tommy Burns, the former heavyweight champion by virtue of Jeff's retirement and Tommy's wins over Marvin Hart and Philadelphia Jack O'Brien.

Burns, called upon to rank the great champions of the prize-ring in the heavyweight division, excludes John L. Sullivan because he never saw him fight but ranks them from Sullivan on in this order:

1—JAMES J. JEFFRIES
2—JACK JOHNSON
3—BOB FITZSIMMONS
4—JAMES J. CORBETT
5—JACK DEMPSEY
6—GENE TUNNEY
7—JESS WILLARD

His explanatory comments are chuck-full of interest:

"Jeffries, big and rugged and strong, was particularly effective because of his crouch. Johnson was the greatest defensive fighter and picked off or smothered punches before they were fairly launched. Fitz was a good boxer and a terrific puncher with a great fighting brain. Corbett was cleverest and revolutionized the sport. Dempsey, a savage fighter, had the hardest punch any man ever carried in a left hand, Tunney ranked next to Corbett in sheer cleverness. Willard lacked the skill of the others but was a physical marvel."

* * *

Dempsey Begins to Feel the Come-Back Urge

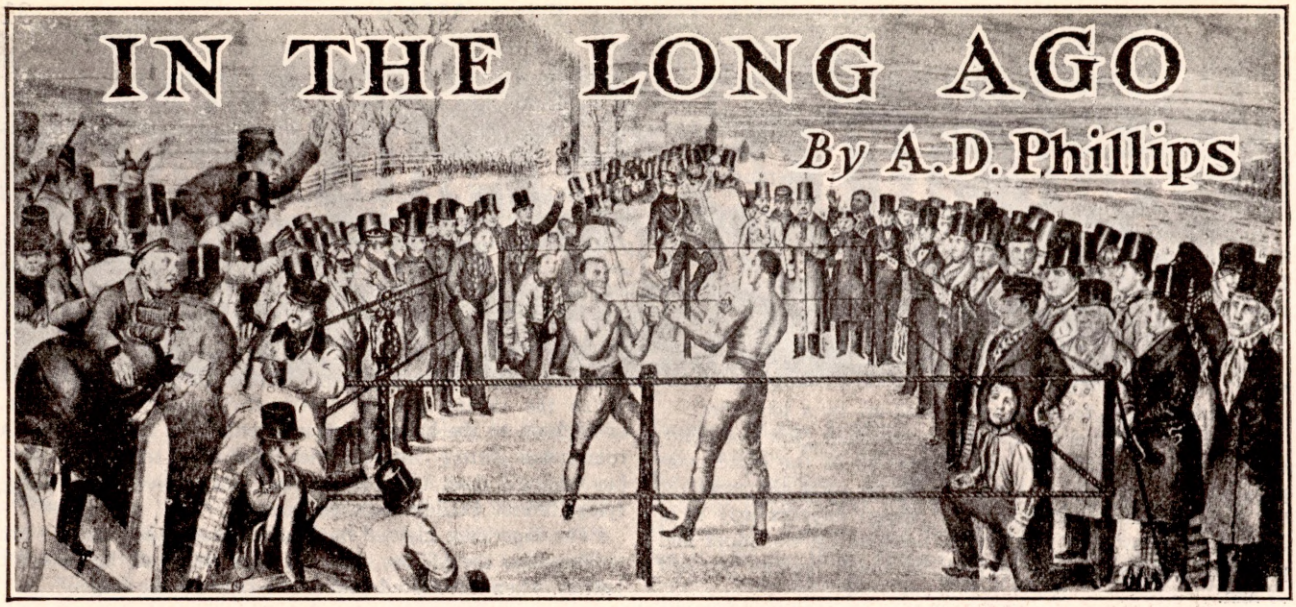
SUGGESTIONS in this department some time ago that Jack Dempsey was seriously thinking of staging a Carnera-Dempsey fight in Chicago this summer, are substantiated by Dempsey's trip east to submit himself to a thorough physical examination at the Mayo clinic at Rochester, Minn.

The big fellow, who has gone for close to $60,000 in his fight ventures at Chicago according to grapevine wireless, is beginning to figure that a Carnera fight would be a soft touch and productive of plenty of dough.

It is a coincidence that Dempsey should have selected the Mayo bothers' clinic. It was one of the Mayos, attending a medical congress at Havana, who was vainly summoned by Tex Rickard when Tex was stricken at Miami with Dempsey at his bedside. Mayo declined to make the trip on the grounds that he could do nothing that had not already been done for the dying man.

IN THE LONG AGO

By A. D. Phillips



IN the *Sparton Gazette* of London of 1812, there appeared the following:

Some forty years ago a gentleman named Taleton, who is still living at Brighton and is now possessed of considerable property, was credited with having thrashed George the Fourth when the latter was Prince of Wales, and "pretty smartly tapped the Royal claret." Mr. Taleton was at Mendoza's sparring-rooms when the Prince arrived, and expressed a wish to take on anyone who might like a bout with the gloves.

Taleton offered himself, whereupon Mendoza showed the Prince into a private room to strip. "When the Prince came back into the sparring-room," said Taleton, in telling the story, "stripped and ready for action, I thought to myself, 'You are a fine young fellow, anyhow.' And he was, too, as fine a man as ever I saw in my life. He was nearly, or quite, six feet high, and stout in proportion. He stood up to me, full of pluck, and then rattled off in great style.

"Very quick he was, and his blows came like the kick of a horse; but he could not get past my guard.

"I fairly wore him out, and when he got a bit slack I went in and gave him a rare towelling, I can tell you. I made the blood fly from his nose.

"Of course you'll understand I didn't know at the time who my antagonist was, for Mendoza only introduced him as a gentleman amateur. But I knew, from the horrified look on Dan's face and on the faces of one or two others who were present—Lord Yarmouth was one of 'em—that I'd put my foot in it somehow; but it wasn't till afterwards that I knew it was the Prince I had leathered. However, he bore no malice, and shook hands with me quite friendly after we took off the gloves."

* * *

Police Started Early

IN the "Daily Advertiser," of May 13, 1773, the following appears:

"May 11, 1773, a boxing match took place at the Riding School, Three Hats, Islington, between John Pearce and John White, both shoemakers, for £10 a side. At the commencement of the combat White seemed to have somewhat the advantage, but Pearce, having recovered his wind, and given White several severe falls, was on the point of winning, when the high constable and his attendants mounted the stage and put an end to the contest."

[*This shows that police interference was known even in those early times.*—EDITOR'S NOTE.]

* * *

Pugilistic Lawyers

HERE is a little item of interest that appeared in the *New York Herald,* December 20, 1857:

The Marine Court was turned into a sort of impromptu prize ring last Monday, in order to settle a slight difference of opinion between two learned gentlemen of the long robe, who thought that the best mode of *"argumentum ad hominem"* was by the bunch of fives. Acting on this national principle, one let the other have a smashing hit on the nasal organ, by way of *"mesne process"*, an *"answer"* was then returned, without waiting for the usual delay under the Code. To this mode of pleading, a *"demurrer"* was interposed, and the other side put in a *"replication"*, then a *"rejoinder"* and a *"sur-rejoinder"*.

As this novel mode of practice is, usually, if followed up sharply, conducive to a settlement, with the law's delay, the practitioners soon came to an understanding on the floor of the Court, and a verdict was rendered at short notice—judgment in favor of the hardest hitter, with costs of court—and permission to put in the same pleadings, and practice in the same suit—always provided the parties, do not try their cause.

* * *

The Old, Old Story

IN the *Cincinnati Inquirer,* Dec. 24, 1895.

They gathered him up from the padded mat
Where beaten and battered he lay,
He hadn't a notion of where he was at
As they carried him sadly away.
He looked like dead as he lay there and bled,
But he finally wakened and sobbed;
He lifted his head and complainingly said:
"I won by a mile, but was robbed."

* * *

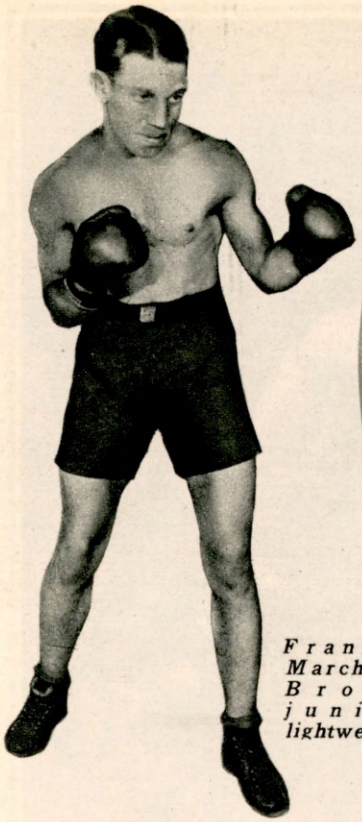
Page Gene Tunney

THE *London Times,* 1854 carried the following item of interest:

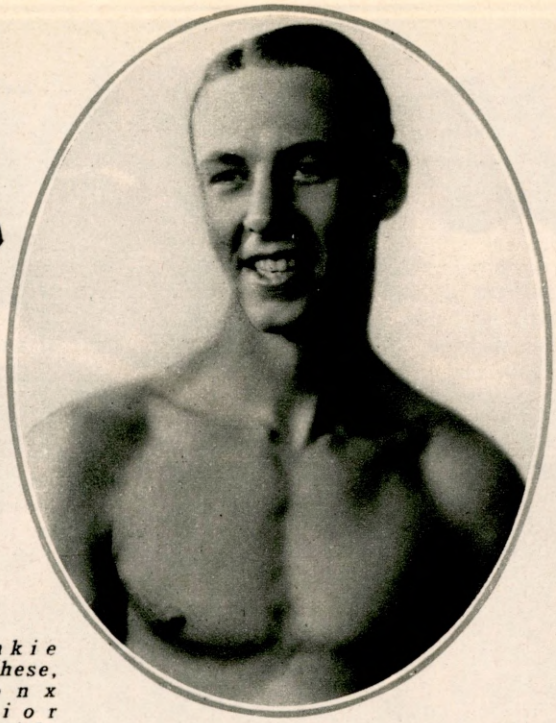
HENRY JOSIAH HOLT, or Harry Holt, as he was familiarly called, was not only a game and clever pugilist, but also "a cut above" the ordinary fighter. We are told that his manners were pleasing, his address engaging, and, as he sang a song somewhat above mediocrity, his company was sought—a dangerous thing for a young man in the great metropolis.

Harry, too, from having received an education somewhat above the average of the society with which he mixed, and being moreover gifted with a command of words and a power of expression rather beyond the ordinary range, was generally elected to address the public on the occasion of benefits, etc., by such of his brother pugs who were "slow and halt of speech," a deficiency to which those readiest with hands and feet are often doomed.

From these oratorical displays he soon acquired the sobriquet of "Cicero," and, as "The Cicero of the Ring," Harry Holt for some quarter of a century figured in the public prints as a great, clever, two fisted fighter.



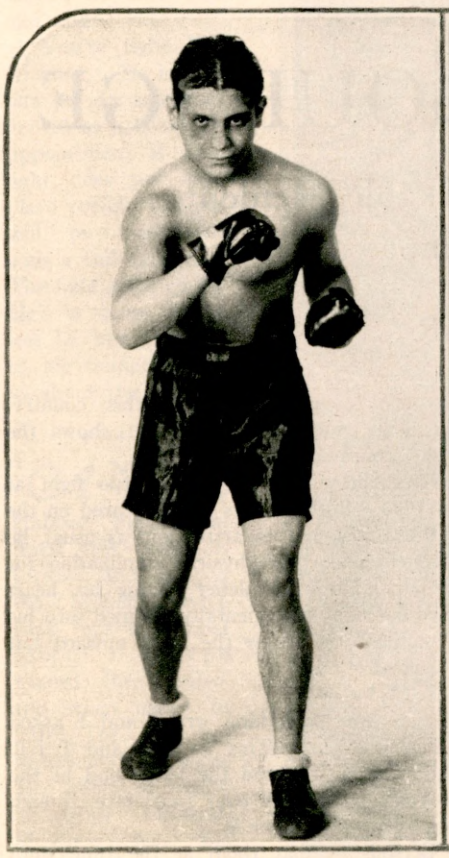
Frankie Marchese, Bronx junior lightweight



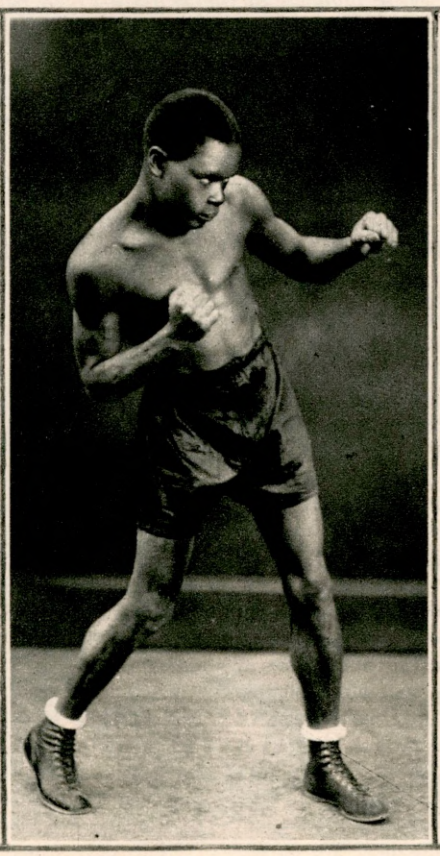
Gene McCue, Bronx light-heavyweight

Tony Leto, former Tampa, Florida, feather-weight

They Have a Good Following in New York

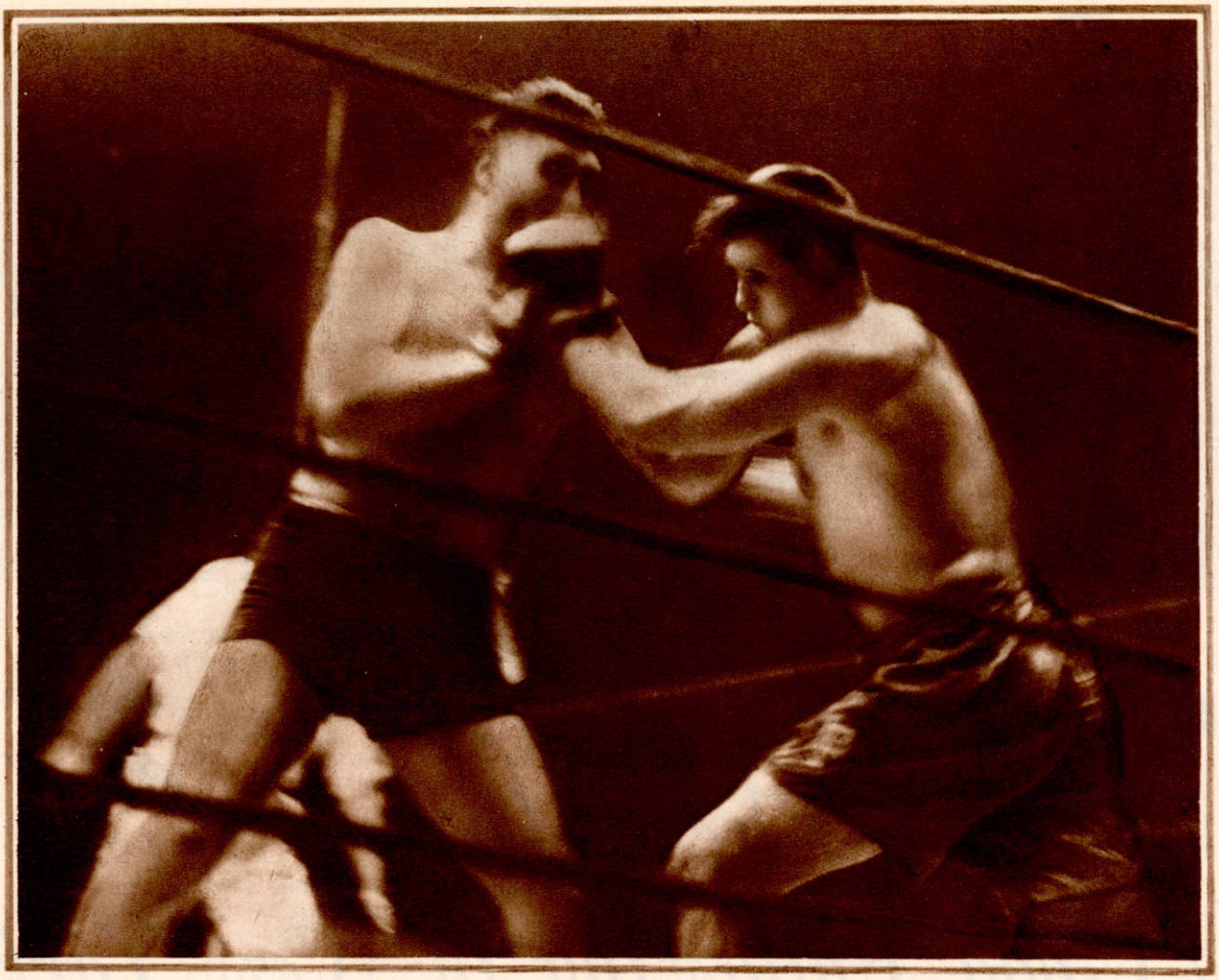


Emil Rossi, a lightweight with a fine record



Frankie "Kid" Anselm, clever bantamweight

Tommy Syracuse, Yorkville, junior welterweight



A tense moment in the Willard-Firpo battle

INDOMITABLE COURAGE

Dr. William H. Walker Relates Remarkable Incident Concerning Firpo of the Pampas

By NAT FLEISCHER

IT was in the dressing room of Tommy Loughran at the Yankee Stadium recently where several scribes sat with Dr. William H. Walker, of the New York State Boxing Commission, waiting for Tommy to arrive for his physical examination preparatory to his battle with Jack Sharkey. As is usual when scribes get together on such an occasion the heavyweight situation was the subject which held the attention.

"Now take the case of Luis Firpo," said one boxing writer. "Here was a fellow who, if properly handled, would have been a second Jeffries. He had height, weight, an abundance of courage, could sock like nobody's business, but, unfortunately he was headstrong and didn't have the first conception of ring science. He was a pure, out-and-out chance hitter, but could have been developed into a great fighter."

"You fellows don't know the half of it. I could tell you some stories of Firpo's gameness which might seem unbelievable, yet my records to substantiate my statement are on file at the Boxing Board's office for any who care to see them," broke in Dr. Walker, who has officially made examination of more fighters than any other physician in this country.

"There is one incident which I'll relate, that shows the iron courage in Firpo," continued the doctor.

"It was on the afternoon of the Dempsey-Firpo fight at the Polo Grounds in 1923. Both fighters had appeared on the weighing-in scene. Firpo was first to arrive and as usual, he stripped, and I started to make my physical examination for the state records. I had just completed testing his heart beat and in moving to his side, I accidentally bumped into his left arm. Quick as a flash, he threw the hand upward but failed to let out a squeak.

* * *

"I THEN knew there was something wrong and I asked him to straighten the arm. This he did, and I felt every part of it, and when I squeezed the lower end of the humerus, I could see pain written all over Luis' face, though he tried hard to pass it off with a smile.

"The only other persons in that room at the time were William Muldoon and Tex Rickard and turning to Muldoon, who had his eyes closely glued on Firpo, I said:

"Commissioner, the fight can't go on. He has a dislocated fracture of the lower end of the humerus of the left arm, the internal condyle.

"Firpo understood. He looked at me, then shot a glance in the direction of Muldoon and Rickard, and made us understand that he would not call off the fight. His interpreter was called in and told to tell him that it would be dangerous for him to meet Dempsey. Mr. Muldoon also asked why we weren't informed of his condition so that a substitute could have been signed. The interpreter told us he knew nothing of any accident, then turning to Luis, he conveyed our message.

"Firpo shook his head, and wildly gesticulating, told the interpreter that he didn't tell anybody because he had no intention of calling the fight off. He said he knew he could beat Dempsey and would do it with one hand.

"Rickard was amazed at this self-confidence but suddenly realizing that a fortune was at stake and that no substitute could be obtained at such a late hour, he grew white in the face and almost trembled. I have seen Tex in a rage on many occasions, but never did I see him almost on the verge of collapse as now.

"His poker face was gone. Angry through and through, he pounded his cane on the floor and menacingly pointing his finger at the South American, he snapped out in Spanish something, which I was told, would not look good in print.

"All this time William Muldoon was taking in the situation calmly. After Rickard's flare-up, the Grand Old Man of Pugilism turned towards Tex and said:

"You're right Mr. Rickard. It is too late to do anything. It will be a keen disappointment if that fight does not take place tonight and we will be confronted with a full-sized riot. The fight must go on. He's a game fellow not to say anything to his trainers or to us about the injury."

* * *

"AND with that he grabbed Firpo's injured arm, jerked it forward and snapped the broken bone back into its proper position. Firpo winced, then smiled, and when asked to move the arm upwards and sideways, he complied with never a murmur. Muldoon had me bandage the arm and Luis went into that great fight with Dempsey with a swelling that ordinarily would have kept any other fighter but one with such fighting heart, out of the ring for at least a month.

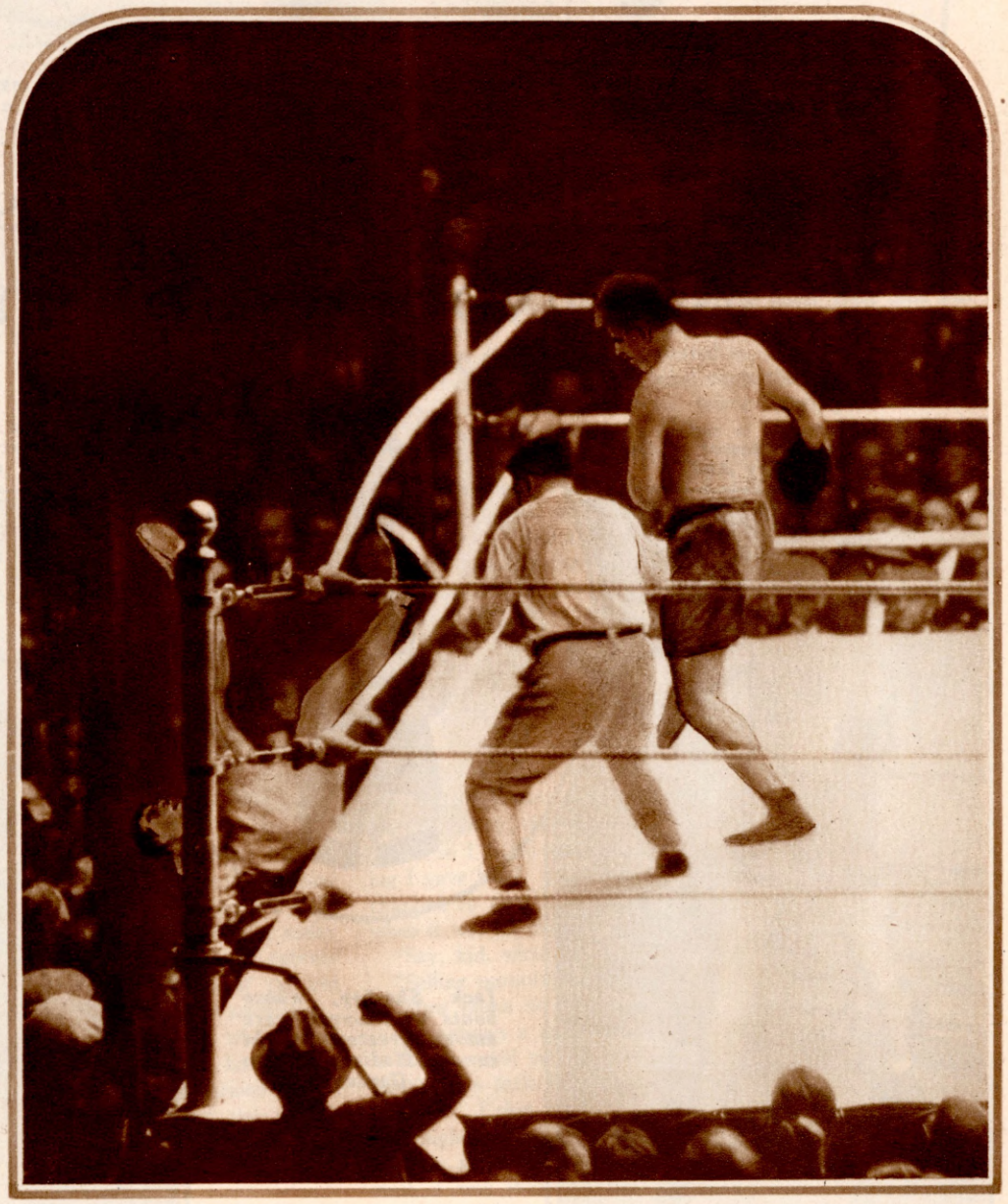
"Mind you, it was not a mere dislocation of the humerus. It was a fracture. When you discuss courage and gameness, there is a case worthy of your attention."

* * *

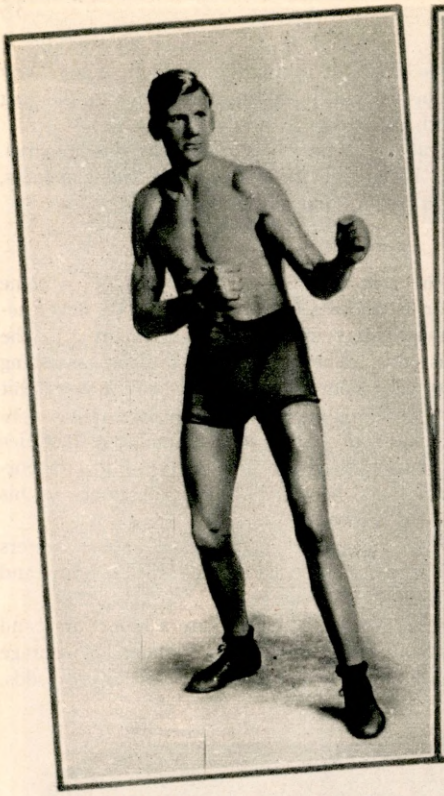
COURAGE in the ring is one thing and courage in some other endeavor is another. It is strange, but nevertheless true, that some fighters will carry on in the ring in the face of tremendous odds. They will take a bruising, smashing beating, yet, these very courageous fighters will not exhibit similar qualities when confronted with common risks of everyday life. I know one boxer of tested courage and fine qualities who simply cannot bear the sight of a revolver. Put a "shooting iron" in his hands and he will blanch. Put gloves on his fists and he will fight anybody.

And here's another queer quirk of the ring. Some fighters are bearcats in the squared circle. Put them into a brawl and they will take the easiest way out.

But I will say this: boxers, as a class, are a most game and courageous lot. Their very profession is founded on courage and their success in predicated on the will to fight against odds.

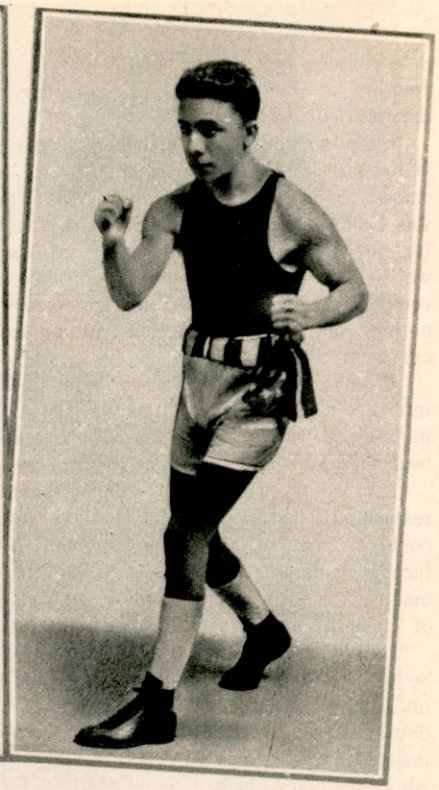


Jack Dempsey sent through the ropes by Luis Firpo



Gunboat Smith who gave Jack Dempsey his hardest fight

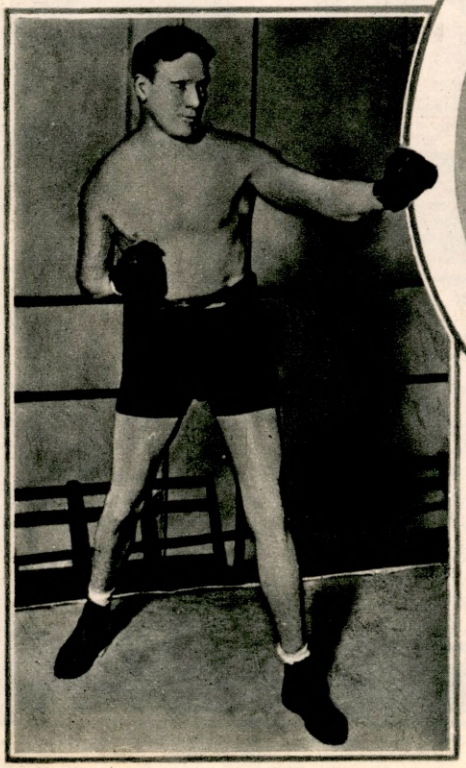
Benny Leonard, one of greatest lightweights of all time



Pete Herman, who regained bantam title from Joe Lynch

Their Fistic Deeds Are Not Forgotten

Frank Moran, possessor of the famous "Mary Ann"



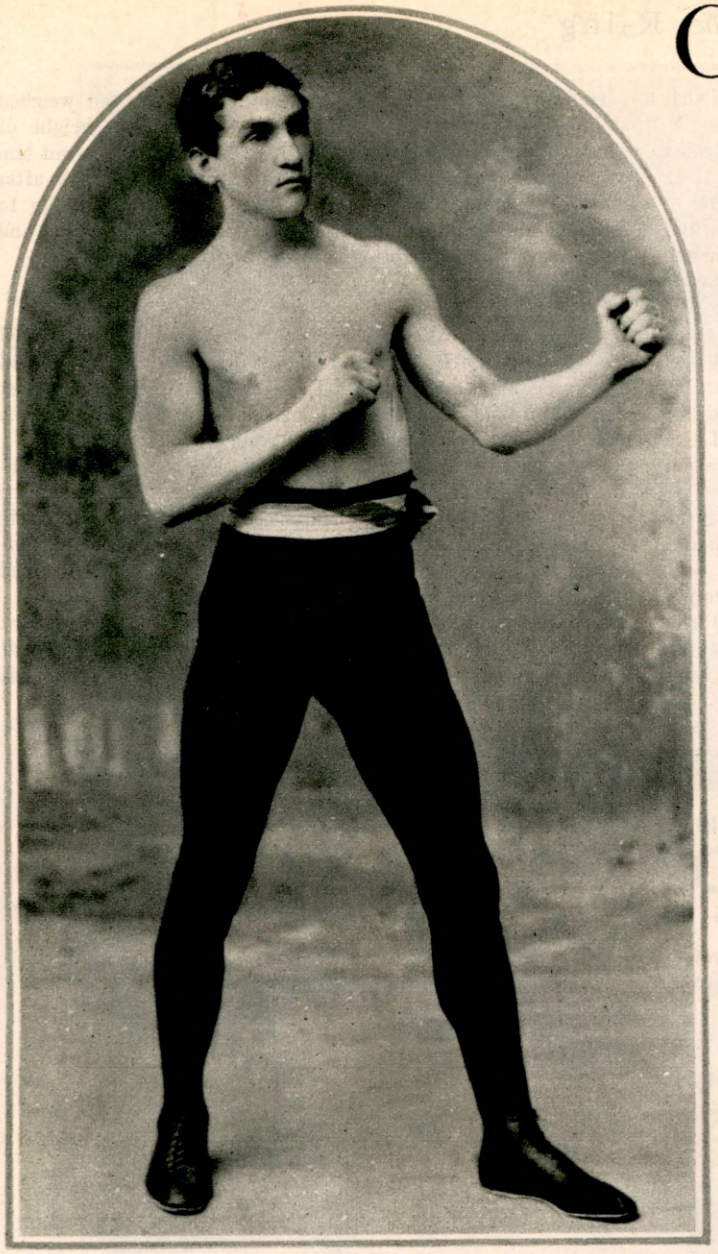
Jack Sharkey, whose bouts with Lynch were among greatest fought in old Madison Square Garden

Joe Lynch, former bantam king, who beat Pete Herman for the crown

ONE DOLLAR *for the* WINNER

Famous Lightweight Recalls Experiences in Fights on Bowery Stage

By KID McPARTLAND



Kid McPartland

FOLLOWERS of boxing in New York and vicinity, are more thoroughly acquainted with me as a referee than a fighter, and though I hate to brag, I must candidly admit that I was a pretty good scrapper in my youthful days. Joe Humphreys, Patsy Haley, Jimmy Johnston, Paddy Mullins, Charley Harvey, Leo Flynn, Billy Roche, Ed Forbes and hundreds of others now interested in the fight game, will testify to that. I mention this just by way of qualification for the series of articles on "Fights and Fighters" now appearing under my name in THE RING.

I have acted as referee in a number of important battles, including many championship bouts, among them the Benny Leonard-Freddy Welsh contest in which Welsh lost his title, and from my observation, I can safely say that boxing today is more of an art than it was in my day. The average fighters of today cannot hit with the sting of the boys of the old school, but they can step livelier and are far more scientific.

I have often been asked to compare the fellows who starred in my period with those of the present era, but at best, such a comparison, is merely an opinion. Proper comparison cannot be made because of the different conditions of the periods involved.

* * *

In my first article, I discussed conditions confronting a referee, incidents of the ring and some of the great battles I have seen in my many years as a fighter and an official. In this issue I shall confine myself to my own career, of interesting events in my own eventful life.

There was more sentiment in the old days than now. A lad who represented the lower West Side was certain to have the fight fans of that locality cheer him every battle he appeared in. Neighborhood rivalry was keen, and that is what made the fights of my time he-men's battles. Every fellow entering a ring knew that the eyes and the dollars of his neighborhood pals were on him, and to fail them, was equivalent to desertion. If a fellow lost a close battle, he still would be the pal of his neighbor. But Lord help the chap who showed a trace of cowardice and quit cold!

I was born in the big city on April 13, 1875, and like other lads of the lower East Side of New York, I took a fancy to fighting at an early age. I was born in Charley White's old district, the Seventh Ward, and down in South Front Street, a pretty tough section, is where I got my schooling.

* * *

I WAS selling peanuts one day when along came two huskies and demanded that I give them some, but when I asked for the money, they wouldn't give up. They tried to steal my wares, so I sailed into the bigger of the two. What a shellacking I gave him! Jack Dougherty, famous manager in his day, chanced to pass by. He took in this impromptu bout and when it was all over he patted me on the back and said:

"Say, kid, what are you working at?"

"Selling peanuts," I replied.

"How much do you make?"

"Sometimes a quarter and often less," I answered.

"How would you like to make some real money, say about $2.00 for a little fighting every day," Jack asked.

"Sure," I shot back, and the bargain was made.

Dougherty had me join the Clinton A. C., where I learned a little about fisticuffs and when I was ready for my first mill, I was informed that my name was Paddy Burke of Ireland. My father didn't like the rough sport and wanted

me to quit associating with the roughnecks, but I figured that $2.00 meant half a week's work and didn't give in.

I was a good amateur, even if I did accept from 50 cents to $2.00 for performing on the Bowery stages.

Every afternoon I would go down to Miner's Theatre to meet Jack Dougherty and there I would stand in line and wait my turn for a bout. You see, at the time, George Dixon, Joe Walcott, Jim Corbett and others were appearing at the London Theatre, Miner's Bowery Theatre and the Atlantic Gardens, and there always was a demand for extra talent to fill out the bill. Usually this talent came from the amateurs.

Tom O'Rourke had Dixon at Miner's Theatre and he asked Dougherty to fetch some lads to fill in before Little Chocolate went in. I accepted the assignment on one occasion and for my performance I was given $1.00.

After the first day, I reported every afternoon and after standing in line with the rest of the boys, we were ushered in a dressing room where our height and measurement was taken and then we were paired for the afternoon and evening. If we won, we were given $2.00. If we lost, only $1.00 was the purse. Often we were lucky to get 50 cents for three rounds of real fighting. But even that was more exciting than selling peanuts.

Many a tough battle I went through with scarcely the price of a meal being my recompense. I might have continued indefinitely as an "amateur" had not the manager of the Old Bowery Theatre gypped me. It was like this:

I was only a kid and I loved to see the amateur stage bouts. I had fought several times at Miner's but this time I waited all day for a chance to go but without avail until the manager learned, just before the main event was to go on, that one of the boys suddenly took sick and he eagerly accepted me as a substitute.

* * *

I GOT into the ring and lambasted my opponent, knocking him out in one round. I was entitled to $2.00 but the manager insisted that I had engaged in too little action and wouldn't pay off at the bargained price unless I fought another kid for three rounds.

He looked at me as though I had stolen his meal ticket and said:

"Looka here, kid, you got that fight too easy. Fifty cents is all I'll give you unless you take on another fight."

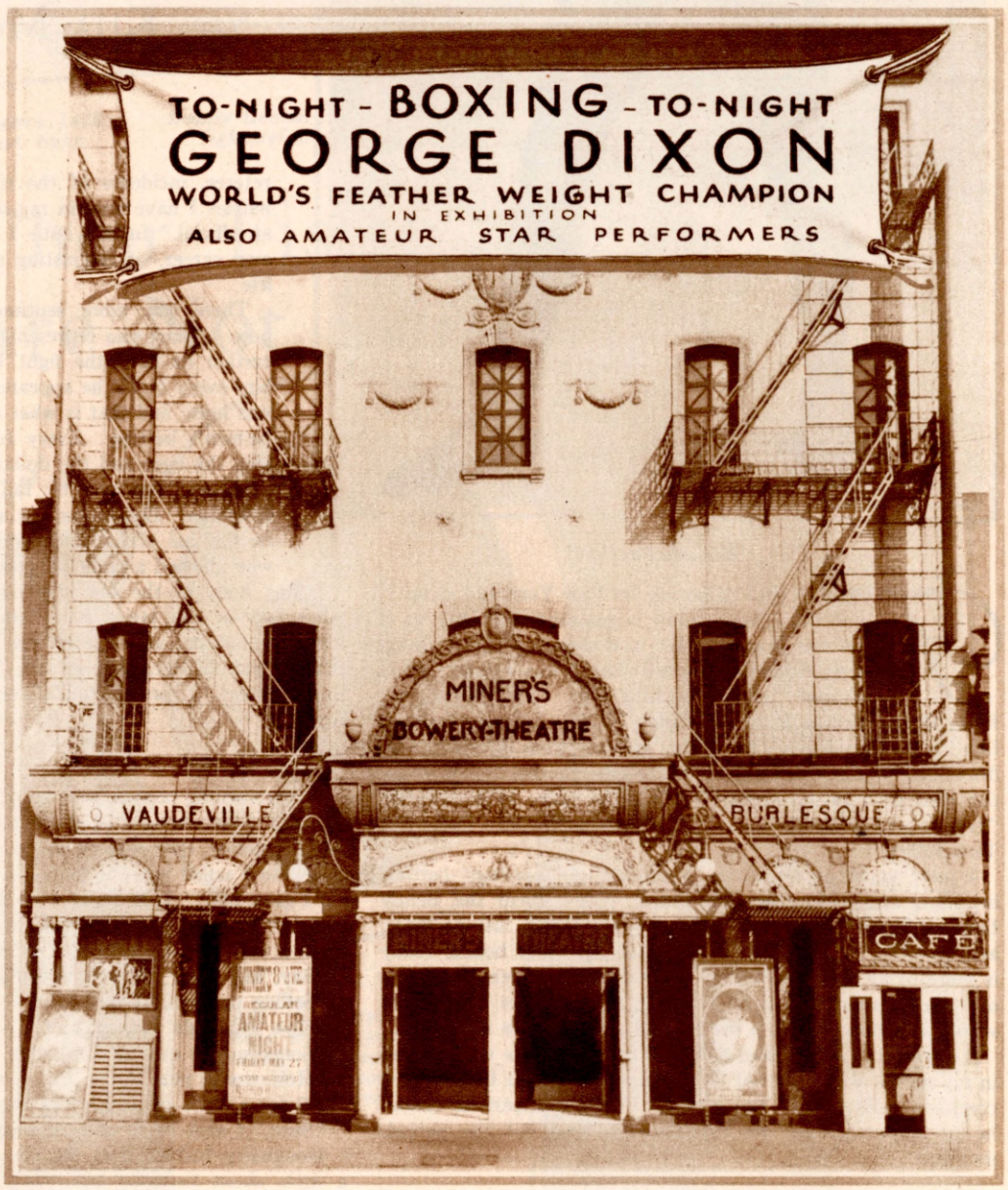
He was a pretty big fellow, about 5 feet 11, and weighed about 154 pounds, but I didn't think about my height or weight, I just sank a beautiful right to his chin and spread him over the carpet of his office. I was afraid to go back after that, and confided to Jack Dougherty that I would like to turn pro and wanted him for my manager. He accepted and I started off on my fighting career.

* * *

I SERVED my apprenticeship in the rough-and-ready school of the tough Bowery and when I had graduated, I gained my laurels almost overnight. I fought forty-three battles over a period of four years before I knew what it was to be beaten in a scrap, to say nothing of being knocked out.

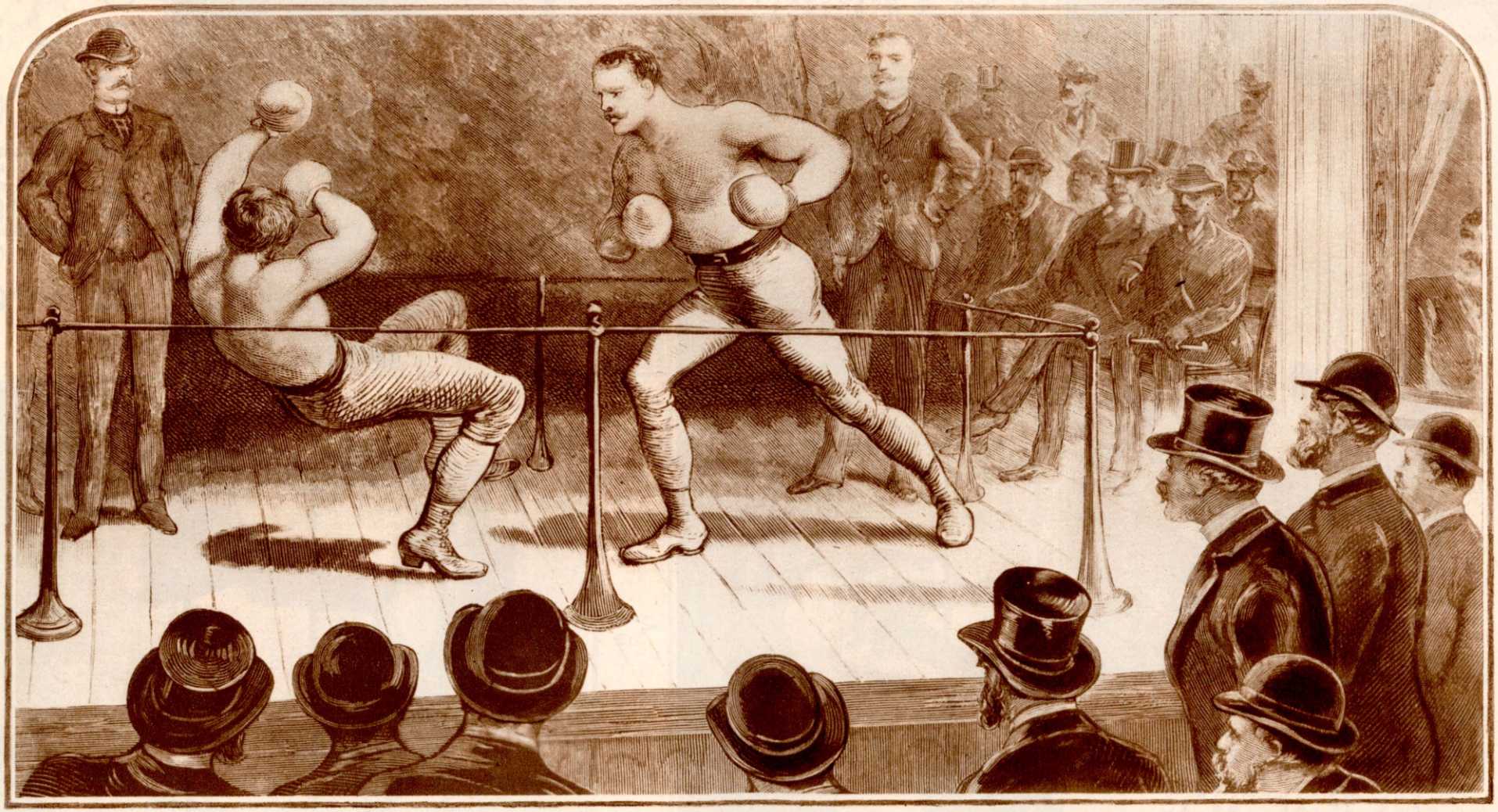
I conquered such stars as Eddie Curry, Owen Ziegler, Stanton Abbot, Jimmy Handler, Jack Hanley and others, but it was not until February 8, 1897, that I set the pugilistic world a-buzzing by going twenty-five rounds with the great lightweight champion, Kid Lavigne. I lost the bout, but I gained international fame.

Lavigne used all of his resources. He employed every trick he knew but I stayed the limit. I took every blow that Lavigne landed, and when the fight (*Continued on page* 44)



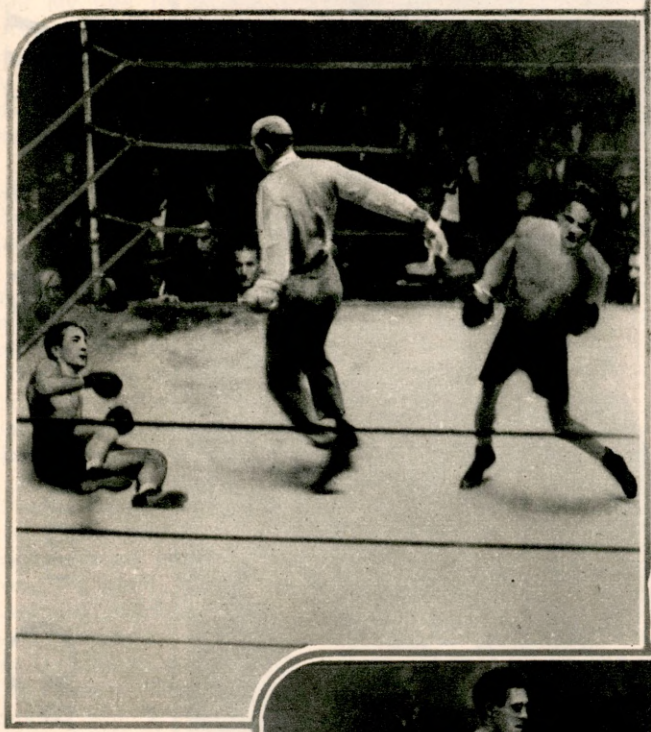
Miner's Theatre on the Bowery, where champions got their start.

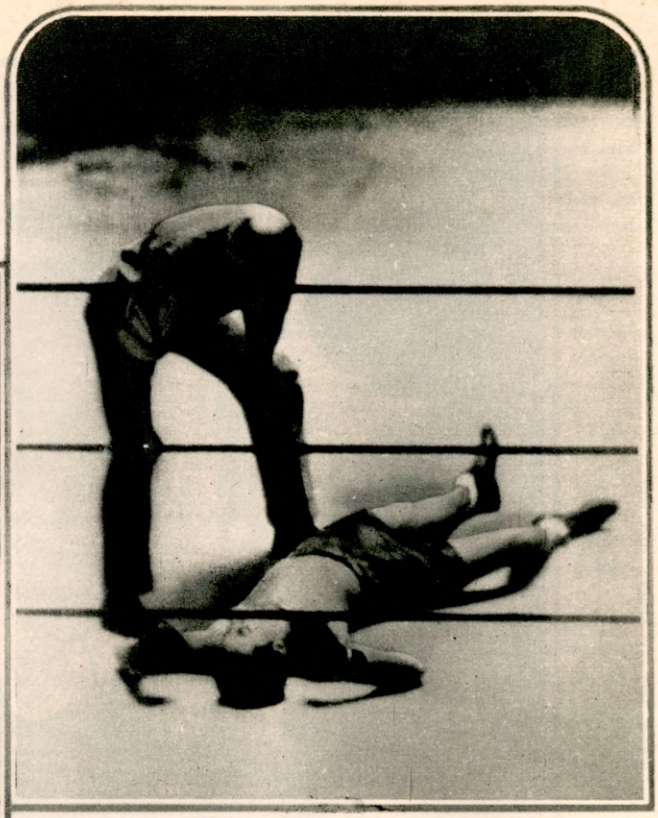
Where Sportsmen Gathered for Private Fights



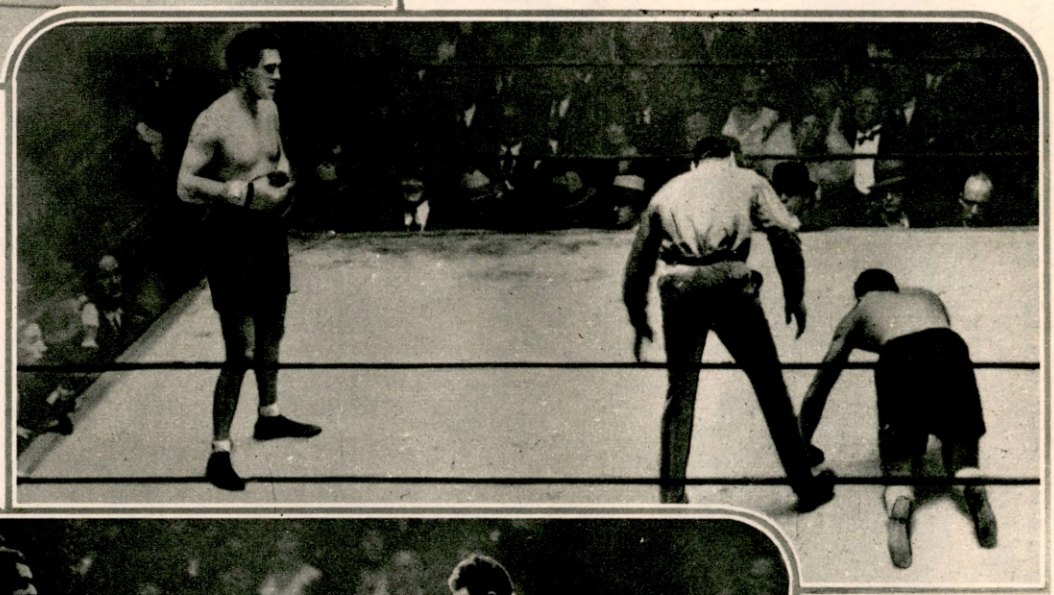
An old scene in the back of a Bowery Dance Hall in New York City in the early nineties

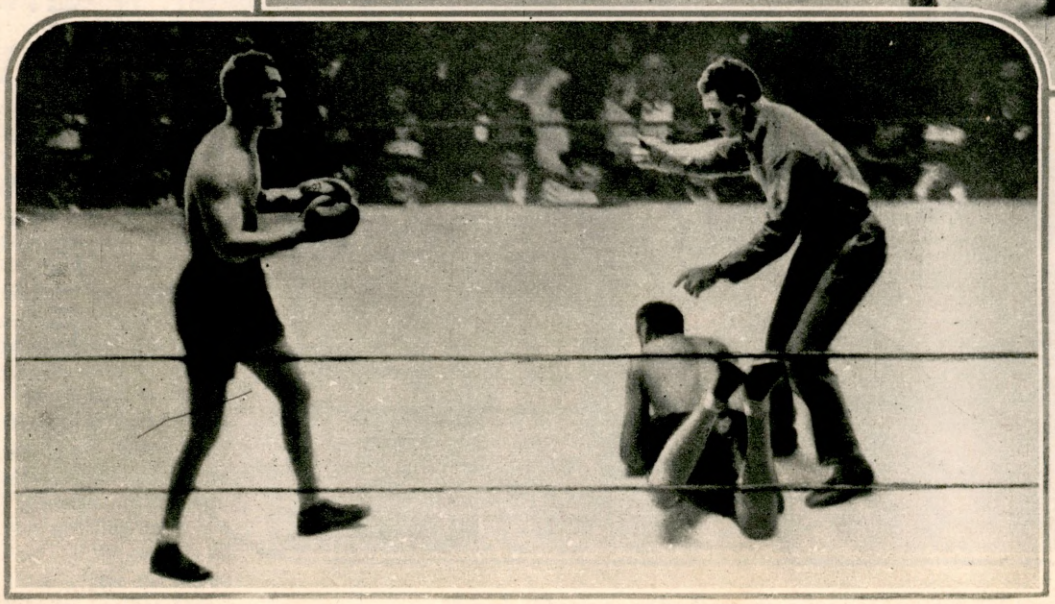
Both Ended *in the* Second Round





In the above left, Ruby Goldstein is shown taking the count of nine in the first round of his fight with Jimmy McLarnin in New York. On the right he is dozing off, for Jimmy already has ended the bout with a series of lefts and rights. Ruby showed lots of courage, but little else





In the scene to the left we discern the dumfounded Otto Von Porat looking at Jack Dempsey, the referee, while Phil Scott is down, bellowing about a foul. Above we see Scott, now resting on his knees, refusing Dempsey's politely couched invitation to resume the joust. Dempsey could do nothing but give the fight to Scott on a foul.

Fake, Yet a Blessing

By EARL McKEE

WINNING this fight would mean a lot to Jackie Roberts. It would mean a "shot" at the champion, with many thousands of dollars as his "end". It would mean a comfortable home for his widowed mother and the little flock of brothers and sisters and schooling for the latter. And it would mean that he could ask Katie Karney that long-put-off question.

Yes, it meant almost everything to the clean-cut youngster who now sat on the edge of his stool in the ring of the small athletic club as his handlers laced on the brand new gloves. He cast several quick glances across the resined canvas to the opposite corner where a like service was being performed for his opponent, and kept thinking for Shifty was the well-known Shifty Palmer, a durable battler who, never quite able to reach the top of the fistic ladder, had become recognized from coast to coast as a stumbling block to scores of ambitious climbers in the world of Fistiana.

A few taps on the bell by the timekeeper and the upraised hand of the announcer stilled the buzz of the crowd. The main event, the last bout of the evening, was announced. As his name was mentioned, Jackie rose, bowed and extended a synthetic handshake, clasping his gloves together over his head. Several thousand persons who packed every inch of space in the arena gave him a rousing cheer. His opponent, in turn, half arose from his stool and gave the crowd a quick and rather bored nod. Scattered handclaps greeted him as a scant courtesy to a visitor.

* * *

NOW the referee motioned the contestants to the center of the ring, where, under the glaring reflectors and surrounded by a huddle of managers and handlers, the boys were given the customary instructions. They touched gloves in acknowledgment of the agreement to "come out fighting", then retired to their corners to indulge in a few stretches on the ropes while waiting the clang of the gong.

Never had such a crowd jammed its way into this fight arena of the middle western city. The auditorium in the center of which the ring was pitched, was on the second floor of a building which faced on a side street. The floor on which the shows were held, was reached by a narrow and steep stairway that had often been a subject of heated discussion among insurance companies, the fire inspection bureau and the owners, but it was said a political pull stood the owners in such good stead that nothing ever came of these discussions. Here in this fire-trap, the stage was all set for what was expected to be a most thrilling bout.

* * *

BONG! went the bell, and the fight was on. Jackie advanced to the center of the ring to meet his foe who came out swinging vicious rights and lefts. With left extended full length, Jackie weaved his way through the tornado of leather without getting hit except on arms and shoulders, and as they went into a clinch he was amazed at the ease with which he had avoided Palmer's terrific swings.

The referee parted them, and after the break, Palmer charged in like a wild bull. Jackie again escaped unscathed and they again embraced in a clinch. This happened several times, and scattered cries of "When are you going to fight, Jackie?" came from the crowd. As Palmer again charged in, Jackie stepped slightly to one side and let loose a left hook to the body followed by a right to his opponent's jaw. The blows stopped Palmer in his tracks and he began backing away, evidently in distress.

Quick to sense his opponent's condition and anxious to press his advantage, Jackie drove in as the crowd wildly screamed for a knockout. He rained rights and lefts into Palmer's stomach, forcing him into his own corner against the ropes. There he vainly tried to go into a shell, but Jackie was in full cry now and was not to be denied. Carefully measuring his foe, Jackie let drive a sizzling right that crashed smack on the point of Palmer's chin, dropping him like a log. As his fallen opponent made a feeble attempt to rise and then fell flat on his face, apparently out for keeps, Jackie retired to a neutral corner, where, leaning on the ropes, he watched the referee's arm go up and down like a pump handle as he tolled off the seconds. To all appearances nothing could save Palmer.

Well, he had done it, mentally exulted Jackie. Now for the championship!

* * *

AS he watched the scene in front of him—the still form on the canvas, the white clad official droning off the seconds, the sea of excited faces on all sides, the arena a perfect bedlam of screams and shouts—Jackie lost control of himself.

Like a flash, Jackie glimpsed the golden gates of happiness suddenly swinging open for him. Like flashes of lightning illuminating scenery in the blackness of a storm, there came pictures of the home he would build, where mother would have the things she had always craved; where the kid brothers and sisters, well dressed and happy, would start life anew; and Katie—

Bong! The bell had clanged at the count of eight and Palmer was saved from a knockout. His handlers frantically propped him on his stool and were dousing him with cold water and waving the smelling salts before his face. He opened his eyes to stare at them with a look that evidently came from the depths of despair.

As Jackie took his seat, he could hear the radio announcer, in an endeavor to pierce the din of the yelling ringsiders, bark into the mike:

"It looks as if Palmer's seconds are going to toss in the towel and take a technical knockout. No, Palmer has straightened up. He has recovered. He's talking to his seconds. He has come out of it. Oh, baby, what a tough one he is! How he can take it!"

* * *

MEANWHILE Jackie's handlers were refreshing him. They were tickled silly at his splendid showing in that first round.

Just as the bell was about to sound, there came running to the ringside one of the club officials. He was gasping for breath. He stopped short at Palmer's corner, just outside of which the announcer was seated, and a hurried, whispered conversation took place.

A paleness set over the face of the announcer. Through the din that followed that hectic first session, one could scarcely hear his neighbor's words, but Jackie Roberts had heard sufficient from the lips of the club official to convince him that something was radically wrong. What had been so often feared, at last had become a reality.

Jackie was quick to grasp the situation. He knew. Disaster was staring all in the face yet none but the announcer, club official and himself were aware of the true situation.

"Get the crowd out of here right away," he heard the official say in a trembling voice. "Be quick about it. The whole west end of the block is on fire!"

"What will I tell 'em?" gasped the announcer.

"Tell 'em to get out," said the official. "I'm getting out myself—damn quick. They're lost if they don't."

Reaching down through the ropes, Jackie caught the lapel of the official's coat in a grip of steel in spite of his gloved hand. To those who might have noticed, it looked like a friendly gesture, as if Jackie were (*Continued on page* 71)

SKÖL! Shouts Old

Von Porat's Powerful Right May Yet Punch the Heavyweight Situation Apart

IT has been said of Otto von Porat that if he had just a small measure of Jack Sharkey's flamboyant egotism combined with a dash or two of Jack Dempsey's so-called "killer instinct" he would be by far the greatest of all contemporaneous heavyweights.

It has been said, too, that it is Otto's mental attitude toward himself—sometimes described as an inferiority complex—that has kept him from scaling the golden peaks of professional pugilism. One of his great faults, I am told, is that of over-estimating the ability of his opponent.

Whether this psychological diagnosis is accurate or not I am not prepared to say. It is undoubtedly a fact, however, that von Porat is an anomalous figure in the heavyweight ranks—a figure that stands out conspicuously because it is so different from all the others.

If you should meet this tall, somewhat melancholy-looking Scandinavian in somebody's drawing room and were asked to guess his vocation it is safe to say that among the things you would think of last would be the prize ring. Conversing with him would only serve to lead you further astray in your guessing.

* * *

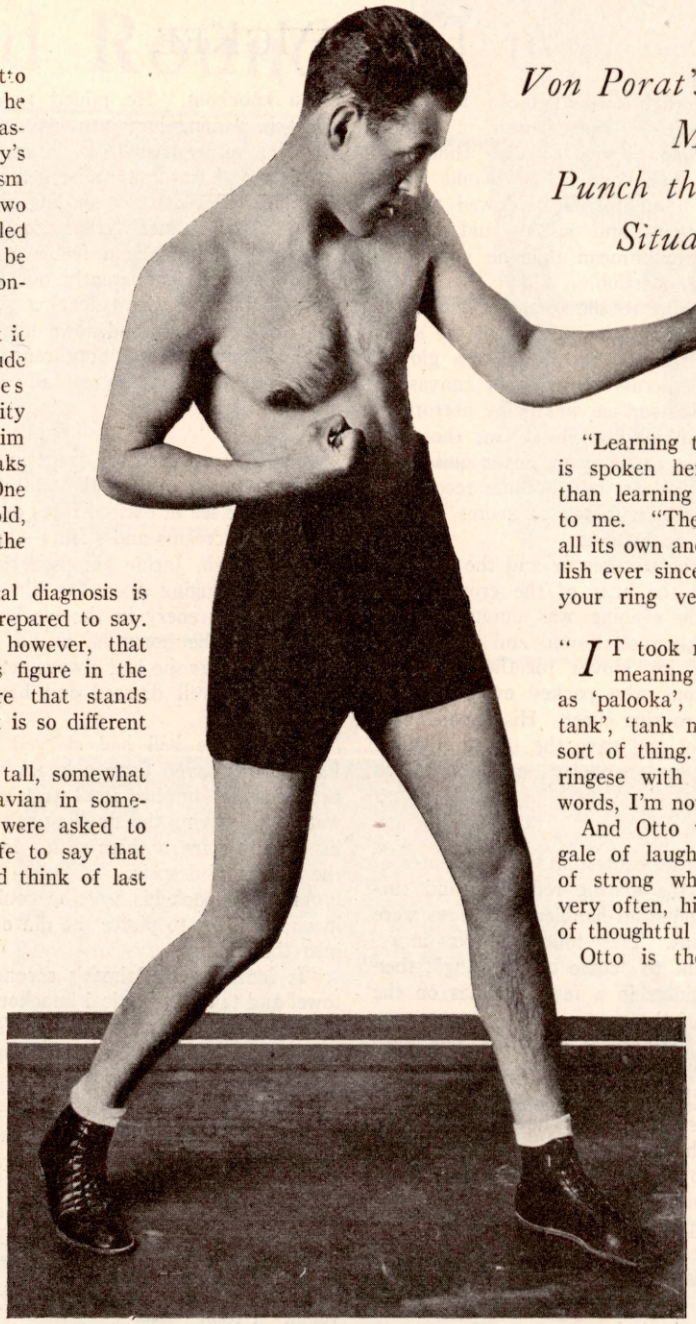
A CERTAIN worldliness of manner, his command of five or six different languages and a rather amazing familiarity with a wide range of diverse subjects would probably cause you to think of the diplomatic service or some similarly grave profession long before the roped square suggested itself.

When draped in his well-fitting evening clothes this tall, lithe, dignified young man stands out in any sort of company. He is the type that can sport a monocle and get away with it.

When Otto von Porat came to this country in the summer of 1926 he spoke excellent English—and with a decidedly British accent. Strangers, meeting him for the first time, frequently mistook him for an Englishman. He had a way of saying "cawn't" and "Fawncey that, now!"

He probably acquired this from an English tutor employed by his father to give Otto and his three brothers their early education. That was when the von Porat family lived in luxury on a huge estate in Sweden.

Among the other languages that Otto uses with equal facility are Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, German and French. But he will tell you that his most interesting linguistic accomplishment was learning to speak "United States".



Otto von Porat

"Learning the language of the ring as it is spoken here was much harder for me than learning how to box," Otto explained to me. "The American ring has a jargon all its own and although I have spoken English ever since I was two years old I found your ring vernacular extremely confusing.

* * *

"IT took me a long while to grasp the meaning of such words and phrases as 'palooka', 'set-up', 'on the lug', 'in the tank', 'tank man', 'in the bag' and all that sort of thing. But now I think I can talk ringese with the best of them. In other words, I'm now hep to all this ring chatter."

And Otto von Porat blew himself to a gale of laughter that uncovered two rows of strong white teeth. He doesn't laugh very often, his natural demeanor being one of thoughtful gravity.

Otto is the only member of the von Porat family to take up boxing in a serious way. His three brothers, as big and rangy as himself, are in business in Norway and are prosperous. Otto's father planned for him a career in the steamship business and, after he had mastered shorthand and typewriting, an opening was found for him with the firm of Fernley & Egar, shipping agents of Oslo, Norway.

But for the World War Otto von Porat might still be in the shipping business and the ring might have missed one of the hardest hitters of all time.

When Otto first saw the light of day in the little town of Elmhult, Sweden, September 29, 1903, the von Porat family was independently wealthy. An imported governess took charge of little Otto and she was succeeded by an equally imported tutor. The youngster was well grounded in etiquette in all its ramifications. A prince of the royal blood could hardly have been reared more carefully.

* * *

THE elder von Porat was a linguist of note in those days and while Master Otto was still in swaddling clothes the family moved to Copenhagen, Denmark, where the father organized a branch of the Berlitz School of Languages.

Early in 1914, when the coming world cataclysm was still undreamed of, von Porat, senior, established his family in

Scandinavia for *Otto*

By Jack Lawrence

Oslo, Norway, where he had made extensive maritime investments. Then came the war and the extensive von Porat fortune seemed to disappear over night.

The disaster threw the four von Porat boys on their own and they went to work. It was while employed as a minor clerk in the office of an Oslo shipping agent that Otto von Porat first became interested in boxing. He went to see some amateur bouts one night and the next day bought himself a pair of gloves and a punching bag. Two weeks later he entered an amateur tournament and knocked out two opponents in one evening.

* * *

WHEN Otto's mother heard of this she was horrified. When the news reached Papa von Porat's ears he was a little horrified, too, being a professor of languages and all that sort of thing. But Papa von Porat had served in the British Army in his youth and had done a little boxing himself, so he couldn't help admitting inwardly that knocking out two opponents in one evening was—well, he'd have to have a serious talk with Otto.

He did! In fact, he promised Mother von Porat that he'd lay down the law to Otto in no uncertain terms and make it plain to him that the ancient name of von Porat was not one to be dragged in the resin dust.

"If you don't put your foot down right now," admonished Mrs. von Porat, "who knows but what the boy will disgrace us still more by actually becoming a prize fighter!"

"I'll attend to him," said Papa von Porat, as grimly as he could.

That night he went to Otto's room and read him a two-hour lecture in which he pointed out that boxing was no business for a von Porat. He lectured the boy in Swedish, Danish, Norwegian, German, English and French, winding up with a peroration in Latin.

Papa von Porat was about to leave the room when he turned around slowly as though he had forgotten something.

"By the way," he asked quizzically, "with which hand did you knock out those two men?"

"With my right," gasped young Otto apologetically. "Just short right hooks in close and they both fell as though they'd been shot. I was more surprised than they."

"Most remarkable," murmured Papa von Porat. "MOST remarkable! Once when I was with the Royal Field Artillery in New Zealand I hit a sergeant with my right and—"

But Papa von Porat checked himself suddenly and made a hurried exit.

* * *

TEN days later Otto von Porat knocked out the amateur middleweight champion of Denmark in two rounds. And in the front row of the ringside seats sat Papa von Porat. He saw a swishing right hook to the jaw. The Dane fell flat on his face. The referee did not bother to count. He saw his son rush to the center of the ring and pick up the fallen fighter bodily and carry him to his corner.

Next morning at breakfast Mama von Porat asked:

"Is Otto doing well in his business?"

"Yes," said Papa von Porat, "his business seems to be picking up."

From that day forward there was no paternal interference in Otto's ring activities. Three years ago Papa von Porat died, just when Otto was about to achieve both fame and fortune in the professional rings of America.

As an amateur von Porat flattened practically all the best heavyweights in Europe, climaxing his career as a simon pure by winning the Olympic heavyweight title in Paris in 1924. He then returned to Oslo to serve his required time in the Norwegian Army, where he continued to do some boxing. He did not turn professional, however, until he reached the United States in the summer of 1926.

Otto's debut as a professional heavyweight was not exactly encouraging. He took quite a shellacking at the experienced hands of the veteran Martin Burke and the fight went into the record books as a knockout. But even in that affair he showed evidences of the latent punching power that was to be developed later.

Von Porat really began his march to fame in the rings of Minneapolis, St. Paul and Chicago. In the last named city, as a result of a long string of knockout victories, Otto became a tremendous drawing card and paved his way toward important matches in the East.

* * *

WHEN von Porat stopped the husky K. O. Christner in the big Milk Fund show at the Yankee Stadium last summer he proved conclusively that he is one of the hardest hitters in the heavyweight ranks. His right hand, the one that flattened so many amateurs, is still his big gun, but it is my opinion, that he can hit almost as hard with his left.

Two unfortunate events served to put a momentary check to von Porat's championship aspirations. One was his unexpected defeat at the hands of Paulino Uzcudun in Madison Square Garden and the other was the alleged fouling of Phil Scott in the same ring.

For my part, I would throw the Scott bout out, as it did not go far enough to prove anything—unless it is that the Englishman realized he was in a tough spot and decided to ease himself out of it as quickly as possible.

If the two were to meet again my money would be riding on von Porat despite the fact that I am averse to laying odds.

It was the Paulino fight that gave rise to the wide-spread impression that von Porat lacks aggressiveness and what the boys call the "killer instinct". It was his diffidence and lack of confidence in himself that resulted in his defeat, I am told.

* * *

WELL, I haven't noticed anybody applying that old "killer instinct" to the venerable Paulino with any notable success. With his turtle-back style of milling, his ubiquitous elbows and his generally unorthodox stance, the Spaniard is a ring puzzle that few men have ever been able to solve. The tricky Basque has made the best of them look bad.

It was not a lack of aggressiveness, self-confidence or the "killer instinct" that cost von Porat the decision when he met Paulino. He went down to defeat for the simple reason that he was unable to solve a freak style in time to save himself.

Jack Dempsey, who may be assumed to know what he is talking about, had this to say about Otto von Porat only the other day:

"To my way of thinking, von Porat is going to turn out to be the dark horse among the heavyweight contenders. As a result of the Scott and Paulino matches he may be under a cloud right now, but I honestly think he is the best of all the prospects.

"He can hit harder than any of the heavyweight contenders, including Jack Sharkey and Max Schmeling. In another year I expect to see him right up there on top of the heap."

Those Good Old Days in Pugilism

(*Continued from page 27*)

toward dawn before they reached their logical conclusions.

* * *

STILL, the lovers of the game came from Jimmy Wakeley's at Sixth Avenue and Forty-second Street, Steve Brodie's on the Bowery, Paddy Mullin's place on Mott Street, Harry Hill's at Houston and Crosby, the old Astor, the Broadway Central—where Colonel Jim Fisk was murdered by Ned Stokes—the Gilsey House and Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York, and Edwards' and the White House and other Brooklyn places.

The good old days, ha!

The spectators were heavy-eyed, shivering with cold, always on the lookout for police. No brightly lighted, pleasant places, with subway and taxies just outside.

Flaherty staged his sporting events in a nine foot, cement walled ring in the cellar. Men and dogs used the clay surface, but a carpet was spread for the spurred birds. Jack Fogarty once whipped a West Side hack driver in that pit. While they were stripping, the kerosene in the lamps gave out, and they had to wait for dawn before starting.

Sailor Brown once tried to fight a cross with Bob Fuller there. His backer pulled a gun, and grazed the seaman's legs with a bullet, whereupon he promptly knocked his rival out. That sort of direct action might have a fruitful effect upon our modern ring guerrillas.

* * *

SI FLAHERTY raised the most famous fighting cocks in the country, and backed them with incredible amounts. He also owned The Coachman, one of the greatest of all pit dogs. Sheffield George and Harry Jennings imported an animal named Gas to fight The Coachman. Their duel to the death lasted three hours and a quarter. Gas died in the pit; Flaherty's dog, the next day.

* * *

FIVE days after John L. Sullivan won the championship of America from Paddy Ryan, he made more money by betting on a dogfight at Flaherty's than he had by beating the Trojan Giant. Everyone gambled and drank and caroused. Most of them ended without money or health.

Our present generation of boxers has different ambitions. Where the brawling Sullivan was once the pattern of a fighting man, Gene Tunney is now the Beau Ideal. Once it would have been impossible for a prize-fighter to make several millions, marry into the Social Register and open a literary salon in stiff-necked Mayfair. Now it is the mode.

The second and concluding part of this article will appear in the next issue of THE RING.

One Dollar for the Winner

(*Continued from page 38*)

was over, I was elated. That bout made me a good drawing card. I had gained the upper crust in fighting.

As a referee I have gone through many experiences. I have seen some fellows knocked so cold it required buckets of water to awaken them. I have been in the ring when both contestants hit the canvas at the same time and when one was knocked clear out of the ring. I have seen a fighter so leg weary that he crumpled at my feet and had to be dragged to his corner, and even officiated in a bout in which the fallen chap grabbed my foot and pulled me to the mat while attempting to use it as a support to help him arise.

On one occasion before the boxing commission rules went into effect, I was third man in the ring when one scrapper won two bouts in one evening, one by a knockout and the other on points. But when I was in my prime as a fighter, I went this fellow one better. I was the participant in two contests in one show in which I scored a double knockout.

* * *

WHEN I was preparing for my bout with Jack Everhardt, which went twenty rounds to a draw at the Broadway Athletic Club of New York City, I decided to tune up by accepting a bout at the Olympic Club of Buffalo with a fellow named Tom McCune. I was in pretty fine fettle and McCune lasted just one minute and seven seconds.

The crowd began to hiss and boo and even started to throw paper and pop bottles around the arena because they had not received sufficient action for their money. All over the arena the crowd kept shouting:

"Make him fight Kid Johnson."

I inquired who this Johnson fellow was and was informed he was the negro champion of upper New York.

Rather than suffer possible injury, I accepted his challenge and without any further ceremonies, I told the fellow to get into harness and face me in the ring. He was back in five minutes and put up a whale of a battle. The crowd was all one-sided, all in the negro's favor. I was peeved and I made up my mind I'd get him and I did.

It was in the fifth round. I cornered him, swung my right to his jaw, sidestepped, whipped up a left and then rushed into a furious exchange of blows. On emerging from the mix-up, I let fly my right. It caught the poor chap on the button and he went down like a log, giving me two knockouts in one ring, in one evening. Some feat, I'll say! I earned my money that night! Exactly $285 for two knockouts!

Still another experience comes to my mind that should be of interest at this stage. Those who were present at the Loughran-Sharkey battle remember how Tommy acted after he was stopped. Many papers the next day intimated that Loughran, as clean and fine a sportsman as ever donned the mitts, had quit. And all because he was hazy, in a sub-conscious condition after that blow on the forehead. They doubted the genuineness of the knockout.

Well, I once went through a similar experience. It was up in the old Lenox Club, on Park Avenue and 107th Street and the great Dal Hawkins was my opponent. I received a terrible wallop that knocked me out in the third round, yet I didn't know it until two hours after the fight.

I remember that Old Bob Clark, God rest his soul, who was my second, assisted me out of the ring and down the steps. While walking toward my dressing room I met Frank Brown, the race horse owner and trainer and he asked me how I felt.

"Fine," I replied, "but who was that woman who hit me with her umbrella?"

Brown laughed and walked away. He knew what hit me, but figured that I was goofy from that punch of Hawkins.

* * *

IN the dressing room I greeted all my pals. I remember that I was absolutely rational as I dressed and started for my training quarters at College Point. We talked about everything in that hour's walk, but failed to mention the fight. No one dared to discuss that with me.

Finally I got home and then it dawned upon me that something had happened. I inquired how the fight had come out. I faced my brother and asked him who won.

"Why, Bill, I hate to tell you, but you were knocked out in the third," he replied.

Not until then did I really realize what had happened, yet I had my full faculties from the time I left the ring until I got home.

Here I was in fine condition physically, but as Dr. Walker, the New York State Boxing Commission physician, remarked after the Loughran fight, "mentally he was K. O.'ed." As I go back to my experiences, I cannot but sympathize with Tommy Loughran, for his condition was an exact duplicate of mine.

I can fully appreciate why Tommy couldn't remember a thing, although he got up and walked about before Referee Magnolia stopped the bout. Such things can happen. The only difference between the Loughran knockout and mine, is that when it happened to me, the papers simply said I was knocked out, but in Tommy's case, reams of excuses with many medical interviews, explained to the public the scientific reasons for Tommy's unusual condition.

A New Year's Fight in the Gold Rush Days

(*Continued from page* 11)

more would apparently have left him blind.

Con's falling was a part of his tactics, in which he imitated Sullivan and Sayers. It is impossible for a small man to contend with a large one in any other way. It is our deliberate opinion that neither would give up as long as he could stand on his feet.

This account was printed seven days after the fight and it was the second succeeding issue that noted Con Orem's reappearance on the street. The admirers of each man gave benefits but their pay by the minute would compare but poorly with modern and less strenuous days.

It might be of interest to record here that few fights under the bruising London Prize Ring rules last three hours or more, but there are several on record in the days of the skin-tight gloves and since the adoption of the Queensbury code, notably, those in which Andy Bowen, a mulatto of New Orleans, took part. On December 21, 1891, this great lightweight fought 48 rounds with Austin Gibbons, the bout lasting 3 hours and 41 minutes. On April 6, 1893, he fought Jack Burke at New Orleans the record fight of 110 rounds, in 7 hours and 19 minutes before the referee called a half and termed the bout "no contest." Andy also fought for 5 hours and 38 minutes with Jack Everhardt, winning the bout on May 31, 1893.

Oh, for Those Days of Rough and Tumble!

(*Continued from page* 15)

Sullivan, like Fitz, came to the conclusion that it was not advisable to get into a rumpus with Considine.

Getting back to Fitz, it is recalled that he figured in an uproarious incident in the Hotel Bartholdi, at 23rd and Broadway. An attempt was being made to match Jeffries and Fitzsimmons and a meeting had been called at the Bartholdi to draw up articles.

The confab went on at a large round table. Fitz was there, of course, with his manager, Martin Julian. Jeff was present, too, with Bill Brady to do the talking for him. Newspaper men also took part in the conclave.

* * *

IN the midst of the rather acrid conversation between the two managers, Eugene Cumiskey, a newspaper man, leaned over and addressed Julian.

"You big bluff, why don't you quit jawing and make the match?" said Cumiskey.

"Who let you in?" Julian retorted. "We don't want any cheap comedy from any cheap newspaper men."

"You're nothing but a cheap stiff yourself," yelled Cumiskey. "Take that." Whereupon the enraged Cumiskey grabbed an ink well and heaved it at Julian's dome.

The missile missed Julian's head by an inch or so, but spattered him plentifully with the black fluid. That was the signal for a general melee. As Julian grabbed for Cumiskey, Fitz started a punch at the newspaper man. As usual, the cops had to restore order and the meeting adjourned under official pressure.

Fitz always took a delight in tapping boxing reporters on the chin in a playful but none the less effective manner. He was afterward very apologetic about it, but many a writer went about with an egg on his chin as a result of this little trick of the famous Cornishman.

Dan Mills, a reporter for the *Times*, a famous character in his day, was one who evened the score with Fitz very neatly. Mills had been a famous athlete, having made a reputation as a football player at the University of Pennsylvania. When he came to New York and went into the newspaper game he ran a 50 cent piece up to $30,000 in one night and raised merry Ned until all the dough was spent, after which he went back to the more prossaic business of scribbling.

One afternoon, while Fitz was in training at Bensonhurst, he was demonstrating to newspaper men how he threw his punches.

"How far did the punch go that I used to knock out Dunkhorst?" Fitz asked the gathering.

"About a foot and a half," somebody replied.

"Foot and a half, me eye," said the fighter. "Not more than six inches. I'll show you how it was. Step up here a minute, Dan."

Mills came forward and they took a boxing position. Bang! Before Mills knew what had happened Fitz had clipped him on the chin with a short left. The punch knocked the newspaper man cold.

After Mills had been revived Fitz was very apologetic, saying that he had miscalculated the distance and did not mean the punch to connect. Mills laughed it off, but later he assured his colleagues he would get even.

Some months later Mills chanced to meet Fitz while the boxer was doing his road work.

"Well, well, my old friend, Danny, and how are you?" was Fitz's greeting.

"Oh, I'm fine; how are you, Fitz?"

"I'm great," the boxer declared.

"How's the wife?"

"Fine."

"And how are the children?"

"Never better."

Having made certain that the entire Fitzsimmons family was in the best of health to stand a shock, Mills suddenly let loose a right hand punch that spilled the Cornishman in the dust and split his lower lip wide open.

Fitz got up slowly and wiped the blood from his mouth.

"Jolly well played, Dan, my boy," said Fitz. "Jolly well played, indeed."

So it may be seen that Fitz could take a joke as well as play one, no matter how rough the pleasantry. Later, however, Fitz accidentally (?) pushed Mills into the bay with all his clothes on, nearly drowning the newspaper man.

Many years later, when Jess Willard was just beginning to attract attention, he was in Tim Hurst's office in the tower of the old Garden, trying to get a match.

Fitz walked in, attired in beaver hat and swallow tail coat. He was introduced to Willard. Jess asked the Cornishman to manage him. When Fitz demanded 50 per cent as his bit Willard shied away.

When the talk shifted to a comparison of heavyweights of Fitz's day with those of Willard's period, the Cornishman offered the opinion that the present crop of heavies did not know how to hit.

"Here, I'll show you what I mean," said Fitz. He walked up to Willard and they dropped into a boxing pose. Whang! Over went Fitz's left to the chin and down went Willard, cold.

As usual, when Willard was revived, Fitz was apologetic. The story did not get out at the time, because it would have been poor publicity for Willard to let it be known he had been toppled by an old man, even though the old man was Fitz.

Old timers may recall Dick Bell, a newspaper man who had a terrific punch. Bell, a mild-mannered, well-dressed fellow until he discovered how hard he could hit, eventually paid with his life for his penchant for slugging strangers.

Bell discovered that he could hit one night in Martin Dowling's saloon, at 28th Street and 6th Avenue. He got into an altercation with Kid Lavigne. The Kid attempted to stick the lighted end of a cigar into Bell's eye. That was one of Lavigne's playful tricks. Bell saw the move and nailed the Kid on the chin with a right hand wallop that knocked out the famous lightweight for more than an hour.

* * *

WHO is that guy, anyway?" Dowling inquired. Told that Bell was a newspaper man, Dowling shook his head. "Anybody who can hit like that ought to be a fighter."

Bell heard him. Though he never took up the ring sport, he made a habit of picking fights with the toughest guys he could find, bouncers, bar tenders and the like.

It is recorded by his friends that only once did he fail to knock his man cold with the first punch. That one failure cost Bell his life. In front of the Bijou Theater, Bell picked an argument with a burly negro. As usual Bell got in the first punch. It knocked the negro down, but he got up. Got up and, pulling out a long knife, slashed Bell wide open from the waist to the chin. Bell died before the ambulance arrived.

New York Gossip

By MARTY BERG

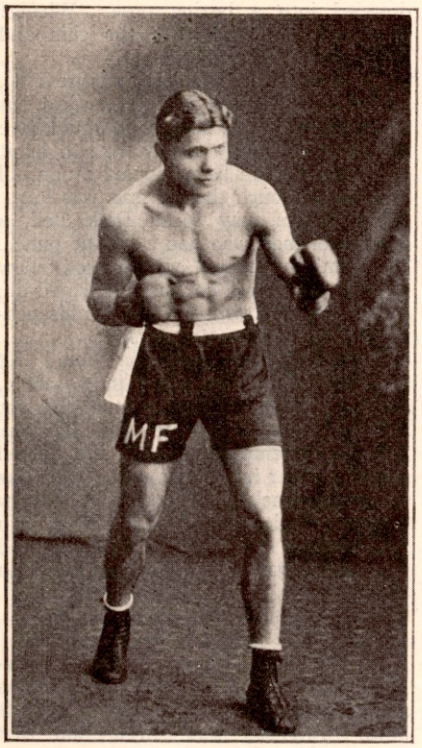
NEW YORK was fairly dull during the month of February, interest, feigned or actual, being centered on the activities at Miami, with a majority of the country's heavyweights, and newspapermen, on hand to witness the Madison Square Garden's annual Florida fixture in the heavyweight series to determine a successor to Gene Tunney's vacated throne.

While the Garden forces engaged themselves in the Miami promotion, Gotham attached the month's importance to the light heavyweight division, which was especially active during the year's shortest month.

Hugh Shannon and Charley Murray jointly promoted a bout between Lou Scozza and Jimmy Slattery, Buffalo's favored sons, at Buffalo, with the New York State Athletic Commission giving the tilt left-handed title recognition.

Slattery emerged the winner, though Scozza was the stronger of the two at the close of the fifteenth round. The boxing solons had decreed that the winner of the match was to sign for a meeting with Maxie Rosenbloom, the tap-dancing Bronxite, within sixty days, but at this writing, there had been no consummation of the match.

The argument occupied much newspaper space, Rosenbloom contending, and not without justice, that the boxing board acted unfairly in ordering that the Slattery-Rosenbloom bout could be staged in no other city than Buffalo, and for no other promoter than Murray. A false rumor was broadcast that the match had been arranged for April 7, which rumor was immediately dispelled by emphatic denials by Rosenbloom, and his manager, Frank Bachman.



Mickey Fedor, rugged Canton middleweight, now campaigning in the East

The month was significant, also, in that the boxing commission elected to come to the aid of the small clubs of Gotham, which were rapidly passing into non-existence, by reducing by half the guarantee per round necessary to preliminary boxers, and giving a similar slash to the pay for officials.

While one or two club promoters claimed that this action on the part of the board in no wise aided them much, since their "nut" was large, notwithstanding, the fact remains that the small clubs were benefitted, and they have the consolation of at least not being forced to close their doors. Operating at even a small profit is better than not making any money.

While the paucity of activity left the field clear to Madison Square Garden almost exclusively, there were only three shows staged at the monument Tex Rickard built to himself. The first show was cancelled when the commission refused to sanction Johnny Risko as an opponent for Vittorio Campolo, the gargantuan Argentinian.

Since most of the heavyweights on the Garden's list were either participants in the Miami affair, or sparring partners of those who were thus engaged, the Garden management decided to cancel the bill entirely, and staged an amateur show instead, with not such a big crowd in attendance, and not such a marvelous program presented.

There was one other "championship" bout during the month besides the Scozza-Slattery affair. Al Brown, elongated colored Harlemite, defended his bantamweight title against Johnny Erickson, Harlem Italian, the bout terminating in the fourth round when Erickson was disqualified for an alleged foul. The bout was waged at the Olympia, with a good crowd in attendance.

Another item of utmost importance during the month was the first round knockout of Knute Hansen, the Wisconsin Dane, who holds a first round knockout over Phil Scott, by Teddy Sandwina, Ike Dorgan's Sioux City German-American blond.

The tilt with Sandwina was for Hansen the opportunity to swing right into line as one of the foremost contenders for occupancy of Tunney's throne, and his knockout just about settled him back to the bottom rung of the ladder. 'Twas ever thus with heavyweights. Up today, down tomorrow, and right back again the day after.

Most peculiar about Hansen's knockout was that he was floored as many times as he floored Scott —five—the referee halting the tilt on his sixth trip to the canvas. A surprisingly small crowd turned out for the fight, and Hansen rested up for the remainder of the month, awaiting to start anew, while Sandwina defeated Riccardo Bertazzolo, the Italian, at the Garden, on the last day of the month.

The Friday following the Scozza-Slattery tilt in Buffalo, Maxie Rosenbloom kept himself very much in the light heavyweight running when he came to blows with Ace Hudkins, the Nebraskan, and romped off the winner after ten fairly hectic rounds.

Rosenbloom had things pretty much his way throughout the tilt, while Hudkins was fairly enraged all the way because of his inability to rock the Bronxite at any time. The attendance was 16,586, with the gross receipts at $55,530.89, and the net gate at $49,323.29. Immediately after the bout, Rosenbloom was matched with Larry Johnson, the right hand crazy colored Chicagoan, at the Garden, with further discussion of this to come.

In the supporting items to the Rosenbloom-Hudkins tilt, Fred Lenhart, Oscar Levitch's Spokane, Wash., light heavyweight, copped the nod over Rosy Rosales, Cleveland Indian, though there was some disagreement, many people believing a draw would have harmed neither.

In the first ten, Tommy "Stuffy" McInnes, Leo Flynn's Scotsman, was belted out of the picture by Vincent Sereci, Yorkville welterweight. Sereci got down to business in the fifth round, putting his right hand over, and McInnes on the floor, so often that Referee Arthur Donovan finally halted it.

James Arthur Bryant, Joe Gould's too-good-looking West Side heavy, who originated in Chicago, came to a sorry pass in his Metropolitan debut when he was halted by Norman Tomasulo, Argentinian, in 2.52 of the second round of their scheduled six. Elpidio Pizarro, Cuban heavy, outpointed Eddie Malcom, colored Harlemite, in the opening four.

The St. Nick ran into a peck of trouble for its first show of the month, Matchmaker Johnny Attell being forced to cancel the card when no less than five of the battlers he'd booked reported themselves sick, and unable to compete.

The Hansen-Sandwina tilt was presented the following week by Attell, with $4,351 net in the house, and with "Bingo" Joe Banovic, Binghamton's light heavyweight pride, being unfairly disqualified on a foul in the fourth round of his semi-final with Primo Ubaldo.

Marty Fox, East Side heavyweight, looked good halting Billy Bruns in the fifth round on the same card, while Alex Villon, Porto Rican school teacher welter, getting a win on a foul over Ed Hultgren, when the latter knocked Villon flat after the fourth round bell. Phil Cohen shaded Charley Hanson in the opening four.

"Baby" Joe Gans, colored California welterweight, outpointed Andy Di Vodi, Bay Ridge youngster, in the windup ten at the Broadway, Brooklyn, show that opened the month, and in the following week's show, Joey Glick, fresh from a California trip, won from Petey Mack, in a slow tilt.

Solly Ritz, East Side lightweight, won handily from Jose Martinez in the ten-round semi-final to the Glick-Mack affair, and Georgie Goldberg, Brooklyn's featherweight, and National Guard titleholder in the class, copped from Mickey Doyle in the first ten. Ralph Ficucello won from Benny Edell, and Frankie Lazarro outpointed Vince Rutia, in the six and four, respectively.

A new talent show was staged at the Olympia two nights before the Brown-Erickson bantam title tilt at the same club, with Jerry Johnson, Coney Island heavyweight youth, halting Johnny Colbert, colored Detroiter, in the second round of the windup four.

Allen Gibbs won from Ralph Esposito; Johnny Masi and Tony Faust, drew; Dave Kuttner stopped Charley Mora in one; Jimmy Murdock won from Jack Winakur; Gladstone Smith defeated Jack De Silvey; Gus Warman won from Al Marrinzini; Dick Elia won from Eddie Mund; Tony Gioia defeated Walter Lacey, Lew Lombardi stopped Johnny Hollander in four, in the other fours.

The supporting items on the Erickson-Brown card had Black Bill, colored Cuban mite, and spoiler of the Garden's flyweight elimination tournament, winning, for the nth time, from Routier Parra, Chilean. Vincent Sanchez was credited with a third round kayo over Eddie Saffer, though some thought he should have been disqualified for fouling, and Ray Rivera won from Oscar La Rosa, in sixes. Pasquale Buonfiglio won from Paulie Porter in the opening four.

Mike Valentine had exceptional success with his fortnightly shows at the Columbus S. C., Yonkers, drawing close to capacity houses on each occasion, and with Georgie Keen winning from Frisco Grande in their hectic windup six on his first show of the month. Johnny Gaito won from Joe Mulligan in the semi-final over the same route.

Steve Smith, veteran Bridgeport warrior, who is going stronger than ever

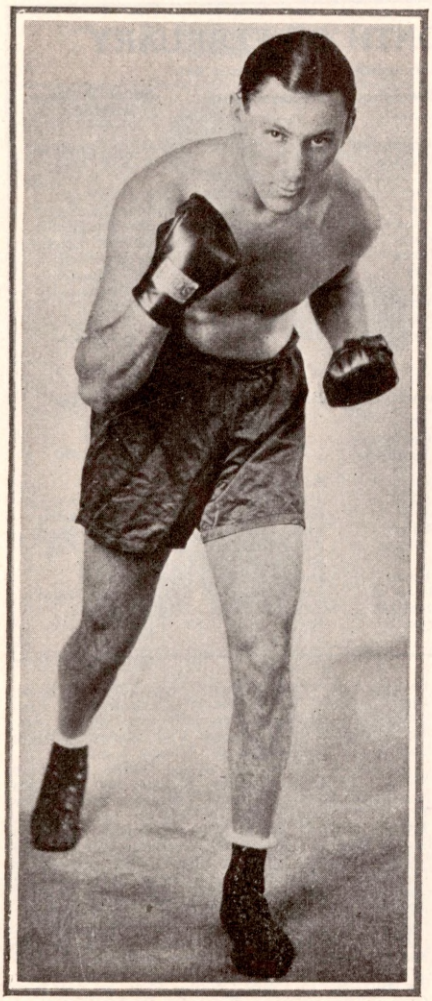
Jess McMahon stepped into the forefront of summer matchmaking and promoting when he closed a deal with the McKeever-Ebbets interests to handle the fight shows at Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, this summer. Jess acted as Jack Fugazy's matchmaker there last summer, but will be on his own this year.

Jess' experience as the matchmaker at the Garden will stand him in good stead in Brooklyn, and he promises to put on as many popular priced shows as possible, despite the opposition the Garden is certain to give him with the Polo Grounds and Yankee Stadium. However, Jess has the inside track on Kid Chocolate, Al Brown, "Baby" Joe Gans, and not a few others, and also expects to show Primo Carnera in one of his first shows. Good luck, Jess!

There was some talk, too, during the month, that Leo Flynn would be named the matchmaker of the New York Coliseum, that giant Bronx arena that's proven to be the whitest "white elephant" since the palmiest days of the New Manhattan. Poor management is responsible, and though the Flynn rumor was not certified, it wouldn't be a bad move for the owners to make.

After his winning bout with Andy DiVodi, "Baby" Joe Gans was booked to tackle Floyd Hybert at the Olympia, but Billy Drako, used out German, was substituted, and the latter was unable to continue after the sixth round. A slim crowd saw the tilt.

Cecil "Kid" Como won from Pasquale Buonfiglio in the semi-final eight, and Ray Rivera won from Vincent Sanchez in a six, while Martin Oroz won on a foul from Allen Gibbs in the second round of their six. Johnny Masi won from Tony Faust in the opening four.



Davey Brown, classy Brooklyn bantam, going strong in the pro ranks

Dominick Volante, the British lightweight, and stablemate of Jack "Kid" Berg's, won from Harry Carlton, Jerseyite, in their ten-round windup at the St. Nick. It wasn't as hectic a duel as their first, staged at the Garden. Ben Jeby, East Side middleweight, rode home the easy winner over Billy Franklin in the semi-final ten, and Jackie Schweitzer proved too strong for Frankie Marchese in their eight on the card. Willie Siegel halted Johnny Canzoneri in the first round of the initial eight, and Joey Marks won from Danny London in the inaugural four.

Considering the knockouts he'd scored somewhat sensationally in the same ring, Larry Johnson's loss to Pete Latzo, former world's welterweight champion, in their tenner at the Garden, with 11,744 people on hand, came as more than just a surprise to many. The colored Chicagoan missed many right hands during the tilt, and Latzo's style bothered him plenty. It was the consensus that Johnson really deserved the decision.

Since articles for the Rosenbloom-Johnson tilt had been signed prior to the Windy City entry's bad showing with Latzo, all efforts to move Latzo into the match in Johnson's place proved ineffective. There was a gross house of $37,675.38, and a net gate of $33,436.73, with plenty of howling in the newspapers about the tilt, because so many of the scribes thought Johnson won it. However, he deserved to lose it, after all the scriveners picking him to win by a knockout.

Doc Conrad, the Newark middleweight, was almost pushed out of the picture by Babe McCorgary, the Oklahoman, in the semi-final ten, when McCorgary all but flattened Conrad in the early rounds, which were the best action cantos witnessed in the Garden in some time. The boys were so tired in the last half of the bout they could barely move, and the decision in Conrad's favor was not entirely popular.

Vince Dundee, brother of Joe, former welter champ, scored over Bucky Lawless, of Auburn, N. Y., in the first ten, though Vince knew he was in a fight all the way, despite Lawless' handicap of a badly split lip from the second round on.

In the six, Oscar Goldman scored marginally over Joe Calderon, and Al Palladino, Bronx welterweight youth, scored impressively in the four-round opener when he easily outpointed Tony Crusco.

Before one of the poorest crowds to sit in on a card at the Olympia, Jack McVey, Maurice Cain's colored Harlem middleweight, outpointed Newark George Smith in the windup event of ten rounds on the last show of the month, with Jose Diaz, Harry Garsh's colored Cuban lightweight, putting the rollers under Gus Warman in the fifth round of their semi-final. Joey Ross and Blas Rodriguez drew in the first ten, while Joe Simonetti won from Sammy Fertitta in the opening four.

With only $2,606 worth of customers on hand, Bob Olin, former Golden Gloves winner, of Brooklyn, won from Leo "One Punch" Williams, colored Harlem light heavyweight, in the main ten at the St. Nick's last offering of the month. Olin scored a couple of knockdowns in the early rounds, and looked like a certain kayo winner, but tired badly in the last half of the tilt.

Rocco Vigna halted Freddie Herman; Sammy Binder outpointed Georgie Terra marginally; Joe La Fauci defeated Danny London; Lew Farber won from Bobby Green, and Johnny Hinds stopped George Hill, in the other tilts on the card.

Incidentally, the St. Nick will not give way to the riding academy in May, as was reported. The club is to remain as is, with the gym on the ground floor still under Bob Levy's management. Bob even went so far as to reduce his prices so that prelim boys, who suffered by the reduction in guarantees by the boxing board, wouldn't have too big an expense.

Ralph Ficucello halted Tom Colbert in the third round of their Broadway, Brooklyn, windup, with Charley Raymond winning from Lew Lampert in the semi-final sextet. Tony DeMeno stopped Irving Gottlieb in one, Nat Haber defeated Eddie Saffer, Al Peters won from Johnny Lazarro, Dick Elia copped from Sonny Martin, and Mike Primack halted Johnny Smith in one, on the same bill.

Immediately after his defeat at Al Singer's hands in the last Garden show in January, Stanislaus Loyaza, the Chilean, was drafted to clash with Tony Canzoneri at the Garden on March 14, while the Kid Chocolate-Al Ridgeway affair was re-arranged for March 21, and Mickey Walker's to defend his title against Rene De Vos at the same place on March 24.

The Garden will run two shows during April, despite the fact that John Ringling's circus will occupy the arena through most of the month. The bouts will be staged on April 4 and 25, the Fridays in-between given over to the circus. Jack "Kid" Berg, who returned to his native England to stop Mushy Callahan in their "junior welterweight title" bout, will appear in the windup of the April 5 bill.

Al Singer, Bronx lightweight idol, thought a match with Berg would be quite the natural thing at the present moment, skipped off to Hot Springs and Miami to give his bad maulers a much needed rest, and returned, looking fit as a fiddle, and all set for his bout at the Garden on March 28. Berg's return from England was quite an event, by the by.

Primo Carnera, the broad beamed Italian giant, continued pushing the boys over in various parts of the country, his victims numbering many in all towns and way-stations, with the shekels piling up plenty.

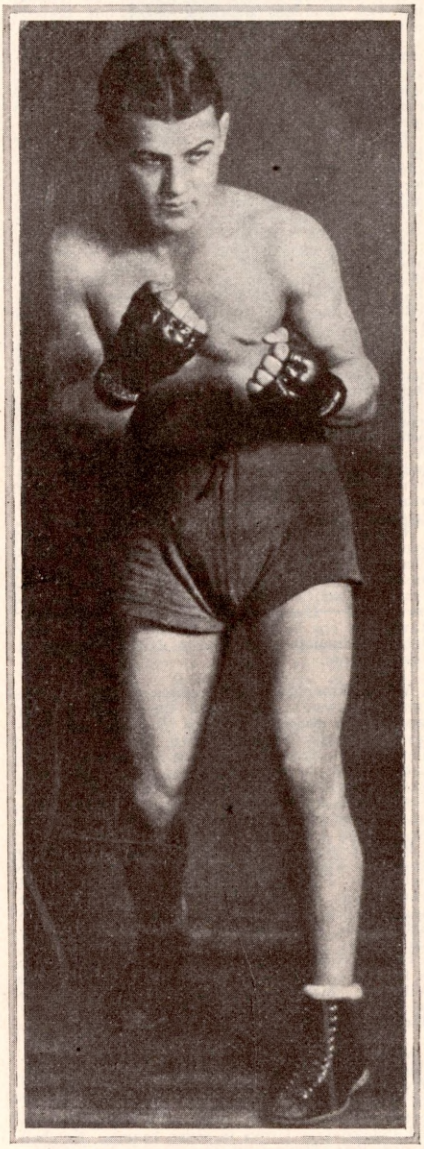
Eddie Walker wired in that the Maurice Holtzer-Eddie Mack tilt on the Coast wound up in a riot when Mack was given the verdict that, according to spectators, was rightfully Holtzer's.

The death of Florrie Barnett, veteran judge of bouts in New York, came as a shock to the many men who knew Florrie for the many years with which he had been identified with sports, and boxing particularly.

The boxing commission went on record as instigating an investigation into the "bootleg amateur" bouts being staged in up-State rings, with a list of participants being arranged, and the men being put on the suspended list. That won't stop them.

Corporal Izzy Schwartz stepped in to say that his retirement from the ring was positively permanent. He's selling insurance now, if you care to know, and doing fairly well, according to reports.

The boys will be setting their ears for the outdoor season soon, with matchmakers to be named for the Queensboro Stadium, Coney Island Stadium (if it runs), Long Beach Arena, Starlight Park (if it opens), New York Velodrome (if Johnny Chapman makes up his mind), and Dexter Park.



Young Lebrun, bantam crack from Sherbrooke, Canada, is highly recommended

Joey Ross, slam-bang Hoboken bantamweight, is now being looked after by Eddie Walker, formerly of the Pacific Coast but now the pride of the Victoria Hotel. Walker is handling the reins of Pinky Kaufman, Maurice Holtzer, Gaston Charles, Charley Ernst, Eddie Benson, Milton Cohen and with the addition of Ross, makes it a highly formidable combination.

Dick Corbett, English bantam, who whipped Emile Pladner on the Berg-Callahan card in London, has been matched with Archie Bell for Albert Hall on March 20. If Corbett is returned victorious in this tilt, there is a possibility that Sol Goldie, who just returned with Berg, will import him. There is plenty of room for new fighters who can really fight.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE month of February brought several stirring events to a close with Jack Sharkey and Phil Scott capturing the headlines. This greatly publicized event terminated unsatisfactorily but it clearly showed that Sharkey remains as the head of the present heavyweight group with Scott a lamentable figure vanishing from the picture. Other incidents beyond the ordinary interest was the defeat of Jackie Fields by Young Corbett on the Pacific Coast; Jimmy Slattery defeating Lew Scozza; Pete Latzo winning the verdict from Larry Johnson; Jack Kid Berg winning the junior welterweight title from Mushy Callahan by stopping him in ten rounds; and Ted Sandwina knocking out Knute Hanson in the first round.

Tuffy Griffiths disposed of Al Costello in two rounds. Johnny Risko and Vittorio Campolo fighting a slam-bang draw at Miami. Ted Sandwina besides kayoing Knute Hanson in one round later whipped Riccardo Bertazzolo.

Primo Carnera turned in six knockouts during the month. Buster Martin went two rounds; Cowboy Billy Owens, two rounds; Jim Sigman, one round; Elzear Rioux, one round; Man Mountain Erickson, two rounds; and Farmer Lodge in the same distance. Young Stribling stopped Joe Packo in eight rounds and defeated Pietro Corri.

Tommy Loughran timed his return at the expense of Pierre Charles. Jim Maloney whipped Moise Bouquillon and was credited with a four-round kayo over Al Friedman when the latter fell from the ring. Friedman also won from Tony Galento. Ernie Schaaf scored over K. O. Christner. George Hoffman whipped Babe Hunt but was beaten by Angus Snyder. Hunt kayoed Sandy Moir in two rounds while Snyder kayoed Duke Horn.

Chuck Wiggins, the veteran, is still going strong. During the month he whipped Frankie Wine, drew with George Cook and kayoed George Wallace in four rounds, Pedro Lopez three rounds and Jack Barry in five. Frankie Simms won from Emmett Rocco in Cleveland. Harold Mays triumphed over Marty Gallagher. Arthur De Kuh flattened Charley Smith in the first round.

Roberto Roberti kayoed Luigi Buffi in four rounds. Jimmy Mendies scored over Neil Clisby. Charley Retzlaff kayoed Tony Talerico in two rounds. Jimmy Byrne outpointed Fred Cullen. Frankie Campbell knocked out Benny Ross in one round. Harry Allen disposed of Big Boy Rawson in one heat. Paul Pantaleo licked Young Bob Fitzsimmons and Harry Dillon outpointed Tony Fuente.

Maxey Rosenbloom still retains the lead in the light heavyweight class and during the month captured the decision over Ace Hudkins. Hudkins kayoed Arthur Flynn in two rounds. Jimmy Slattery won from Lew Scozza in Buffalo. Pete Latzo, prior to winning from Larry Johnson, was beaten by Billy Jones. Jones also bested Piet Brand, Art Weigand and kayoed Frank Florian in three rounds. Charley Belanger won from Joe Sekyra.

Fred Lerhart won the decision from Rosy Rosales. Yale Okun scored over Frankie Wine and Tiger Payne. Piet Brand won on a foul from Payne in six rounds and won from Matt Adgie. Dick Daniels also triumphed over Adgie and Jimmie Mahoney. Mahoney was beaten by Sam Weiss.

Primo Ubaldo won on a foul from Joe Banovic in five rounds. Bob Olin scored over One Punch Williams; Jack Kelly kayoed Wilson Wagner in five rounds, and K. O. Brown disposed of Homer Robertson in three rounds.

Mickey Walker stepped out of his middleweight class to take the measure of Leo Lomski. Dave Shade triumphed over Young George Dixon, Joe Roche and Johnny Burns. Gorilla Jones defeated Wesley Ketchell, drew with Eddie Roberts and stopped Izzy Grove in seven rounds. Ketchell kayoed Pete Meyers in two rounds and Grove scored over Billy Kohut. Harry Smith kayoed Connie Josenio in five rounds and defeated Johnny Krieger.

Harry Ebbets scored over George Deschner but was beaten by Clyde Chastain and Doc Conrad. Doc also whipped Babe McGorgary. Vittorio Livan whipped Pal Silvers and Tony Shucco, and Larry Brignolia stopped Silvers in seven rounds. Jack McVey bested Tiger Thomas, George Smith, Indian Tiger West and drew with Abie Bain. Henry Firpo also whipped West but was beaten by Young Tiger Flowers.

Haakon Hansen defeated Tiger Johnny Cline. Joe Anderson won from Vincent Forgione, who was credited with a technical kayo over Joe Zelinski at Portland. Ben Jeby whipped Billy Franklin. Harry Fuller won from Frankie Schoell. Al Webster triumphed over Ted Ross. Danny Devlin kayoed Sailor Matty in one round and whipped Joe Kuhns. Ralph Kid Wagner knocked out Vincent Guidici in five rounds. Joe Malone scored over Bud Doyle. Joey Phelan kayoed Ray McPeck in two rounds and Tony Vaccarelli licked Steve Gotch.

A stunning surprise was furnished when Young Corbett whipped Jackie Fields in an overweight match. It makes Corbett stand out stronger than ever as a contender. Tommy Freeman scored over Bobby La Salle. Johnny Indrisano is making up for lost ground and during the month whipped Sammy Baker, Clyde Hull and stopped Steve Gotch in seven rounds. Baker defeated Joe Trippe and drew with Paulie Walker who licked Joe Dundee. Bucky Lawless whipped Young Jack Thompson and was beaten by Vince Dundee.

Paul Pirrone disposed of Andy DiVodi in one round at Cleveland. Billy Light scored over Mike Payan and Morrie Sherman. Vincent Sereci kayoed Stuffy McInnes in five rounds. Charley Rosen kayoed Ivan Laffineur in eight rounds. Johnny Roberts licked Gene Moretti and Haakon Hansen.

Ham Jenkins kayoed Louie Mays in three rounds and Johnny Wright in the tenth. Farmer and Armando bested Tommy Crowley. Crowley and Young Zazzerino split two decisions. Zazz also defeated Nick Abate. Sid Terris whipped Gaston Charles. Bobby Mays won from Eddie Shapiro. Harry Dublinsky bested Dick Landeg. Benny Valger drew with Louis Kessler, French welterweight champion. Johnny Cook beat Ray Kiser. Solly Ritz won from Jose Martinez who went to Cuba and kayoed Louis Aguilar in three rounds. Benny Cross bested Joey Abrams. Hubert Gillis defeated Eddie Elkins.

Benny Bass, ruling the junior lightweights, drew with Eddie Anderson, lost on a foul to Sammy Fuller in five rounds and knocked out Davey Abad in four sessions. Eddie Mack was given the decision over Maurice Holtzer and scored knockouts over Joey Sangor in five rounds and Johnny Blair in three.

Johnny Farr scored over Steve Smith but Smith returned to defeat Lew Massey and Jackie Joe Cooper won from Sammy Buchanan and Relampago Saguero. Arturo Schackels won from Tony Tozzo. Tommy Murphy defeated Meyer Grace. Freddy Polo bested Young Terry.

Nate Goldman whipped Young Ketchell. Ketchell kayoed Battling Willard in seven rounds and defeated Gaby Bagdad. My Sullivan won from Al Van Ryan. Freddy Huber won from Artie De Lucca. Jackie Phillips scored over Jack Purvis while Purvis outpointed George Kerwin.

Berg becomes head of the junior welterweight class through his ten-round kayo victory over Mushy Callahan. Baby Joe Gans whipped Andy DiVodi and kayoed Billy Drako in seven rounds. Manuel Quintero won from Harry Wallach. Joe Medill won from Spug Myers. Billy Petrolle outpointed Jack Purvis and kayoed Joe Brooks in three rounds. Billy Rose drew with Myers. Frankie Stetson defeated Jimmy Goodrich. Billy Townsend kayoed Armando Santiago in six rounds. Tug Phillips won from Jackie Shupack.

Sammy Mandell's one bout during the month resulted in a victory over Joey Goodman. Al Singer made a big jump when he whipped Stanislaus Loyaza. King Tut won from Bruce Flowers and knocked out Russie Leroy in one round. Johnny Jadick drew with Gaston Le Cadre.

Tony Herrera turned in victories over Tommy Grogan, Eddie Wagner and a kayo over Wagner in four rounds. Grogan kayoed Tony Legouri in two rounds and defeated Lope Tenorio. Jack Portney defeated Louis Kid Kaplan in a surprise victory and also bested Mickey Diamond. Jackie Pilkington defeated Petey Mack. Joe Glick did likewise.

Herman Follins won on a foul from Ray Miller in eight rounds. Maxie Strub stopped Benny Nabors in two rounds. Henry Perlick stopped Charley White in two rounds. White's comeback was uncalled for and the bout should never have been allowed. Herman Perlick defeated Emory Cabano.

Steve Halaiko won from Armando Schackels Britton. Sammy Dorfman whipped Augie Pisano. Dom Volante licked Harry Carlton and Lugi Quadrini. Mickey Cohen outpointed Mike Dundee. Cecil Payne kayoed Bud Eades in eight rounds but was beaten by Johnny Lamar.

Al Greenfield licked Matty White and Jean Boireau. Ernie Mandell and Johnny Gonzales fought a draw. Johnny Kaiser whipped Lew Terry and kayoed Kid Woods in four rounds. Terry stopped Jean Boireau. Harry Mosco bested Irish Bobby Brady. Sid Lampe whipped Gaston Charles. Jackie Cohen won from Jack Tannyhill. Charley Ernst scored over Lawrence Gunn. Jack Schweitzer outpointed Frank Marchese.

Battling Battalino has recovered from his injury and took part in one bout when he whipped Ignacio Fernandez. Kid Chocolate scored over Vic Burrone in Cuba. Eddie Shea kayoed Pete Zivic in six rounds. Fidel La Barba outpointed Johnny Torres and stopped Charley Sullivan in five rounds.

Benny Gershe outpointed Soldier Dombrowski in Cleveland. Tony Leto won from Harry Forbes. Sammy Farber scored over Oscar Goldman who whipped Joe Calderon. George Goldberg won from Mickey Doyle and Harry Sankey. Chico Cisneros bested Al Donnelley. Lew Feldman outpointed Frankie Albano and Mickey Christy. Young Nationalista kayoed Kid Johnson in three.

The ten best prospects of the month:
Flyweight—Georgie Keen, Yonkers, N. Y.
Bantamweight—K. O. Morgan, Toledo, Ohio.
Featherweight—Al Holden, Attleboro, Mass.
Junior-Lightweight—Rocco Vigna, New York City.
Lightweight—Al Linzi, Boston, Mass.
Junior-welterweight—Murray Kezd, New York City.
Welterweight—Al Palladino, Jersey City, N. J.
Middleweight—Jimmy Rogers, New York City.
Light-heavyweight—Joe Bitto, Wilmington, Calif.
Heavyweight—Max Baer, Oakland, Calif.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY

The following are my ratings for the month ending February 28:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights	Junior-Welterweights
Title vacant	Title vacant	World's Champion Mickey Walker	World's Champion Jackie Fields	World's Champion Jack Kid Berg
			Young Corbett	
1—Jack Sharkey	Maxey Rosenbloom	Dave Shade	Jimmy McLarnin	Baby Joe Gans
2—Max Schmeling	Jimmy Slattery	Doc Conrad	Johnny Indrisano	Manuel Quintero
3—Tuffy Griffiths	Pete Latzo	Rene De Vos	Tommy Freeman	Freddy Fitzgerald
4—George Godfrey	Larry Johnson	Harry Smith	Paul Pirrone	Stanislaus Loayza
5—Young Stribling	Lew Scozza	Gorilla Jones	Jack Hood	Eddie Murdock
6—Paulino Uzcudun	George Courtney	Jack McVey	Paulie Walker	Frankie Stetson
7—Johnny Risko	Ace Hudkins	Len Harvey	Sammy Baker	Billy Townsend
8—Vittorio Campolo	Fred Lenhart	Vince Dundee	Bucky Lawless	Joe Medill
9—Otto Von Porat	Charley Belanger	Clyde Chastain	Young Jack Thompson	Billy Petrolle
10—Ted Sandwina	Billy Jones	Wesley Ketchell		Joey Goodman

Lightweights	Junior-Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Sammy Mandell	World's Champion Benny Bass	World's Champion Battling Battalino	Title vacant	Title vacant
1—King Tut	Eddie Mack	Kid Chocolate	Al Brown	Black Bill
2—Al Singer	Sammy Fuller	Earl Mastro	Tommy Paul	Willie Davies
3—Tony Canzoneri	Johnny Farr	Lew Massey	Kid Francis	Frankie Genaro
4—Johnny Jadick	Steve Smith	Freddy Miller	Vidal Gregorio	Midget Wolgast
5—Tony Herrera	Sammy Dorfman	Bushy Graham	Teddy Baldock	Johnny McCoy
6—Jack Portney	Al Ridgeway	Eddie Shea	Archie Bell	Phil Tobias
7—LouisKidKaplan	Roger Bernard	Fidel La Bara	Dick Corbett	John Sili
8—Billy Wallace	Goldie Hess	Johnny Datto	Joe Scalfaro	Victor Ferrand
9—Bruce Flowers	Pete Nebo	Maurice Holtzer	Emile Pladner	Steve Rocco
10—TommyGrogan	Mickey Cohen	Nel Tarleton	Pete Sanstol	Pablo Dano

HUDSON CO. AND VICINITY
By EDWARD ZANFRINI

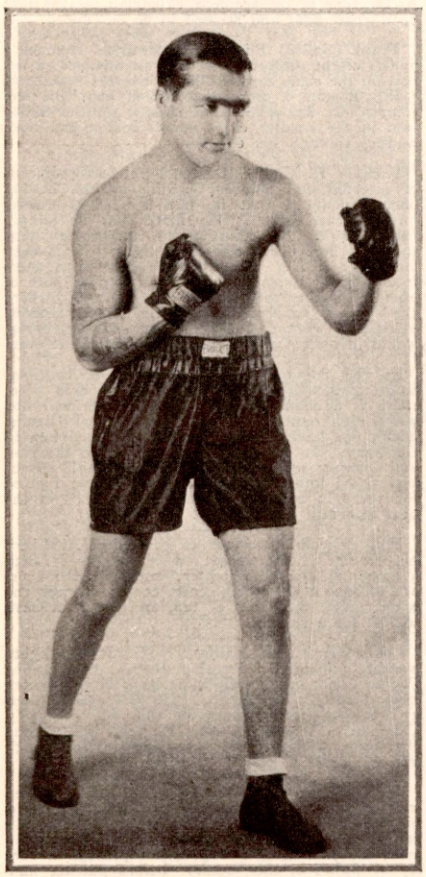
FRANK MONTAGNA, of Madison, turned the tables on King Solomon, of Panama, by scoring a technical knockout in nineteen seconds of the fourth round of a scheduled ten at Laurel Garden, in Newark. Montagna floored the King with a terrific right to the face. Solomon was wabbly, arising at the count of three, and the referee intervened.

Midget Herman, of Orange, scored a technical knockout over Jean Rickey, of Jersey City, in the fourth round of the ten-round semi-final, which was stopped to save Rickey further punishment.

Cecil "Kid" Como, of New York, scored an easy victory over Danny Dempsey, of Penn., in a ten-round bout at the Oakland Arena, Jersey City.

Freddie Polo, of Silver Lake, took a ten-round decision over Young Terry, of Trenton, in a hard fought contest at the Newark Armory, Freddie scoring a knockdown in the ninth round.

Tony Galento, of Orange, lost a ten-round decision to Al Friedman, of Boston, in the feature contest at the Laurel Garden in Newark. Benny Cross, of Newark, outpointed Joie Abrams, of New York, in the ten-round semi-final.



Artie De Luca, Brooklyn's slam-bang fighter in the 140-pound class

Primo Carnera, Italian contender for the heavyweight title, knocked out Cowboy Bill Owens, of Guthrie, Oklahoma, in the Newark Armory. Owens took the count in the second round after weathering the storm in the first. The cowboy fought a brave fight but was no match for the Italian giant.

Ralph Lenny, Union City's great junior lightweight, has signed a five-year contract with Pete Reilly, of New York. The first thing Pete did was to show Lenny to the Philadelphia fans where he made a big hit by winning a six-round decision over Lew Lafferty, of Philadelphia.

A week later Lenny fought in Hartford and took the town by storm in his fight with Frankie Kolba, of Utica, stable-mate of Bushy Graham. Kolba was no match for Lenny's sharp punches.

Jack Jennings, of Jersey City, one of the square-shooters in the boxing racket, keeps packing them in the Oakland Arena with his weekly shows.

Tom Crowley, of Pittsburgh, and Young Zazzarino, of Jersey City, played before a capacity house at the Oakland Arena, and after ten torrid rounds Crowley emerged the victor over the wild and over-anxious Zazzarino.

Herman Follins, of Newark, won on a foul in the eighth round from Ray Miller, of Chicago, in a scheduled ten-rounder at the Laurel Garden in Newark. Nat Arno, of Newark, won a ten-round decision from Les Smith, while Juan Caneta, of South America, knocked out Frankie Dallas, of Newark, in the first round. Jack Hoskie, of Garfield, won over Nate Cohen in another "ten."

Young "Irish" Johnny Curtin, of Jersey City, whipped Twain Mark, of New York, in the feature contest of eight rounds at the Oakland Arena. Mark's superior boxing skill could not overcome Curtain's willingness and slugging tactics.

Lou Halper, of Newark, won a hair line decision over Al Delmont, also of Newark, after ten furious rounds at the Newark Armory. Halper's left jab proved to be too much for Delmont, who could find no defense for it until the seventh round, too late to overcome the early lead.

ROCHESTER, N. Y. NOTES
By ROCKY CONTI

THE Rochester Sporting Club, Inc., has been hanging out the S. R. O. sign long before the curtain raiser went on for the last three shows. Boxing has been revived in this fair city again and all through the good honest work of matchmaker Anse Carroll who certainly has been putting on the best of attractions.

Mike Rago, local boy, who has been on the shelf for a few months due to the grippe will start again shortly. Mike has been very unlucky in this way as several good bouts had to be called off because of his illness.

Tommy Glennon, nineteenth ward assassin, is about the most sensational battler seen in this vicinity in many a moon. Tommy is there with the sock and when Tom lays it on the spot the show is over. Tommy and Matty Michaels, of Buffalo, staged one of the greatest battles seen here in years. Glennon had Matty on the floor three times in the first round. In the second Matty connected and down went Tommy for the count of nine, only to get up again and put the crusher on Matty for keeps.

The little Scotchman, Jock O'Reilly, got the worst of it in his battle with Mike Marcells in their recent bout here. Jock did all the leading and punching and had Mike swinging like a gate but that had no effect on the officials. The boys should be rematched over a longer distance.

Joe Manuel, the fighting pressman, of Rochester, is no longer under the management of Elmer Wiedrick, and in the future will be handled by Vincent Plunkett, of Buffalo.

Steve Halaiko still remains undefeated since turning professional. Steve defeated Armand Schackels at the club here and played to a capacity house, turning away hundreds of fans. Anse Carroll, matchmaker here, is trying to get Mandell to come here this summer for an open air show with Halaiko and if Mandell can be induced to do so he will not regret it as Steve can certainly pack them in whenever he starts.

WESTCHESTER CO., N. Y.
By JIM CLARKE

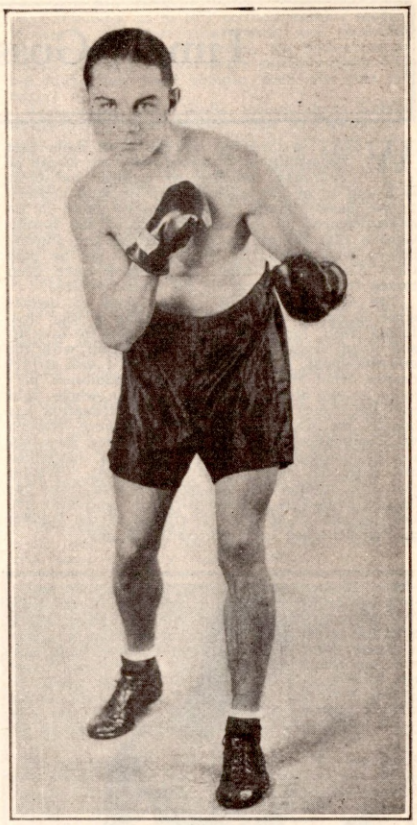
GEORGIE KEEN, Yonkers flyweight sensation, left hooked his way to victory over the well known Frisco Grande in the main bout of the Columbus Sporting Club.

Willie "Cannonball" Garfola, welterweight champ of the National Guard, successfully defended his title by knocking out Joe Kelly in the fifth round at White Plains. The semi-final saw Nick Zinna and Sam Filippe fight to a draw.

Johnny Huber, veteran featherweight guardsman, outpointed Al Matera of the 212th Regiment before a crowd of 2000 at the White Plains Armory in the main ten rounder. Charlie Boquette, 170, 212th Regiment, won from Dave King, 167, 369th Infantry, in an eight round semi-windup.

Other results were Al Gynn, 106th Infantry, knocked out Al Weaver, U.S.N., in the fourth round; Johnny Boruzzi, 14th Infantry, won from Sailor Criscola, U.S.N., in six heats; Young Rocco, 102nd Medical, was knocked out by Sonny Clevenger, Army Base, in the first round.

Promoter Mike Valentine of the Columbus Sporting Club has headed his last three shows with Georgie Keen who won all three.



Jimmy Slavin, promising New York featherweight.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

BUFFALO'S most important match in its pugilistic history is now over and Jimmy Slattery, winner over Lou Scozza, is the light-heavyweight champion, according to the New York State Athletic Commission.

In the writer's opinion, Slattery is a most fortunate young man. Scozza chased him for fifteen rounds and almost knocked him out in the 13th when he pounded the First Ward Irishman for keeps, the bell saving Slattery from a complete knockout. As it was Slattery was hanging on the ropes, helpless, when the gong sounded. Scozza came out in the 14th and 15th rounds and tried desperately to settle Slattery but Lou tired from his own efforts and lacked the finishing punch.

Some writers declared that Slattery won eight rounds and Scozza seven. Judge Arthur Donovan, one of the most efficient officials in the game, called the scrap a draw. Referee Crowley and Judge Agnello voted for Slattery.

The biggest gate on record was attracted. The gross receipts amounted to $68,800.

The Crescent and Queensberry clubs staged the Scozza-Slattery match in a joint show. The promoters were Grant Quale, Hughie Shannon and C. J. Murray.

Tommy Paul is still winning against all comers. He beat Johnny Datto, Archie Bell, Jackie Britton, Eddie O'Dowd and Joe Scalfaro in his last five starts. Tommy is now matched with Al Brown, the world's bantamweight champion, for the Crescent Club here.

Frankie Schoell is back again in great shape. The crafty Schoell can still lick most of the welters and middles and a good many light-heavies.

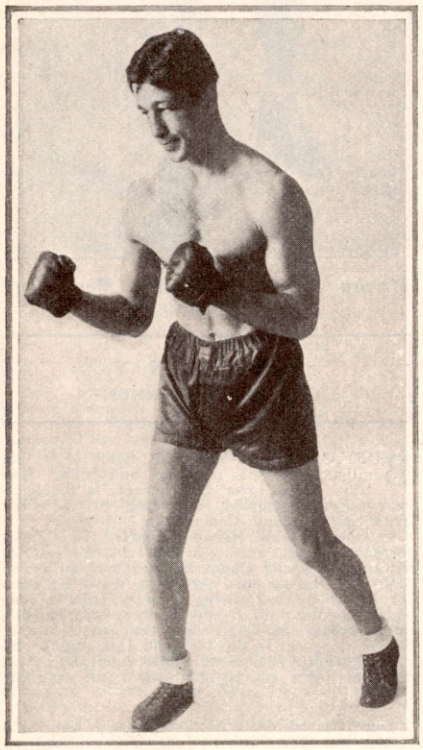
Here and there in ringland . . . Billy Kowalik is working at the Crescent gym. . . . Tommy Ryan has started a new billiard room. . . . Red Murray is getting plenty of work as a second. . . . Bert Finch now weighs 258 pounds. . . . Frankie Linhardt looks like a promising junior welterweight. . . . Anse Carroll is packing 'em in at Rochester. . . . Steve Halaiko is the best young lightweight prospect developed here since Frank Erne. . . . Hank Schultz has a new welter in Matty Michaels. . . . Good boxing columns being written by Frank Wakefield in *The News* and Charlie Bailey in *The Times*. . . . Frankie Schoell wants to box Arturo Schakels. . . . Big match for Buffalo and will draw a fine gate.

Timely Gossip and News from Greater Boston

By DOC ALMY

WHAT we regard as the most important happening in Boston during the month of February, because we believe its effect is bound to be far-reaching and of vital concern to the entire boxing game, centers itself in an announcement by the management of the Boston Garden that diving, faking, quitting and fouling boxers who appear in its ring will not be paid their battle-money when such chaps have been tossed from the canvas by the official referee.

The Garden, mulcted of thousand of dollars since it opened its doors more than a year ago, found itself forced to take this step to save itself from being ruined. In connection with the announcement, it has declared that it will so act despite what the State Boxing Commission may have to say about it—will carry the whole fight into the courts if necessary. The ultimatum has opened the way for a merry war here—Garden vs. Commission—but the cash customers, investors in the Garden, newspapers and real sportsmen are with the managament to the hilt. Within the year, faking and fouling in Boston rings has become notorious. Practically all concerned are heartily sick of it—the declaration of the Garden management has been received with joy.



Al Friedman, Boston's entry for heavyweight honors. A gallant and plucky battler who has fought them all

All boxers appearing in Bay State rings are obliged to sign a contract—a form approved by the Boxing Commission—one item of which specifies that in such case if he fouls, quits, fakes or stalls in the opinion of the referee and judges, he shall forfeit all claim to remuneration. So far, so good, but the Boxing Commission, in adopting a rule to the effect that battle-money cannot be withheld unless a referee so orders while he is in the ring, took the teeth out of the clause. The referees, considering the pay they receive, have as a whole balked at being made the "goats"—in many instances wherein they have tossed one or more boxers out of rings, and particularly the ring of the Boston Garden—have refused to say anything about the battle-money. Consequently, the Garden and other clubs in general, have paid over the money, realizing all the while that such not only was unearned but that their business had been seriously injured and impaired.

When Jackie Fields, the welter champion, and William "Gorilla" Jones were officially banned from the ring of the Boston Garden by Referee James O'Connor on the charge of faking, a riot being narrowly averted at the time, the management refused to pay the men the $10,000 that was coming to them. The Boxing Commission, however, insisted that they should be paid inasmuch as O'Connor had failed to declare the batt'e-money forfeited. Yielding to pressure, the Garden gave the ringsters their money. Then came the straw that broke the Garden camel's back—Messrs. Benny Bass and Sammy Fuller. In the first four rounds—the veteran Jimmy Walsh, third man in the ring—Bass landed three low blows, the same bringing a yelp of protest from Fuller. In the fifth round—a beautiful smash as fouls go—laid Fuller out on the canvas. Bass was tossed out of the ring—the decision went to Fuller, and, as Walsh had said nothing about holding up the money, the former received his $5,000 guarantee.

This writing finds the State Boxing Commission and the Garden resting on their guns on the question whether the latter will or will not pay boxers who gum up affairs in its ring. Meanwhile, however, the B. C. has scored one near knockout in forbidding the Garden to stage a fray between Primo Carnera and Jack Gagnon on the ground that the latter is not a suitable opponent. This decision will stand. The Garden took a toll of nine on this but at this writing is staging a rally in the form of an invitation to Carnera to come here and act as announcer at one of its early tourneys. It contends that there is nothing in the boxing laws pertaining to announcers—that it can hire any announcer that it wishes—furthermore will go to the floor with the Commission if it attempts to interfere. All of which, combined with other matters on which we have commented, points that Beantown is likely to be a hot corner in the very near future.

One of the delights of the winter season was the visit here of the Italian and German teams of amateur boxers and their competition against a Bay State outfit in an international tourney staged under the direction of "Father" William H. Cuddy and the St. Joseph T. A. Society in the Boston Garden. The event attracted close to 18,000 spectators, a big "house" for an indoor Boston show and was a remarkably satisfactory affair throughout. In the four international classes, final honors went to Eddie Sullivan in the 135's, Werther Arcelli, of Italy, in the 147's, Ring Larson, Quincy, in the 160's and Al Dean, Medford, in the heavy division.

Taken as a whole the showing made by the visiting Italian and German boxers was most impressive. All proved themselves to be clean, fine, young sportsmen—all won many friends and admirers here in Boston. Of the visitors, the Italians were the better boxers with the Germans a bit the more willing fighters. At countering, the visitors were particularly adept. As all-around workmen within ropes, at least five of the eight foreign contestants had it on the Americans they fought. They showed our boys a lot of things they do not know about boxing, and, but for the fact that the Bay Staters were harder hitters they would have been beaten on their own ground.

Werther Arcelli, 147 pounds, and Oddone Piazza, 160 pounds, the star performers of the visiting Italian team, having received official permission to remain in this country, are now quartered at Sharon Gardens, Mass., where they are under the supervision of Frank "Doc" Bagley of New York. It is likely that both will turn "pros" and in the near future will be battling under the colors of Phil Buccola of this city.

One of the first samples of the new regime here came at the Boston Garden, when Harry Allen of Brockton, a light heavy but recently graduated from the amateurs, knocked Larry "Big Boy" Rawson, the local mankiller, out in 55 seconds after the first stanza of a scheduled 10-rounder had got underway. The spectators had not recovered from the shock when the semi-final, a scheduled eight, was put into the ring after the main event. In this affair, Danny Regan, of Gardner, Mass., hitherto a doubtful performer in the "cruiser" class, knocked out Tom McNeeley, of Cambridge, a southpaw, in 1 min. 50 sec. Thus 18 rounds, which under ordinary circumstances might have gone the entire route, were all disposed of in 2 min. 45 sec. of actual fighting, or 15 seconds shy the time of one actual round. And the fans left the place very well satisfied.

Johnny Indrisano, the East Boston welter, who had to hook up with a New York stable before he could get any real recognition here, met and defeated Sergt. Sammy Baker in a 10-rounder at the Boston Garden. Despite the fact that Baker is credited in some circles with being all washed up, he put up a very fast, aggressive contest. Indrisano, always a master boxer, looked particularly good—more than ever like a coming welter champion. In the near future Indrisano is to be pitted against Clyde Hull, the chap who broke his jaw three years ago and nearly ruined him.

A big upset in connection with the foregoing tourney was furnished by Jimmy Mendes, the New Bedford Bravo heavy, who put it all over Neil Clisby, the colored coast star, in the semi-final.

Tommy Rawson, Jr., son of the veteran boxer of that name, an East Boston product and former N. E. 135-pound amateur champion, had his first near-distance fight in one of the other bouts, defeating Charley Parker, of Boston, in an eight-rounder. Rawson has been schooled from the start by his father—is being brought along carefully and is showing great promise.

On the re-opening here of the Argonne A. A., which club is again being conducted by Eddie Mack, until recently matchmaker for the Boston Garden, the main bout between Jim Maloney, of South Boston, and Al Friedman, the great American traveler of Al Lippe's stable, had a decidedly unusual ending. They were featuring at the Mechanics Building when, in the fourth round, Friedman let go a right that sent Maloney back to the ropes. Al turned loose another, missed his man and the force to the blow took the Lippe protege over the top rope, he crashing his head against the edge of the ring platform. The blow knocked him out completely, loosened his teeth and marred him up. The award went to Maloney. At the time of the accident Friedman was putting up a great fight and seemed to be out ahead.

Frank (Sailor) Flint, the veteran Al Delmont's middleweight protege, met with an unexpected defeat on the same card, losing to Steve Gorman, of South Boston, a more experienced man, in four rounds. It was a bit of a setback for the Sailor who in the smaller clubs about Boston had been wading through his opponents.

William H. Cuddy, Boston's veteran promoter of international amateur boxing events, having once announced that he had decided to retire, has switched about. He finds that he simply cannot quit. In addition to staging amateur tourneys here every Saturday night, he has been stung by a bug which may result in a huge international tourney in 1931—a bringing here of amateur boxing teams from every country where the sport is recognized. Despite the tremendous amount of work and difficulty such an enterprise would involve, Cuddy thinks it could be put over.

In the coming New England and National amateur boxing championships to be held here, there is a chance that the contestants will box with eight-ounce gloves and uptaped hands, which, we have been informed, is the custom in Germany. It is being urged that the marring and cutting up of boys with the small gloves and taped knuckles—both of which have figured for years in amateur boxing here—is not in the best interests of the sport.

Phil Buccola continues to campaign Al Linzi, his Italian featherweight, with success. Linzi, a game, willing club fighter, works on the average of once a week or oftener, comes through the winner nine times out of ten, and does not have to fish for a return.

Louis Nemis, the Halifax, N. S., Italian lightweight, piloted by Frankie Burns, the former Pacific Coast middleweight, is back in the States from a sojourn in Canada. He has again taken up his post as a thorn in the side of Andy Callahan of Lawrence, New England lightweight champion, whom he has been steadily challenging for about a year.

Al Mello, New England's welter and middleweight champion, is back in the gym. Despite his layoff of months he is down to 150 pounds and seems to be in very good trim. Bobby Goldman, his manager, will give his protege a few tryout fights in the "sticks" before putting him in a Boston ring.

Jack Norton, for several years one of Commissioner Tom Donohue's star referees in Connecticut, now a resident of this state, has finally been licensed as a Massachusetts arbiter. He knows the rules and the game, and should make his mark as a third man inside Bay State ropes.

Art Giroux, the Montreal flyweight star, who makes Portland, Me., his headquarters, is seeking a main bout in Boston and if an opponent can be found for him is likely to connect. He is the chap who a year ago defeated Frankie Genaro in a non-title bout. During the month he has defeated Ruby "Dark Cloud" Bradley in a Salem, Mass., ring, to say nothing of numerous wins outside the state. He is the protege of Gene Brosseau, former Canadian middleweight champion.

Tony Shucco, the North End Italian middleweight, whom we have often favorably mentioned, paid a recent visit to Rutland, Vt., where he stopped Milt Sample of Pittsfield in two rounds. It was Shucco's thirtieth win since he quit the amateur ranks a year ago.

MONTREAL FISTIC TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

THE Canadian Hockey Club certainly surprised the local wiseacres with their recent announcement in regard to the matchmaker for the coming fistic season. It is none other than Alex. Moore, their bitter rival of last year, who has been dominating the promotorial end of the game here for the last half dozen years or more. The amalgamation of these two powerful combines just about assures the Canadian-Moore team the monopoly of the privilege of staging shows at the Forum and the Stadium, which are about the only worth while places in the Canadian Metropolis. The promoters are bound to capitalize profitably on this plan if they go about it with any reasonable degree of common sense.

Al Foreman, the greatest lightweight Canada has ever known, is back on his native heath, England, as predicted by the writer in his column in last month's RING. Foreman arrived there early in February and located his training quarters at Brighton, famed as a holiday resort with its lengthy and attractive beach.

Pete Sanstol, the sensational Norwegian bantam, was introduced at the recent amateur title meet, which takes on a significant aspect as Aleck Moore was very much present in company with Armand Vincent, popular and enterprising young sports promoter, and Lou Wyman, of Slitkin-Slotkin fame. It looks as though Aleck plans to show Petey on his cards which is commendable as Sanstol has class written all over him and is of the ever aggressive, cyclonic type so popular with the ratepayers. Sanstol was a big favorite here last year and since then he has been turning in such performances in the States that he is ranked close to the top among the world's best bantams.

"Arthur Rogers, of Montreal, was knocked out in the third round of a scheduled ten-heat affair at Burlington, Vt., by Midget Lavigne." This notice caught the writer's eye in a local paper and it is difficult to believe. Rogers is only 22 or so but has apparently reached the end of his string which may be attributed to faulty handling. Rogers was a great prospect a year ago and packed a terrific punch in both mitts to which a one-round K. O. over Johnny Vacca, of Boston, will testify. But Art was rushed into a match with Pete Sanstol who almost made a monkey out of him, gradually cutting him down to a knockout defeat in seven rounds. Had Rogers been nursed along carefully and trained to improve his boxing and improper stance with his feet spread-eagle flat on the canvas, he might be a top notch attraction in the big money ranks right now. An intensive training session for six months and some thoughtful matchmaking in future might bring back his former confidence and ability.

Lavigne is a classy little featherweight campaigner of many years' experience in the ring and under the astute handling of Jimmie McKimmie he is a reliable performer at present and a fighter of the crowd-pleasing type. McKimmie also has a fine prospect in his light-heavy ace, Johnny Rousseau, who has been running up a remarkable string of consecutive wins over formidable opposition, including several capable heavyweights. Rousseau is bound to be a big attraction in Montreal this summer if Aleck Moore will put him on.

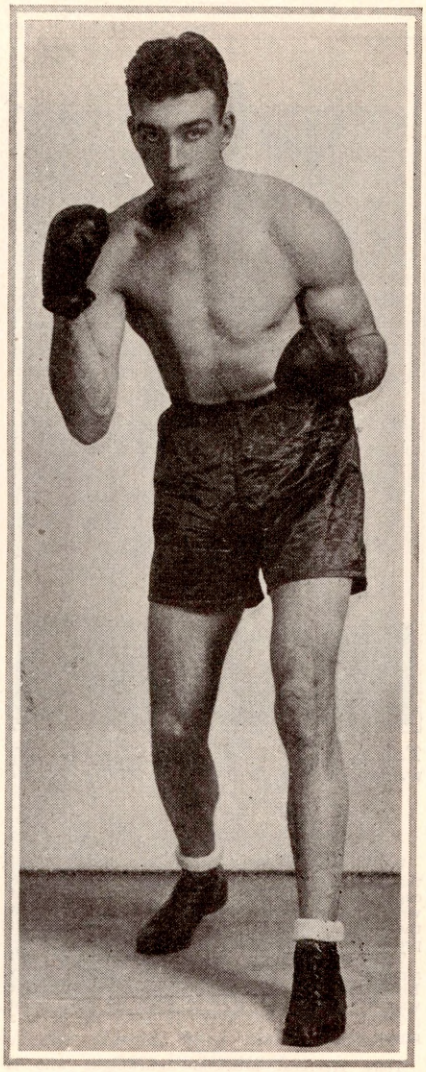
Young Lebrun, H. Rappaport's star featherweight from Sherbrooke, punched out a clean cut win over Pete Lucci, of Clinton, Mass., in a hard-fought six-rounder at Portland, Maine, having the latter on the verge of a K. O. several times. Rappaport has lined up a number of bouts for his ace to take place during the next two months.

WITH THE AMATEURS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

The recently contested bouts for the City Championships provided some startling upsets with two Belding Corticelli club stars turning in sensational performances to outpoint noted favorites for the titular honors in their respective classes. Some of the close decisions were very unpopular but on the whole the tourney was well conducted. John Pope copped the 135-pound title with an unexpected win over Jimmy Thompson, while Greg Gregerson was awarded an extra round titular win over Bobby Martin, Provincial 112-pound king, in the best bout of the tourney. Martin had developed a hard right hand punch to add to his his clever boxing and, fresh from a K. O. win over Johnstone, Scottish champion, he was favored to retain his title against Greggie's shifty tactics, but the midget proved too game and strong and won out after the extra session.

Thompson, a clever southpaw boxer with a style of a seasoned pro, was generally conceded to be in a class by himself and was figured to sweep right through the City, Provincial and Dominion tourneys with ease on account of a fine record compiled since he won the Provincial 126-pound title a year ago. Jimmie scored victory after victory and beat some of the best boys from the States in International bouts, but when he met Pope's queer style he failed to get into his winning stride to record the biggest upset of the season. Both Pope and Gregerson exemplified the fine coaching of Charlie Clay and look to be a great pair of prospects who will bear watching in the coming Provincial Championships.

Johnny Keller had an easy time to win the Junior City and City 118-pound crowns and in the final of the latter tourney he stopped Desrosiers in the second round, showing a devastating left hook and an unceasing, vicious attack. Keller is one of the best prospects in local circles and seems to be headed for a Dominion title though it is his first season in the game. Stan Seymour again demonstrated his terrific right-hand punch when he knocked out the 140-pound Tommy Matthews in the second round of the 147-pound final. Matthews is meat for the rugged Liverpool boy and would do better to get down to 135 pounds and hold off the lighties with his clever boxing and abnormally long reach. Seymour will have his troubles in the Provincials as Tommy Sullivan will be displaying his classy prowess in that event.



Montreal's light-heavyweight hope, Johnny Rousseau. Young, strong and ambitious and plenty of ability

CANADIAN BOXING GOSSIP
By JACK JARVIS

WITH a tough winter season practically over, Canadian boxing promoters are now busy preparing for a busy and successful spring and summer campaign, and are lining up some pretentious promotions. During a short visit to Montreal recently, Alex. Moore, astute little French-Canadian impresario, told this correspondent that he had made arrangements with the Canadian Hockey Club to make matches for them and their boxing enterprises this season. This is a good stroke of business on the part of the Canadians, as in this scribe's humble opinion, Moore is the most enterprising and shrewdest matchmaker in the dominion, his high-class attractions, and good monetary considerations having made him very popular with the fans and boxers alike.

Bermondsey Billy Wells, former great English welterweight, paid another visit to Canada, this time as a middleweight. But he ran into something of a snag when he collided with Laurie Peppin, husky and rugged Winnipeg middleweight, at Winnipeg, before a good crowd. Both these gladiators gave a great display and battled a sensational battle to a draw. The boys staged a thrilling finish that was one of the most hectic ever seen in Western Canada. Jack Cancilla, the promoter, rematched the boys for a date early in this month.

The semi-final was another great joust between the Winnipeg welters, Frank Battaglia and Young Bulmer. After a stubborn and brilliant battle all the way, Battaglia was given the award. These two were also rematched.

Jackie Phillips, clever Canadian welterweight champion, came back into his own when he gave Jack Purvis something more than a boxing lesson in a feature ten-rounder at the Coliseum, Toronto. Jack plastered the Hoosier state boy with everything in his repertoire, and easily won the verdict of the officials. Purvis gave the fans a thrill in the final round when he made a desperate attempt to win by a Dreamland route, but Phillips took things calmly, and carried away a pretty easy verdict.

Leo Kid Roy, Canadian featherweight champion, boxed the other principal bout on the program, with Sammy Hackett, fast-coming Toronto featherweight; the veteran crowded the youngster with relentless attack and administered some heavy punishment, but Sammy was in there all the time and gave a receipt for almost everything he received. At the end of the tenth round Hackett had enough to win by a fair margin, according to the judges.

The surprise of the evening was the knockout of Young Roger, hard-punching young Montrealer. Ossie Bodkin, a Toronto featherweight, turned the trick in the third round when he smashed home a terrific right that landed on the button.

Charlie Belanger, the Canadian light-heavyweight champion, crept another notch nearer the goal when he punched out a win over Joe Sekyra of Dayton, at Philadelphia. Joe took quite a lacing for several rounds, then made a rally in the middle of the bout, but faded, and was lucky to last the distance.

The Shamrock club of Toronto continued with the flyweight elimination tourney, featuring Willie Davies of Charleroi, and Steve Rocco of Toronto. The bout drew a large crowd at the Coliseum and the fans saw a smart battle. Davies was given the verdict, but according to the critics the verdict would have been good if announced a draw.

Patsy Pollock, Winnipeg welter contender, scored another win at Pittsburg when he knocked out Luther Ashford in four rounds. Pollock is an in and outer, but when he is right he is a mighty tough morsel for any of the welters. At this time of writing a match is in the making with Vince Dundee.

A flash from Toronto advises us that Steve Rocco won the decision over Pablo Dano, rugged Pacific Coast Filipino, in ten fast rounds, and Frenchy Bellanger stopping Kid Lencho in the second.

WINNIPEG WAILS
By TOM MEANEY

PROMOTER JACK CANCILLA'S fight program which he staged here at the Walker Theatre, packed the playhouse to capacity. The main event brought together the famous Bermondsey Billy Wells, of England, and Laurie Peppin of this city for ten rounds. The bout went the limit and ended in a draw.

In the semi wind-up, Frankie Battaglia polished off Young Bulmer after ten rounds of sensational fighting with Bulmer hanging on for dear life. Battaglia got up from a sick-bed to fulfill his contract with Promoter Cancilla and set a terrific pace with Bulmer on the verge of receiving a knockout in the ninth and tenth rounds, but Battaglia did not have strength to put him away.

The results of the rest of the card follow:

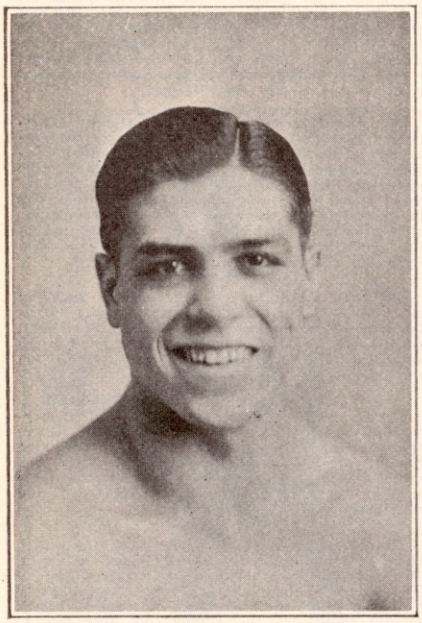
Rube Pilbeam won on points from Jack Harris in six rounds; Jerry Bedford won on a foul from Sammy Decosimo; Billy Decosimo and Stanley Delaine fought six rounds to a draw, and Danny Leclair won handily from Nick Schmeling in four.

In and Near Chicago

By FRANK MASTRO

CAPT. WILLIAM N. TROXELL of Chicago, replaces Walter M. George as secretary of the Illinois state athletic commission. The appointment of Capt. Troxell was announced by Gen. John V. Clinnin, chairman of the fistic body. Capt. Troxell has served as assistant secretary since Oct. 1. He is a veteran of the World War. Mr. George became secretary of the commission when it was organized thirty-six months ago. He also served the N. B. A. as secretary during Paul Prehn's presidency.

Spud Murphy, Duluth, N. D., lightweight, can't understand why local promoters and matchmakers will not use him. He has been in the loop for several weeks now and can't get a match. He defeated Harry Dublinsky in good fashion at the Coliseum here last year and made a big hit with local ringworms.



Angelo Puglisi, Minnesota's hard hitting welterweight, is destined to make the grade with little more experience

Charles Retzlaff, North Dakota heavyweight, scored his fourth straight K. O. when he K. O.'d Tony Talerico in a bout on the Mickey Walker-Leo Lomski card at Detroit. Retzlaff, who is making his home here temporarily, scored three previous knockouts in this locality.

Clyde Chastain, Texas middleweight youngster, here under the management of Eddie Sears, former mentor of Junior Welterweight Champion Mushy Callahan, is fast earning a shot at Mickey Walker's 160-pound title. His defeats of Harry Ebbets, the Brooklyn socker, and Haakon Hansen, crack Norwegian of this vicinity in recent weeks, showed that Chastain will be a serious threat for the middleweight championship.

Roger O'Brien, local welterweight puncher, was to get a crack at stiffer competition in the Coliseum and Stadium here following four victories in a row at the smaller clubs in a quartet of encounters since his return to the roped square after an absence of eight months due to minor operations. Since his return ring bow O'Brien has met and defeated Tommy Kouth, Harry Wilson, Billy Taylor and Hank Klatt. Taylor is a San Francisco boy and the other victims are Chicagoans.

A match between Otto Von Porat and Tuffy Griffiths for one of the Chicago major league ball parks would be one of the greatest outdoor attractions here this summer. It is rumored that local promoters are dickering for the bout and that whoever gets it is almost sure of a $200,000 gate. There seems to be plenty of rivalry between the young west side heavyweight walloper and Von Porat.

Word is wafted from New York that the former featherweight title-holder of the world, Tony Canzoneri, is ready for action again. Although Jack Berg scored an upset by defeating the popular Tony in a reported bloody battle, the crowd-pleasing lightweight youngster is still in demand. He has tentative engagements with Goldie Hess, Steve Smith and Al Singer.

Chicago promoters have taken note of the fact that one Saturday night in New York not so long ago, four fight clubs staged boxing shows. A fight show on Saturday evening must be lucrative and impresarios here were interested.

All of the Chicago Stadium Corporation's officers were re-elected at the yearly stockholders' meeting. The local stadium will again be headed by Sheldon Clark, who replaced Paddy Harmon. Harmon again was recorded among the directors.

The following board was re-appointed:

Sheldon Clark, David Beaton Jr., Arthur W. Cutten, Charles E. Driver, George W. Dulany Jr., John F. Jelke Jr., B. A. Massee, P. T. Harmon, John J. Mitchell, James Norris, Guy M. Peters, L. Montefiore Stein, Harold C. Strotz, Sidney N. Strotz, Clement Studebaker Jr., Orville J. Taylor.

Tommy Maroon, Kansas City feather, who recently joined the stable of Al Lippe and is credited with being the goods

Word along the local fistic rialto is to the effect that Jack Dempsey is a ghost promoter in Chicago. There's no news in the fact that the ghost writer is always with us. Now it is said that the local Coliseum Enterprises has a ghost promoter, Dempsey.

The former heavyweight champion wasn't among those present at the Clyde Chastain-Harry Ebbets show, one of his boxing productions. He wasn't among those present when his fistic show previous to this was held. It looks like he is a ghost promoter.

Tony Herrera, Mexican lightweight who is booked out of this locality, won his third bout in a row when he defeated Tommy Grogan at Flint, Mich. Previously he reversed a decision acquired by Jackie Pilkington of New York. The latter won the first fracas staged in this vicinity and Herrera scored a victory in their second encounter.

Solly Schuman, Roosevelt road 122-pounder, was to make his second Detroit encounter opposite Carl Mazzola of the Motor City at the Olympia arena. He decisively defeated Frankie Murphy in his Detroit ring bow two weeks previously.

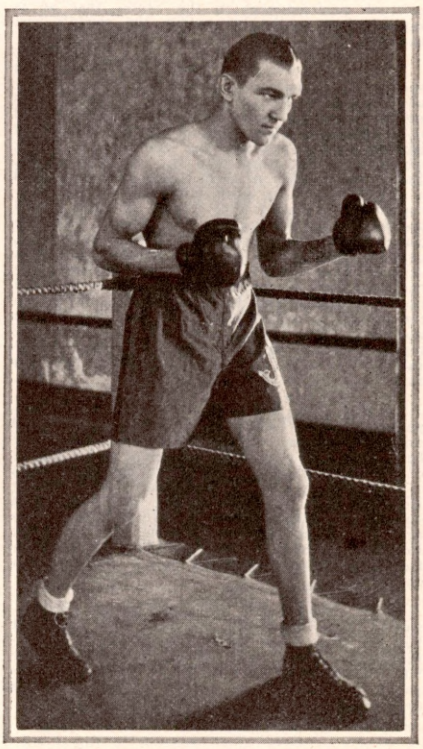
Ray Alvis and Jack Hurley, partners in the management of pugilists, have a suite of offices in the Burnham building on W. Randolph St., that is a regular beehive of activity. The former and Hurley handle fighters of all sizes and are reported to be doing a brisk business. The pair of busy managers have almost sixty-five ringsters and give twenty-four-hour service.

George F. Getz, Illinois athletic commissioner, was one of the many noted spectators at the Sharkey-Scott fight. The trip to Florida was Getz' annual sojourn at Miami. The Illinois fight board member was associated with the late Tex Rickard in promoting the Dempsey-Tunney leading title combat here in 1927.

Harry Dublinsky registered his fourth win in a row when he defeated Ted Henry, stockyards lightweight at the Ashland boulevard auditorium. His previous victims are Ray Kiser, Gaston La Cadre and Tony Caragliano.

Eddie Shea, west side featherweight puncher, registered his second straight knockout when he bowled over Pete Zivic at Indianapolis, Ind. Before the Zivic battle Shea stopped Joe Paglina of Louisville in two frames at Milwaukee.

Earl Mastro, west side featherweight contender, is vacationing for two weeks. He was accompanied by Mrs. Mastro, Adrienne, little daughter of the boxer, Joey Medill, lightweight challenger, and Trainer-Manager Art Winch. Two days before Earl and his party left for the baths resort, James C. Petrillo, the west sider's cousin, who is president of the Chicago Federation of Musicians, also departed for Hot Springs with his wife and children. Mr. Petrillo and his family are ardent boosters of Earl.



Jack Pallat, young heavyweight aspirant, comes from Cleveland

Phil Collins, Chicago referee, journeyed all the way to Omaha to be the third man in the ring when Tommy Grogan and Lope Tenorio met for the second time. Their initial fracas saw Grogan receive an extremely unpopular decision over the Filipino 138-pounder by an Omaha referee. "Ike" Dorgan, manager of Tenorio, wanted an outside referee and he and Roy Feltman, Grogan's guide, agreed on Collins.

Johnny Cook, southern junior lightweight, arrived in the loop and immediately placed himself under the managerial wing of Ed Willard, north side teaming contractor and fisticuffing man. Cook arrived here shortly after he defeated Ray Kiser of Tulsa, Okla., at New Orleans. Johnny also lists Eddie ("Kid") Wolf among his victims.

Joey Medill, junior welterweight of this locality, won a ten-round decision over Spug Myers of Pocatello, Idaho, in this town after being on the sidelines for five months because of an ankle injury. He floored Myers in one period and tried for a kayo but his judgment of distance was a trifle off due to the layoff.

SOUTHERN OHIO
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

AGAIN Freddie Miller is figured in one of Cincinnati's record gates. Herman Katz of the Cinci Parkway has a little 'saviour' in the Queen City featherweight ace. Freddie and Bushy Graham the former bantam champ met in the ten round 'natural' at Music Hall and drew close to 6,000 cash customers who released from their wallets an amount totalling $14,139. This is a record gate for Cincinnati.

Miller and Graham fought ten sizzling rounds, with the verdict a draw. The decision was booed by the attendance, as many thought the Utica bantam won by the last round in which he floored Miller for a seven count. Miller had a comfortable lead up to the final round, but chose to slug with the former champ, thereby robbing himself of a win. Miller's weight was announced as 124 while Bushy scraped the beam close to 126 lbs. Lou Bauman was referee.

The results of the prelims to the Miller-Graham fight were: Joe Marciente defeated Eddie O'Dowd in six; King Cole won the referee's verdict over Earl Baker in four; Elmer Bezenah beat Billy Speaks in four; Jimmy Sanzone beat Simmie Ballinger; Jimmy Cox and Billy McLarnin, draw; Charley Lightfoot and Eddy Esterling draw in four.

The Blue Grass Gym in Covington, Ky., is a mecca for all the leading fighters throughout Southern Ohio, in fact the Middle West. Joe Anderson and Sammy Smiley are co-owners in this popular gym and are to be congratulated in bringing about this addition to Greater Cincinnati's fist colony. The gym is located at 235 Scott Blvd. All visiting boxers are welcome at The Blue Grass.

According to latest reports, Milton Manguna, New Orleans featherweight, is Queen City bound. He will be handled by Melvin Kaufman, former southern manager who is now located in Cincinnati. A match with Freddie Miller is Manguna's goal.

Up in Dayton, 3000 fans were treated to a real night of milling when Howard Mitchell of Cincinnati and Johnny Curtain of Dayton fought ten torrid rounds with the verdict favoring the lantern-jawed lightie from Cinci. Mitchell scored knockdowns in the fifth and eighth rounds. In another ten, Tiger Williams repeated his recent win over Pedlar Palmer. Both are colored light-heavyweights.

Billy Rose, Cincinnati junior welter contender, held Spug Meyers even in a ten round bout over at Indianapolis recently. Billy is hitting on all fours and the best in his class are not safe with him in the ring. Rose is under the helm of his brother, Chickie who, by the way, is still perculatin' as instructor up at the well known Highland Athletic Club.

Another local amateur champion has decided to cast his lot in the pro-fight field. The latest is Johnny Hannon, clever Fenwick flyweight titleholder, who has run through all local simon-pure opposition for the past couple years. Hannon has cast his contract with Tex Hurst, former matchmaker of the American Legion, and hopes to emulate some of his predecessors, Miller, Mars and LaRose of the southpaw style.

Colonel Don Caldwell, Director of Boxing at the local O. N. G. Armory is rapidly bringing back into renown the name that the local Armory had a couple years ago. At the start of the winter season, the Armory was forced to close due to a very high financial loss. Up to a month ago the arena was quiet, except for the boys who were training there. Then of a sudden, Caldwell announced a reopening, operating without a matchmaker, instead using an athletic committee. Up to this writing, Colonel Don has several fine cards with headliners as, Babe Ruth, Andy Stahura, Stanley Williams, Howard Mitchell, Ernie Auskins, Joe Chaney and Sammy Price.

And so once again the Armory is packing the fans in on that popular weekday, Saturday, to the credit of Mr. Caldwell and his associate committee.

George C. Williams, one of Cincinnati's leading fight pilots believes he has a world beater in his latest Mexican welter—David Velasco. Velasco has a great record and many are of the opinion he would defeat Vince Hambright were they to meet. Williams has two other great Mexican boys in Manuel Villa who may meet Kid Chocolate in the East soon and the other a lad named Torres.

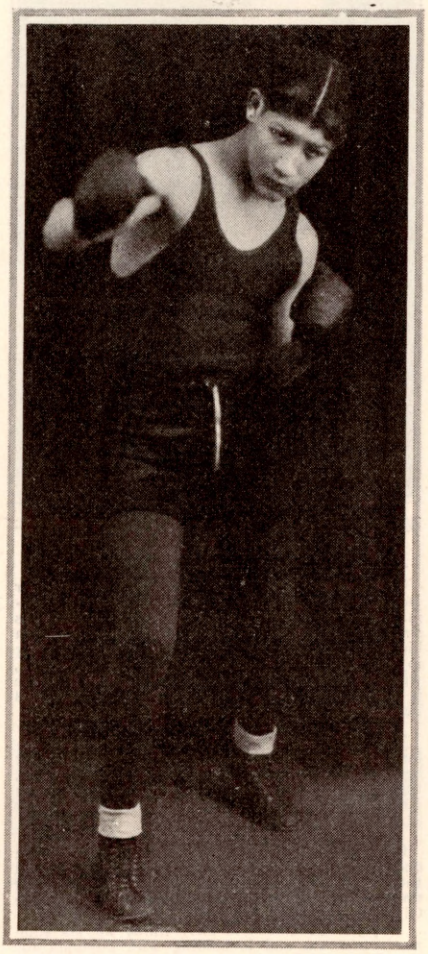
Stanley Williams the Martins Ferry puncher and Babe Ruth the Louisville socker engaged in a torrid six round main-go at the local Armory on Feb. 1 with Williams leading all the way. They are featherweights. Willie Purcell was referee. In the prelims Pete Petroski beat Jim Kelly, Bob McGowan won from Charlie Court, Bernie Smith knocked out Eddie Meyers, James Brown stopped Billy Baker while in another four, Georgie Liddy held Pee Wee Sams even, but the referee and judges ruled in favor of the tiny one.

One of the best middleweights in Southern Ohio at present is Tiger Joe Walters, colored ace of Z. Jacobs Springfield fight stable. Jacobs believes he has a world beater in Walters and his record speaks for itself. Jacobs is also handling Knockout Jenkins, a good welter.

Leonard Cook, classy Bridgeport, Conn., lightweight may soon appear in a Southern Ohio ring. Cook has wins over some of the classiest boys in the East and will be a tough shot for any of the leading lights.

Chick Harris, colored masseur-de-luxe of the Blue Grass Gym lays claim to being the champion singer, dancer and banjo player in the fight game. And Chick sure strums a mean tune on his banjo; the boys around the gym can verify this.

Midget Guery, one of the most popular lightweights around Cinci a couple years ago, has announced his intentions of comeback. Guery will fight at the junior welter weight. Guery's first opponent has been announced as Red Holloway of Indianapolis, Ind.



Alfredo Gaona, hard hitting Cincinnati lightweight

Pete Petroskey knocked Mickey Conroy down for nine counts in both the first and second rounds, but the Portsmouth Irishman weathered the storm and went the full route, with Petroskey on the winning end. Jess McMurtry beat Bobby McGowan in another fast six round bout; Bernie Smith shaded Jack Carlson in four; Herman Kite kayoed Buddy Zimmer in one; Lee Norton won a technical knockout over Walter Ross in round three. A great crowd attended.

Cole Parks, clever Wasson Road manager, is still wondering how Charley Baxter won the nod over his Mexican ace, Manuel Castro. It seems as though this was a pretty raw verdict, as Castro gave the upstate boy plenty of worry and should have won the decision. Manuel Castro's brother Baldomero is another corking featherweight who will and should go far in the ring game under Park's management.

Joe Anderson, Covington middleweight contender in his second start around Cinci, won a well earned ten round decision over Vincent Forgione of Philadelphia at Music Hall. Anderson hit the Quaker State boy with everything but Sammie Smiley's well-known mustache, but Forgione failed to fall. "Our Joe" is coming right back and it won't be long now. It was a great battle from start to finish. In the semi-windup Tony LeOne, Dover featherweight, making his initial appearance in a local ring floored Jimmy Sanzone at five different intervals, to take an easy win. Jimmy Neal stopped tough little Tommy Heilman in two stanzas; Patsy Kline defeated Johnny Neggy in four; Ray Kietz beat Frankie Wietzel in four while in another Charley Ferguson trimmed Jimmie Sweeney.

GRAPPLING GABS IN SOUTHLAND
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

THE scribe is now recognized in the Wrestling circles in the South as THE RING representative, which goes to prove that this magazine is rapidly gaining a strong foothold in sporting events throughout the country and the world in general. Thanks to the personnel of the Cincinnati Quality A. C., Al Haft. Herman Hamer and last, but not least, Millard Rauh.

Millard Rauh, former newspaper man on Florida and local papers was recently appointed matchmaker of the Quality A. C. Under Rauh's matchmaking the local fans can look forward to some hot bouts before the season passes.

The National Boxing and Wrestling Association who recently appointed champions in each class are having quite a job of it in making these so-called champs and challengers post their forfeits for matches. The only ones who have done so up to this writing are John Pesek, heavy; Jim Londos, heavy; and a few others in the lighter classes.

Speaking of Pesek, it looks as though John will never be able to coax Gus "The Great" Sonnenberg to do battle with him. Sonnenberg is still dodging the match. Just to prove his worth, Pesek pinned John Evko, dangerous Chicago Slav in two straight falls up in Columbus. The first in 31 minutes 4 seconds and the second in 7 minutes and 4 seconds.

Information in the wrestling game hereabouts can be had by addressing the scribe at 810 Philadelphia St., Covington, Ky. When sealing the letter, please insert a two cent miniature stamp (red or green color—neither matters) or else a postal-card.

Washington, C. H.—Ray Carpenter, Lancaster, threw Railroad Routt of Nevada in a two of three fall match. Routt won the first fall in two minutes, with Carp taking the second in 24:45 and the third and deciding in 7 minutes. In the semi-final Leslie Fishbaugh of Newark threw Dan Copen of Columbus in 12 minutes and 35 seconds with an airplane slam. The fights were held in the local Armory before a large attendance.

Charley Grip threw Joe Parelli, the Brooklyn, N. Y., Italian, in two straight falls on the Quality card at Music Hall arena on Feb. 7. A large crowd turned out for this match. Parelli made things rather tough for the "Apeman" in the first round, but Grip finally pinned the Easterner with a body slam in 32 minutes and 50 seconds. At first it was thought the Italian would be unable to continue but he finally came out only to be an easy prey for the stronger Grip who crashed him in 5 minutes for the second and deciding fall.

Al Haft, veteran sporting promoter remains the "big gun" around the Middle West in the wrestling circles. Operating in Detroit, Columbus, Cincinnati, Dayton, Toledo and many other large Western cities, Haft has built up a reputation that would be very hard to surpass. At present Al is devoting much of his time to his heavyweight John Pesek—"The uncrowned heavyweight champion".

Blacksmith Pedigo probably knows today just how close he was to being welter champion. IF—he had taken his thinking cap and used it to a certain extent at Columbus, O. After Pedigo and the champion Jack Reynolds had split the first two falls in something like twenty minutes, they returned for the final fall and the Blacksmith had Reynolds weaving all over the ring from a series of headlocks, only failing to use his head and rushed the ever dangerous "Fox" only to fall in Reynolds' favorite, a leg-split, in 13 minutes and 35 seconds. Reynolds won the first in 10:51 with a flying crotch while Pedigo took the second with an airplane slam in 10:31. A capacity crowd was in attendance.

News from Detroit and Vicinity

By RAY BOUSLOG, Sports Editor, Detroit *Daily Illustrated*

Mickey Walker, Jack Kearns' toy bulldog from Rumson, N. J., pushed himself into the light heavyweight picture at Olympia in Detroit, when he decisively whipped Leo Lomski in a scheduled 10-round bout.

Walker was an odds-on favorite and came through in fine style, winning seven of the 10 rounds and having the Aberdeen Assassin in a bad way when the final bell rung. One punch won the fight for Mickey, a sizzling right-hander to the liver in the opening round. The men had just squared off when the blow was landed and it paralyzed Leo's legs for the next six rounds. In the sixth round Lomski again hurt his bad right hand and it was a hopeless cause from then on.

By Whipping Lomski, Walker silenced in part some of the scandal that followed the first meeting between the rivals at Philadelphia last summer. Jack Kearns and Teddy Hayes were in the middleweight champion's corner.

The night after the fight Dick Dunn, general manager of Olympia, and Scotty Montieth, matchmaker, left for Buffalo to talk business with Jimmy Slattery. After a two-day confab they returned to Detroit and announced that Slattery would defend his title at Olympia against Walker sometime in April. Slattery will get $40,000 while Walker has signed for a percentage. Prices will range from $2 to $10.

The Lomski-Walker bout set a new attendance record for Olympia, 17,158 fans paying $43,000 to watch the bout. The previous record was 15,500 for the opening Olympia show, Tom Heeney vs. Johnny Risko.

Another feature of the same show was the sensational performance of Charley Ratzlaff, Jack Hurley's Chicago heavyweight. Fighting Tony Talarico, the Chicago boy floored him six times in the first round and then ended it in the second by knocking him down twice more. Referee Harry Tuthill then stopped the fight.

Other results on the same card were: Harry Dublinsky, Chicago featherweight, decisioned Dick Landig, Wales, six rounds; Gene McCue, sparring partner of Lomski, New York, won a close decision from Tony Cancela, Tampa light-heavyweight, six rounds; Johnny Ridello, Cleveland, won over Russell Bradford, Pontiac, six rounds.

The most tragic incident in the ring here in recent years came at the Olympia when Mickey Darmon, a lightweight preliminary boxer, was killed by a blow delivered by Eddie Koppy, a protege of Charlie Moore. The accident came in the fifth round after Darmon had taken a terrific beating. He was carried from the ring unconscious and died the following morning without regaining consciousness. Koppy, his manager, Charlie Moore, and Scotty Montieth were immediately arrested and held for a coroner's jury but at the hearing they were exonerated.

Immediately a wave of sympathy for the dead boxer's family swept the state and within the next week more than $10,000 was raised for the support of his mother. The majority of the money came as the result of a benefit boxing show at the Olympia the following week, when the big building donated everything but the boxer's pay to the fund.

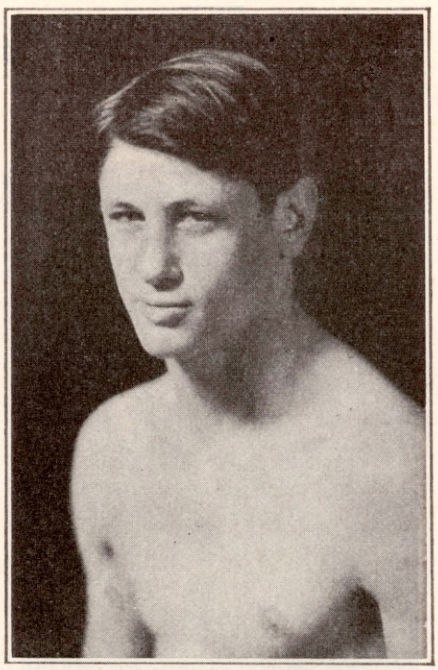
On this card, Terry Roth, the "Terrible Terry of the Tenements", easily whipped Pete Firpo, while Carlo Mazzola outpunched Marty Stone, Detroit's most promising featherweight. State welterweight champion Morrie Sherman easily won from Freddie Bernard, while Ray Van Hook, Al Werbe's latest find, fought a great draw with Dick Landig. Solly Schuman, Chicago, won from Frankie Murphy and Johnny Minella, making his first appearance since being knocked out last November by Earl Mastro, won over Johnny Posky, Windsor. All the bouts were six rounds.

The Fairview Athletic Club, after staging weekly shows for more than three years, folded up its tent during February. The average weekly attendance was running around $350 and matchmaker Harry Harris decided that he knew when he had enough. He may re-open later. During the month he staged several good bouts. Joey "Sparkplug" Russell outpunched Johnny Posky, Windsor, in 10 rounds; Johnny Clancy Pittsburgh, decisioned Pete "Kid" Herman, 10 rounds; and Paul Levandowski, a southpaw, quit before Dick Landig, Wales, in the second round of their main event.

The Dearborn club is staging weekly shows on Tuesday night and attendance has been fair. Their feature card for the month had Battling Criss, the "man that made Shires run out," fighting Bill Browning from Pontiac. Criss knocked Browning out in three rounds and scored his only victory in four professional starts. The next week he went to Chicago to fight Superman George Trafton, and was knocked out himself in four. It was a great fight from all reports.

Johnny Sili, Italian flyweight champion, who has made Detroit his home, moved a step up the ladder when he outpointed Steve Rocco of Toronto in 10 rounds at Danceland. The fight was close and a majority of newspaper critics, including your correspondent, thought Rocco won all the way.

Another importation from Italy was Johnny Rugguzzoni, the Italian welterweight boss. Rugguzzoni started fast and won over Johnny Mooney. The same night that Rugguzzoni beat Mooney, Franklin Young, the state flyweight champion, went 10 fast rounds with Happy Atherton and lost by a shade.



Marty Fields, classy Detroit youngster, handled by Benny Ray

The feature bout of the month at the smaller Detroit clubs was the Billy Light-Morrie Sherman match at Danceland. Sherman, getting his first chance against a top rank welter, lost by a big margin although he flashed a strong rally in the last two rounds. Light coasted along, winning easily. Sherman demonstrated that he is one of the cleverest welters in the business but lacking a punch to make him dangerous.

The West Side A. C. is now run by Joe Malone and Joe Scovill; Malone buying in just before the Light-Sherman bout. They hit $1,750, the best house at Danceland since last fall when Kayo Clemmons and Whitey Gorsline drew $2,600 for a heavyweight bout.

Conditions in Detroit are bad except for the one night when Walker and Lomski packed them in. The small clubs are going under and unless something drastic happens, only the Olympia will be running by summer.

Floyd Fitzsimmons is busy lining up his summer's program and is bidding with Olympia for the Fields-McLarnin match. Fitzsimmons will open his summer card at his fairgrounds arena with Primo Carnera facing someone. He will probably stage six shows.

Olympia, running in opposition, will continue their weekly bouts indoors all summer with about five good bouts outdoors at Navin Field, the home of the Tigers.

In the state, Flint is beginning to show signs of life. Tommy Grogan and Tony Herrera drew $7,500 the night of February 17 and the bout went to the Mexican, although the decision was jeered. The fight didn't amount to much. For a bout in which Dempsey refereed, the I. M. A. auditorium took in $10,000 but didn't profit much because Dempsey and Floyd Fitzsimmons bought the show, paying them 10 per cent. Dempsey appeared the night before in Saginaw and the gate was $5,000. The night after Flint he went to Port Huron and drew $2,000.

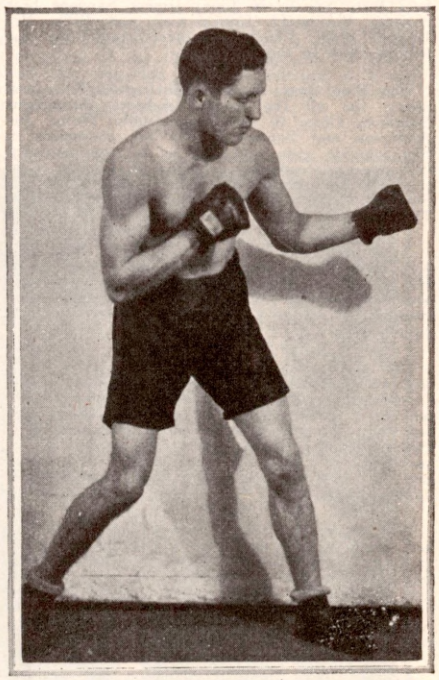
The best towns in the state during the past month were Muskegon, Grand Rapids, Saginaw and Mt. Clemens. None drew such big houses but all proved able to break even.

The most promising boxers in the state at the present appear to be Roger Bernard, Mike McNulty's featherweight-lightweight; Tony Cancela, the Tampa light heavy; Marty Stone, featherweight, and Johnny Sili, flyweight.

The State Boxing Commission settled the Art Shires scandal case by suspending three men, Benny Ray, matchmaker for the West Side A. C.; "Scotty" Strachan, manager of Tiny Grove, and Nessie Blumenthal, manager of "Whataman". The suspensions were for an indefinite period.

At Danceland, February 19, Marty Stone defeated Don McLeod, Northville, in 10 rounds, while Johnny Minella came from behind to whip Johnny Posky, Windsor, in another 10 rounder.

Billy Shaw, state featherweight champion, continues to rule as a king without a challenger. He is doing most of his fighting out of the state.



Roger Bernard, crackerjack 130-pounder from Flint, Mich.

WEST PALM BEACH

By WILLIAM GALLICK

PALM BEACH POST 12, American Legion, promoters of boxing for the past five years, opened their new arena on Labor Day with a bang-up heavyweight card, and have improved each week until their 2500 seats no longer can take care of the crowds.

In former years, the Legion has promoted bouts in a haphazard manner, on the old open air arena, bouts mismatched and possibly not arranged until the night of the fights—however the boys have awakened from their slumber and built a new arena with roof to protect the patrons from the showers, engaged a competent matchmaker in Hugh G. Martin, formerly of Charlotte, N. C., and appointed a commission of Ellis F. Altman, Harry A. Johnston and Pascal C. Reese who are really functioning.

Palm Beach society turn out in evening gowns and tuxedos to enjoy the entertainment. Among the notables noticed each week on ringside include E. F. Hutton, E. T. Stokesberry, Babe Ruth, Tommy Loughran, John C. Sheppard, Jr., Arthur Somers Roche, Earl Leiderman, Colonel Branch, J. Leonard Replogle, Bernard H. Kroger, C. M. Hall, former Michigan Boxing Commissioner, W. C. Durant, John C. King, Nancy Randolph, G. H. K. Billings, George Rasmussen, Prince Leopold, Chas. M. Amory, James H. Emery, Edgar F. Luckenback, W. F. Reinhardt, H. J. Rosenthal, Dan Howley, mgr. Cincinatti Reds; Peggy Bradley Bailey, Wm. J. Baxter and many others.

CONNECTICUT NOTES
By STEVE KELLY

THE highlights of this issue is Steve Smith, Bridgeport's Hungarian featherweight, who whipped Lou Massey of Philadelphia, winner of thirty-nine consecutive bouts and conquerer of Bat Battalino, world's featherweight champion, at the New Haven Arena.

Joe Smith and Al Lippe are at last getting a break with Steve Smith, the greatest fighting machine to come out of Connecticut in years.

Dinny McMahon, the new helmsman of the New Haven Arena, in his initial start gave the fans a perfectly balanced card and showed he knows his business from A to Z.

Lew Feldman, New York, won a decision over Nick Christy of Bristol in eight rounds. Lee Salla of New York whipped Leo Larrivee, Waterbury, six rounds.

Bruno Salla, New York, awarded duke over Al Gainor, New Haven, in a six spot. Carmen Knapp, New Haven, whipped Frankie Carleton, Jersey City, in four rounds. Sam Fusci, Philadelphia, knocked out Tommy Brown, Norwalk, in the third.

At Bridgeport, Pete De Grasse drew the nod by a small margin over Jimmy Bones in ten rounds. Georgie Paulin, Bridgeport flyweight, whipped Scotty Campbell in the semi-final. Jerry Johnson, heavy, stopped Sailor Muggins in the first round.

Eddie Conley, Danbury, whipped Sammy Kraft in four heats.

Irish Mickey Doyle, New York, stopped Lou Piquette in four rounds.

Georgie Paulin, Bridgeport, stops Kid Pancho, Jersey City flyweight, in the third. Johnny Giois, Jersey City, whips Johnny Lawson of New York in eight rounds. Sammy Kraft, Bridgeport, whipped Willie Hussey in six.

Joe K. O. D'Andrea of Stamford and Joe Barnetto of Bridgeport fought one of the hardest four-round opening bouts ever seen in Bridgeport, with Barnetto the winner.

At Stamford, Rudy Marshall, clever middleweight, whipped Arthur Lummy of New York.

Mickey Genaro of Waterbury lost to Dave Atler of Philadelphia in eight.

Roland Daniels, Stamford's best lightweight, who recently turned pro, stopped Chico Gonzales, New York Armory fighter, in five rounds. Gonzales has never been stopped before according to his manager.

Tommy Brown of Norwalk took a terrible lacing in six rounds from Larry Escara of Mt. Vernon.

Silent Barrett, deaf and dumb boxer, proved a novelty by winning easily from Rudy Sanches of New York.

Promoters Joe Chimbole and Dave Rose would do well if they used the local boys that are being demanded by the fans. These boys are Dan Ricko, Roland Daniels, Joe K. O. D'Andrea, Tony Esposito, Silent Barrett, all winners and crowd pleasers, with good followers.

As predicted by the writer, Georgie Paulin, Bridgeport's sensational flyweight, came through with flying colors to cop the state flyweight title from Jackie Harmon of Waterbury, in the star bout at the Red Men's Hall in Bridgeport.

Rudy Marshall of Stamford won easily over K. O. Decker of Pittsfield, Mass.

Irish Jimmy O'Brien, Bridgeport, won over Eddie Shapiro of New York in ten rounds.

Dinny McMahon tops the list with the best boxing matches of the larger clubs, at the New Haven Arena.

Billy Prince, the Puritan A. A. promoter, is leading the smaller clubs in the state with his weekly all-action cards.

The Liberty A. C. of Stamford put on an amateur boxing card at Elks Hall. Frankie Pironto outpointed Tommy Albano; Walter Daniels whipped Jimmy Phelan; Bill Pinto whipped Young Newmann; Ace Petalas won over Tommy Longo. Young Donahue lost a hard fight to Stanley Festo.

"Chick" Creaton, one of the best known figures in Connecticut fistic circles, has been selected by Commissioner Tom Donahue to act as referee. Chick was one of the best amateur boxing referees in the East a few years back.

The writer wishes to convey the feelings of the fight fans to a newly appointed referee, Mr. Billy Taylor, of Hartford, Conn. They all acclaim him as the best referee seen in a Connecticut ring in some time.

Score one more good one for Promoter Billy Prince of Bridgeport. Using Pete Tempesti as a last-minute substitute for Tommy Lown against the veteran, Johnny Ceccoli, he provided the fans with action and a win for Tempesti.

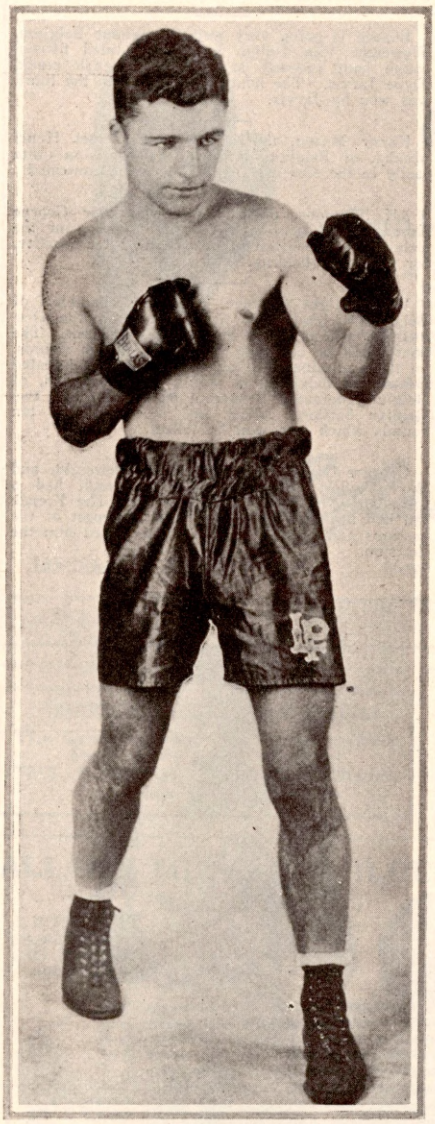
Sammy Kraft won over Harry Goldberg. Joe Miller whipped Joe Masselli. Joe Emmons beat Johnny Zerwaski. Georgie Driscoll of Greenwich, outslugged Jack Osborne in four rounds.

Any one desiring information from these parts, will please enclose return postage. The address is 21 Ludlow Place, Stamford Conn. Let's hear from Norwich, Waterbury, New London and Hartford.

Greenwich Knights of Columbus are running semi-monthly amateur boxing shows.

Another great little lightweight from Norwich, Connecticut, is Al Koziol, 138-lb. battler, who is being handled by Barney Keenan, one of the state's old-time fighters.

Ray Bliss, Stamford's fight manager, is back in harness again with a good stable of fighters, including Jack Mulverne, heavy; Tony Sessa, welter, and Georgie Driscoll, middleweight.



Lou Piquette

CENTRAL AND WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS
By FREDERICK R. GLASSMAN

WORCESTER is not devoid of excitement, even though its boxing shows are dull and listless affairs. Through the medium of Jack McGrath, wrestling promoter incomparable, thrills and many of them have been introduced into "The City of Churches."

Boxing, heretofore the lodestone of local sportdom, has been supplanted in the hearts of the sporting public by the gentle art of "torso-twisting". Frequent postponements, last minute substitutions, uninteresting cards and raw decisions have greatly assisted the manly art of self defense towards the road to ruin.

With boxing on its last legs and the boys with the shekels clamoring for blood, who should decide to satiate their desire but the illustrious Jack McGrath. McGrath who wrestled Gotch Lewis and the best of them.

In steps the bonecrushing magnate supreme and presents Gus Sonnenberg, the World's unparalleled wrestling king, twice in seven weeks. The customers jam the hall at his first appearance with approximately 1000 being turned away because of the lack of standing room. The splendid undercard had the cheering section hoarse by the time the main fracas was ready to be served.

Following the appearance of "Dynamite" Gus, Jack dished out a show a week until today—Jack McGrath and his wrestling shows are so endeared into the hearts of local sport fans that every house is a sellout. Fans rely upon their "idol" to supply them with thrills galore and Jack has yet to fail his appreciative public.

Harry Devine, sensational junior lightweight, and aspirant to Benny Bass's newly acquired crown, strengthened his bid for recognition as one of the country's outstanding glove wielders when he stepped out of his class to defeat two prominent lightweights, Frankie Moore of Boston and Pancho Villa, of New Bedford.

Maurice Lemoine, veteran lightweight, was brought out of retirement to handle the affairs of three outstanding fistic favorites. Namely, Vernon Cormier, "The Blond Rapier" featherweight; "Dynamite" Lou Brouillard, kayo welter, and Ero Peterson, clever lightweight. Lemoine started out by arranging advance fight schedules for these boys assuring them of work for time to come.

Johnny Yagjian, sensational New England "simon-pure" featherweight, who only lost two bouts in his lengthy amateur career, turned "pro" and defeated Pat James at Providence in a six rounder. James is a former state amateur bantamweight champion. Yagjian is the most promising feather to desert the amateurs for money honors since Harry Devine elected to do the same.

At Pittsfield—Earl Duquette, prominent ranking New England bantam from Springfield, proved his merit by flattening Tony Orlando of Waterbury in five rounds.

Reports of the fistic activities from Holyoke show that Johnny Drew, Worcester's clever junior lightweight who is ranked among New England's best, figured in the bout that drew the biggest crowd in that city during the 1929 boxing season.

Great interest is being shown in the newly organized boxing class at the Y. M. C. A., which is the first to be formed in several years. Wide approval has been manifested in the fact that Emmet Dwyer is to be the instructor.

Dwyer is well known as an excellent glove throwing tutor, having been connected with many leading colleges in this capacity.

Marty Hobbs, representative of the Worcester *Telegram* and *Gazette* has been employed by Phil Shapiro, Harry Devine's manager, as publicity agent. Hobbs has always fostered a liking for Harry and is mighty capable of his task.

Any fighter seeking assistance in this territory is welcome to the help of the writer. Information regarding affairs in New England will be sent for the usual self addressed and stamped envelope. Address all communications to 57 Arlington Street, Worcester, Mass.

OKLAHOMA ORATIONS
By L. H. TITTLE

HUGH GRAY curbed the knockout streak of K. O. Stoops when these boys clashed at Hobart. Stoops has won his last four bouts via the kayo route but Gray outboxed and outfought him and was rewarded with a draw for his efforts. It was one of the fiercest battles ever seen in these parts. Joe Patterson and Kid Granite fought with honors in six and Brady Findley shared honors with Young Weber in a four rounder.

Norman Brown, of Ardmore, hailed as a real comer, turned in his fifth straight kayo when he flattened Chuck Ferguson of Detroit, but was held to a draw by Duke Trammel the following week. Bobby Calmes defeated Gyp Zarro in ten rounds on the same program.

The matchmaker at Seminole gave the fans a somewhat abbreviated show when every bout on the program ended by a knockout. Ralph Joyner flattened Hilliard Rich in the third round of the feature ten rounder.

Primo Carnera's appearance at Oklahoma City drew a small crowd of fans and hordes of curiosity seekers. Man Mountain Erickson, the party of the second part, took a small amount of tapping in the first round and entered the second with too much confidence in his own ability. Carnera beat him to the punch with a short right hander to the head and that ended Erickson's aspirations. K. O. Tilden Stutz and Buck Weaver battled to a ten round draw.

Gossip from European Rings

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

SPIDER PLADNER, the former flyweight champion of the world, won comparatively easily over Arthur Boddington, of England in a twelve-round bout held at the Salla Wagram of Paris, under the promotion of Jeff Dickson. In the bout which was scheduled for twelve rounds, and went the full route, Pladner had the best of ten of the sessions. The supporting bout to the above encounter, was a ten-rounder between Guy Bonaugure, who is a brother to Kid Francis, and featherweight Di Cea. It was a tip-top bout, one of the kind which sent the customers home well satisfied with the evening's entertainment.

Work is now under way on the construction work for the new Paris Sports arena, which will be opened up about the end of this year. It will be about the size of the New York Madison Square Garden, with a swimming pool, ice rink, gymnasium, and, of course, a good-sized grill and bar. Until the completion of the new arena, promoter Dickson will conduct his big attractions in the Velodrome d'Hiver, and his weekly shows at the Salla Wagram. Recently, Dickson has had propositions put up to him to conduct boxing in three different countries, but he has had to turn same down, as it takes up most of his time running and planning the game in France and England.

Marcel Thil, the French and European middleweight champion, defeated challenger Alex Marin, of France, on points over a journey of twelve rounds, at the Salla Wagram, of Paris. Marin put up a splendid fight but he lacked the ring knowledge that the champion is gifted with. Eight of the twelve rounds were won by Thil.

Eugene Criqui, the old featherweight champion, is seen within the ropes now and then, not as a boxer, but as a referee, and he makes a fine official. Gene is still a very popular fellow with the French fans.

Georges Carpentier, who is another popular chap, passed a few weeks in Paris after his return from America. He attended the Thil-Marin scrap, and he was given a great ovation from all parts of the house. Georges informed me that he expected to go to England, to make a picture, then to return to Hollywood, where he has some more work to take on.

Gipsy Billy Daniels received disqualification in the fourth round of a scheduled twelve-round bout with Louis Guillaume, of Belgium, for hitting a low blow which dropped the Belgian in agony. When the foul punch landed the points were in favor of the Belgian. The Gyp did not appear to be in very good condition. He was carrying lots of superfluous flesh around his mid section.

Kid Oliva, flyweight of the stable of Al Francis, won the championship of France recently in a bout held at Limoges. His opponent was Young Perez, who in the fourth round claimed a foul. The judges could not see it that way and when Perez refused to continue the bout was awarded to Oliva.

Eugene Huat, who last year captured the flyweight title from "Spider" Pladner, has outgrown the weight limit of that class, and hereafter he will box as a bantamweight.

Barboteux, a French welterweight, defeated Wieser, of Germany, on points in one of the feature bouts held recently at the Central Sporting Club of Paris. At the same entertainment Andre, of France, defeated Merni, of Italy.

Louis Vauclard, a light heavyweight of France, and Joe Bloomfield, of Islington, boxed twelve rounds to a draw recently. The bout was a hard fought one and the decision of a draw met with general approval.

At Anvers, (Antwerp), Belgium, heavyweight Van Gool defeated Jack Humbeeck on points.

George Rose, of England, defeated Lucien Portlas, of Belgium, in a scheduled fifteen-round bout. The end came during the fifth round after Rose had been floored twice, when the referee stopped further proceedings.

The German welterweight champion, Domgoergen, met Boja in a title bout, held at Berlin over the distance of fifteen rounds. The decision was a draw.

Albert Nokin, of Belgium, who in his own country was considered to be a very fair boxer, met defeat at the hands of the English scrapper, Reggie Meen, in the first of a scheduled 12-round bout, which was held in England.

Lightweight champion of Belgium, Francois Sybille, and Lenglez had a fifteen-round match for the Belgian title. The bout went the limit and it was so close that the judges called it a draw. The preliminaries to the above match had Thieffry and Robert, which ended in the second session when Robert quit. Another match between Delepier and Williams was won by Delepier on points.

Treves, of France, defeated Charlie Mack, of England, in a fifteen-round bout, held last month. The bout was a good one up to the tenth session when the Englishman began to tire. The last five rounds were in favor of the French boxer.

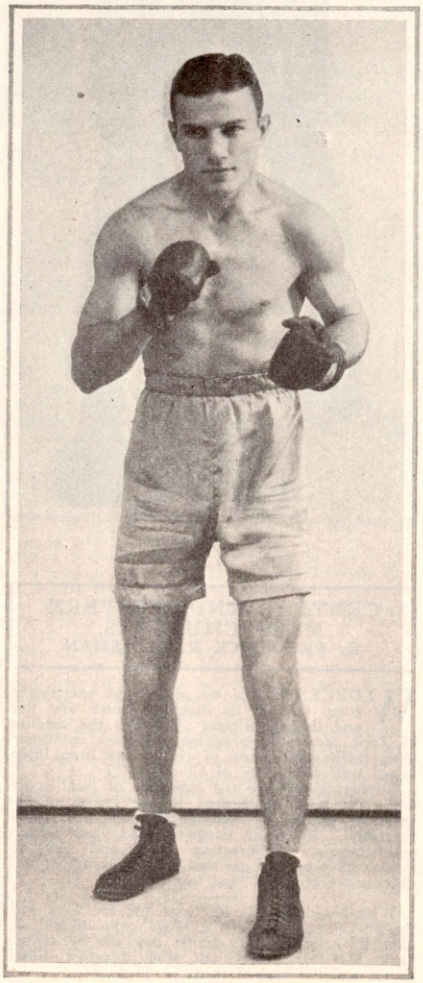
Boxing is going very well throughout Belgium. Flyweight Van Dullen had a scheduled fifteen-round bout recently against the English crack, Ernie Jarvis. The bout, which went to the limit, was won by Jarvis.

Harry Mason, the English boxer, met Henri Mouha, of Belgium, and won the decision quite easily in the eleven rounds which were contested.

Alf Simmons, of England, won over George Covent, of Belgium, on a disqualification of the Belgian in the ninth of a scheduled ten-rounder, for continual holding.

Welterweight Gustave Roth, the champion of Belgium, defended his title against Camille Desmedt in a bout which has held at Brussels. The bout went the complete journey of fifteen rounds. In the preliminaries Plantun, of France, defeated Benoit, of Belgium, on points. Vandertaelen, of Belgium, defeated Bergeron, of France, and two Belgian battlers, Alleet and Monhat, went ten rounds which was won by Alleet.

Georges Gourdy, the French featherweight, and Bert Taylor, of Birmingham, England, had a hard twelve-round battle last month. The French lad had the edge on the Britisher in most of the sessions and referee Gene Corri awarded him the decision.



Christie, who is a rising young French heavyweight, has a long string of knockouts to his credit. His latest victim was Joe Silvain, a negro boxer from Sweden, in a bout held in the Central Sporting Club of Paris. The end came for the negro during the fourth session.

George Aziz, the Egyptian champion flyweight, who has been doing considerable boxing in France, went fifteen rounds to a draw with the crack Nottingham boxer, George Marsden.

The French lightweight, Sarfati, defeated Renaud on points in an eight-round bout held at the Salle Wagram, Paris arena. It was a hard fought battle from the start to the finish.

Boxing is going big in Madrid. At a recent entertainment at the Cirque Price, Arranz and Ortego, went to a ten-round draw. Bartos defeated De Falco on points, and Antonia Ruiz defeated Zamora on points, and Tapia knocked out Pena in one round.

In all of the principal towns of France boxing is attracting big crowds. Such cities as Lyons, Tourcoing, Amiens, Asnieres, Rouen, Havre, Cherbourg, play weekly to big houses.

Vittorio Venturi defeated Mario Bosisio for the welterweight championship of Italy in the thirteenth of a scheduled fifteen-round bout.

Benny Valger, the French lightweight, received a draw decision in a bout that he had at the Salle Wagram arena against the French welterweight champion, Louis Kessler. It was a very uninteresting contest. Valger was continually on the defensive, doing practically no leading.

The supporting bout to the Valger-Kessler bout was between featherweights, Bensa and Pothier, two very good youngsters. The verdict was a draw.

Paul Journee, the former French heavyweight champion who is accused of having discovered the Italian giant, Primo Carnera, is in clover. He has a cut of 25 percent, part of which, however, he splits with a Paris business man. Still Paul's personal cut to date on Carnera's takings is about a quarter of a million francs. Pretty soft.

Briclot, a French youngster, defeated the Italian Merina, on points in a ten-round bout held at the Central Sporting Club of Paris.

Jacovacci, the European middleweight champion, born in Italy of negro parents, met the French boxer, Marin, in a match held in Geneva going over twelve rounds. The decision was a draw. Jacovacci, who is in the stable of General Descamps, formerly fought under the name of Jack Walker, and during the war he was a sailor on an American transport.

The German battler, Fritz Ensel, was stopped in two rounds by Alf Howard, of England, a lightweight who is coming to the front very fast.

Francois Machtens, of Belgium, defeated Johnny Curley, of England, in a fifteen-round bout held last month.

Bobby Tassin, of France, beat Knud Larsen, of Denmark, former European champion, in the second of a scheduled twelve-round bout held at Copenhagen. Larsen retired in the second session after he had been floored twice.

Georges Gardebois, who rates away down in the cellar with French heavyweights, defeated the Englishman, Jack Stanley, on points. Stanley was the boxer fed to Primo Carnera for the latter's first contest in England.

France has a clever flyweight in Kid Oliva. Some six months ago he fought a ten-round draw with Kid Challenge in a bout held in Paris. The latter was the official challenger for the title held by Huat, who was recently in America.

Then there is Kid Perez who is a very promising youngster. Huat, I think, has outgrown the class, and hereafter his boxing will be done in the bantam poundage. The best of the class, I think, is Yvon Trevidic, of Brittany, who met defeat from Frankie Genaro last January. All that boy lacks is a little more experience. He is as game as they come. He will probably fight during this year for the French and European titles which are now vacant.

Frankie Genaro, at Turin, defeated the English flyweight, Boddington, in four rounds. About ten days previous Boddington stayed ten rounds with Emile "Spider" Pladner, in a bout held at Paris.

WILKES-BARRE NOTES
By HUGH A. CARR

ONE of the largest crowds of the season witnessed the best fight of the month before the Armory A. C., featuring Jackie Britton, "Pringle Pepperpot" and Steve Smith, "Iron Jawed Pole", Bridgeport, Conn.

Britton, who recently graduated into the featherweight ranks put up one of the best fights of his career, only to lose the verdict at the end of ten thrilling rounds.

In the other half of the double windup Art Weigand, Buffalo light heavy won the decision from Leo Mitchell, California, in ten rounds. In their previous meeting Mitchell won a very questionable decision, hence the rematch.

In the preliminaries, Tony Stetz, Wilkes-Barre's latest welterweight sensation, scored his twelfth straight kayo, with Lou Samoni, Old Forge, as his victim. In the other bouts, Ray Parker won over Young Andy, Plains lightweight, four rounds; Marty Babyak outslugged Eddie McGovern, four rounds.

Two knockouts and a decisive four-round victory were the results of local battlers under the management of Frankie Venchell, at the show staged by the Hazelton American Legion during the month.

Marty Mellett, Newtown featherweight, kayoed Tommy Singer, Shenandoah, one round; Walter Levan, city, kayoed Lou Dorsey, Hazelton, four rounds; Jackie Dillon, East End, won over Pep O'Brien, Hazelton, four rounds.

Tommy O'Leary, younger brother of Dick O'Leary, scored a victory over Billy Coleman, Pottsville feather, in a fast eight-round bout. The Pringle boy is anxious to show his wares before the Armory A. C.

Johnny Farr, Cleveland featherweight, won a clean-cut decision from Steve Smith, Bridgeport, in a ten-round windup before 2 500 fans at the Armory A. C.

In the semi-final Leo Mitchell was handed a "gift" when he was given the verdict over Art Weigand, Buffalo light heavy. The fact that Mitchell is now making his home here may have something to do with the decision.

The preliminaries were full of action and the results as follows: Tony Stetz, city, kayoed Walter Komer, Binghamton lightweight, one round; Mickey Greb, Plainsville featherweight, won over Jimmy Thomson, city, six rounds; Jimmy Attardo, Pittston feather, copped over Chubby Faust, Glen Lyon, four rounds.

Johnny Burke, Carbondale promoter. staged another great show featuring Joe Grady, Simpson's sensational welterweight, who easily outpointed Andy Allen, Minersville, in the main go.

In the semi-final Pete Suskey, Hyde Park welter, won over Walter Pluckard, Park Place, in a furious six-round bout. In the other bouts, Wildcat O'Connor, Forest City, defeated Joe Romanosky, North Scranton, four rounds; Eddie Kenneth, Carbondale, won over Al Balduc, four rounds; Bobby Bryant, Honesdale, kayoed Babe Palko, Mayfield, one round.

In a letter received from Jack Lambert, South African sports writer, we are informed that Mickey Doyle, hard-socking Pittston southpaw, is performing in great style down in the tropics.

Doyle recently became a benedict while sojourning in the tropics and by the time this goes to press will be on his way home. Lambert informs us Doyle will be ready for Benny Bass on his arrival, or any other good boy his weight.

WITH THE AMATEURS
By HUGH A. CARR

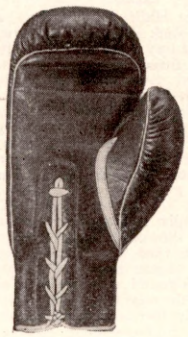
More than 600 fans enjoyed the finals of the eighth and most successful amateur tournament held by the Sacred Heart Catholic Club at Luzerne. The winners in the finals were as follows: Billy Chesna, 159; Rocky Lou, 144; Jack Kopic, 140; Steve Kahley, 135; Eddie Roman, 132; George Minkel. 127; Joe Bundza, 125; Billy Sprow, 122; Andy Polchak, 109.

The Pittston American Legion Post held the semi-finals in the amateur boxing tournament. The winners were as follows: Joe Reap, Eddie Dougherty, Jack Hadley, Joe Coyne, Frankie Delregno, Joe Berkise, Frank Molinere, Rocky Lou, and Joe Shepolis. More than 800 fans viewed the hostilities.

The Nanticoke Post of the American Legion is now making preparations to conduct amateur bouts and will hold their opening show soon.

Gloves!

Has it ever occurred to you that one of the most important parts of your fighting depends on your gloves. Most clubs supply the gloves used, but these gloves are not always the best. Faulty gloves often interfere with boxing. They do not open and close with the freedom a glove should have. Again the padding may shift, with the danger of breaking a hand by inaccurate contact. Look for the Spalding label on your gloves. It tells you what you want to know—that here at last are *real* fighting gloves.



Nos. 8 , 6, 5

Spalding Fighting Gloves

Made in professional models of fine wine Napa tanned leather, welted seams; thumb seams leather reinforced. Special one-piece (pat. applied for) curled hair padding with a fabric control to keep hair from shifting. Till fingertip grip (pat. applied for) with deep laced palm and padded cuffs.

No. 8 *8-ounce (set of 4)* **No. 6** *6-ounce (set of 4)*

Everything else in equipment for the boxer

A. G. Spalding & Bros.

105 Nassau Street **New York** **518 Fifth Avenue**

589 Broad Street, Newark

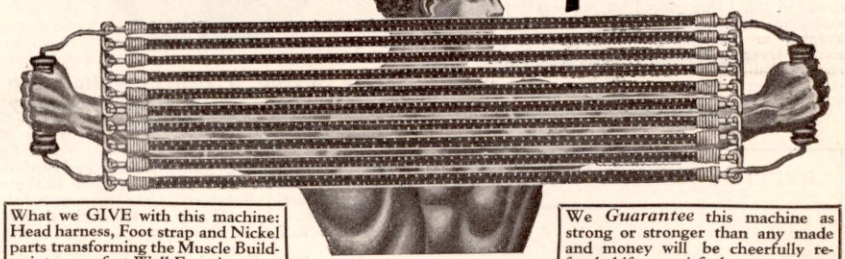
"TRAINING FOR BOXERS" HOW TO TRAIN
The Greatest Book of its Kind Ever Published—$1.00 Post Paid
THE RING, 11 West 42nd Street, New York City

WANTED
Police Gazettes from 1846 to 1896. Any odd numbers especially those of the early eighties. Also any Police Gazette Annuals or Record Books from 1880 to1908.
Address THE RING
11 West 42nd Street New York City

ALLAN'S MUSCLE BUILDER AND HOME EXERCISER

A POWERFUL 10-CABLE CHEST EXPANDER and PROGRESSIVE TRAINING APPARATUS that STRENGTHENS and DEVELOPS FAST and SURE

$4.50 Postpaid ONLY Equal in Value to $15.00



What we GIVE with this machine: Head harness, Foot strap and Nickel parts transforming the Muscle Builder into a perfect Wall Exerciser.

We *Guarantee* this machine as strong or stronger than any made and money will be cheerfully refunded if not satisfied.

DON'T WAIT, START TRAINING AT ONCE WITH THIS MACHINE. There is nothing to equal this STRONG 10-CABLE CHEST EXPANDER and MUSCLE BUILDER in the training of the Athlete, Fighter and Wrestler. Quick results and permanant development.

FREE
Head Harness
Foot Strap

DON'T be a weakling—Inactivity—Lack of exercise is the cause of much sickness and constipation—Get well and stay well and grow stronger. Systematic exercise is the perfect method.

Increase vitality, increase the size of the neck, arms, back and chest. Great development will be noted in a short time. Prove the results of your work by adding one *Heavy* cable at a time, as you grow in strength and develop. The size of your muscles will not only be increased ONE INCH but more and your strength should be doubled. We OFFER this WONDERFUL DEVELOPER and MUSCLE BUILDER at the LOWEST price of $4.50 for a short time only (order to-day). Also a New and most complete Course of Physical Training, "The Anatomical Chart of Physical Exercises," Given with every Muscle Builder.

A. Allen Hendrickson Company (Manufacturers) **318 Broadway, New York, N. Y.**

A. ALLAN HENDRICKSON CO., Dept. 4-R, 318 Broadway, New York.
Inclosed $4.50 for which please send me your "Powerful 10-cable Chest Expander and Muscle Builder" including Head harness, Foot strap and Wall exerciser parts, also New "Anatomical Chart" (highly illustrated), a full course of Physical Training.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Timely Chatter from Great Britain

By TED BROADRIBB

THE Jack Kid Berg-Mushy Callahan affair was the biggest thing of the month over here and created much excitement. Berg showed that he had profited greatly by his American experience and handled Callahan at will during their melee. Berg improved both in boxing and hitting power and it looked to the boxing critics that Sammy Mandell will have to be a super-man to stave off this clean-cut fighting youngster in a fifteen-round battle.

Callahan was outclassed from the beginning and was forced to take a terrific lacing before his seconds acknowledged defeat via the towel route. Callahan was game in defeat and the fans were satisfied that he had tried everything in his power to turn the tide against him.

Dick Corbett turned in a clever victory by whipping Emile Pladner in a scintillating twelve-round attraction on the same program. Pladner had only a short time before displaying his prowess before the British public against Teddy Baldock in which he was the unfortunate loser on a foul, and many of the spectators declared that there was no foul punch struck, but Corbett's superiority was unquestioned. He fought a masterly fight all the way and was justly entitled to the honors.

The European lightweight title changed hands when Francois Sybille, of Belgium, the title-holder, was disqualified for hitting low in the sixth round, after being previously cautioned for the same offense. Sybille had a shade the best of it when the hostilities ended and there is great chance for a return match.

Bidding is not very keen for the privilege of staging the lightweight elimination bouts. The only definite match arranged is that between Harry Corbett and Alf Howard to be staged at Premierland.

Alf Mancini turned in two victories within one week. At Paddington Baths, he kayoed Pop Newman in four rounds and decisively outpointed Fred Green at Paddington Baths. Alf can always be depended upon to draw out the crowd.

Johnny Peters, just before sailing for Australia under the guidance of Charley Lucas, disposed of Arthur Norton in one round. I predict a brilliant future for this youngster.

Fred Webster, our lightweight champion, was a participant in another one of those sickening foul epidemics that have been festering the entire fistic world. Haydn Williams was disqualified in the sixth round of his match with Webster for illegal use of his head, after Webster had gained a decided advantage over him in the early rounds.

Jack King is busily occupied in making matches for the Paddington Baths. He is on the jump every minute of the day and certainly knows his business. Fred Austin, popular local tradesman, is the promoter.

Len Harvey is still contemplating that trip to America. Here he is resting in idleness because of the value placed on his services by his manager and rather than keep fighting and keeping in the limelight he is merely rusting away. Over in America he could find plenty of competition besides Mickey Walker. Some of the opponents being, Ace Hudkins, Dave Shade, Rene De Vos, Harry Ebbets and Phil Kaplan.

BRITISH BOXING RESULTS

At the Holborn Stadium, N. S. C. show, Georges Gardebois, French heavyweight, bested Reggie Mee in twelve rounds. Charlie Mack whippd Roy Beresford, the Midlander, on points.

Seaman Watson gained the verdict over Johnny Quill in fifteen rounds at Fulham Baths. Wyndham Blake defeated Billy Reynolds. Phil Green scored over Bill Whitely.

Harry Jennings did not face much trouble in winning from Arthur Unwin. Bill Softley and George Peck fought with honors even. Ernie Jarvis was beaten on points by Francois Pelemans. Ernie spotted his adversary more than a stone and gave him rugged opposition.

Harry Mason whipped Albert Shippone. Young Johnny Brown, on a campaign, was behind on points but finally cut loose with a terrific right hand smash and knocked out Van Paemel in the fourth period. Douglas Parker stopped Henri Whadlaae in four rounds and George Peck licked Ernie Bicknell, all at Premierland.

Dod Oldfield and Sandy McEwan boxed fifteen rounds to an official draw, which verdict favored McEwan. Kid Farloe bested Billy Housego in twelve rounds of action.

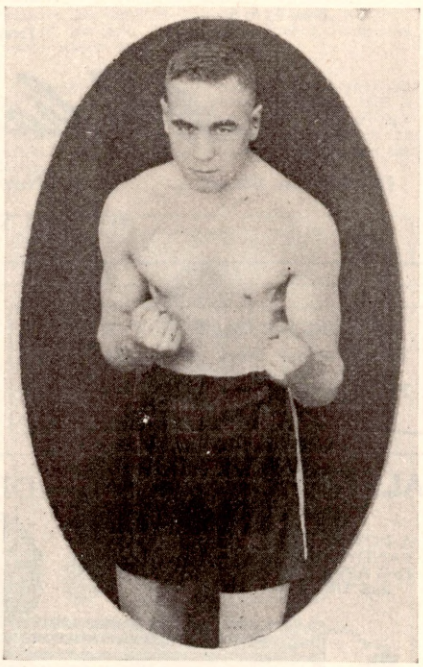
At the Ring, Alby Kestrell won from Aine Gyde on a foul in twelve rounds and Ernie Izzard whipped Harry Brooks on points.

Paddy Jones defeated Tom Bailey in twelve rounds at Liverpool. Benny Sharkey shaded Packy McFarland after fifteen rounds of thrilling fighting. Bert Kirby stopped Young Siki in nine rounds.

At Free Trade Hall, Manchester, Beb Van Klaveren forced Jack Holland to retire in the eleventh round. Harry Robinson won from Fred Oldfield over the fifteen-round route.

At Birmingham, Phil Green received the verdict over Joe Woodruffe after 15 rounds. Joe Brown boxed a good 10-round draw with Len Bowater. Tom Cartwright beat Tommy Dexter on points over a 15-round journey and Albert Dando split points with Wally Brown over a like distance.

At Leicester, Billy Nutts came out of his retirement to act the part of a deputy and so successful was he that he received the decision over Jim Ashley at the end of 10 rounds. Jack Stone boxed a 10-round draw with Ted Cullen. Jack Butler got the decision over Jim Simpkins at the end of this 10-round bout.



Archie Sexton, a British welter who fought a few bouts in this country and returned home

At West Bromwich, Sonny Doke cleverly defeated Jack Marshall on points. Albert Barker well beat Harold Ratchford after 15 rounds of good boxing. Jim Clamp outpointed Dollar Smith over half a score of rounds.

At York, Theo Sas, of Belgium, cleverly defeated Frank Fowler in a 15-round contest. This was one of the best fights ever seen here. Stan Ward K. O.'d Tommy Mack in the fourth round and Private Robinson similarly obliged Colin Nixon in round 7.

At Leeds, the opening of the new N. S. C. in this town had an auspicious launching. The building was packed and the bill of fare was very appetizing. Johnny Cuthbert, our feather champ, K. O.'d Tiger Smith in round 8. Eric Slater beat Tommy Sutcliffe in the 11th round, the referee intervening to save the loser further punishment; and Tom Goodall received a popular decision over Jack O'Hara after a good 10-round bout.

At Bolton, Jim Pearson was awarded the decision over that old war-horse Jimmy Cox, of Wigan, after 15 rounds of the busiest fighting seen here for a long time; and Ted Griffin outpointed Frank Fletcher over 10 rounds.

At Sunderland, Jack Harris retired in favor of Douglas Parker at the end of the 9th round. Bert Swaddle stopped Bob Phillips in round 8.

SCOTTISH NOTES

Glasgow—The top-liner at The Ring (Whitevale) was a 15-round contest between Willie Barr (Glasgow) and Jim Hunter (Dunfermline) and at the conclusion of an even bout Barr was awarded the "vote". The rapidly rising Scotch boy, Jimmy McHarg (Glasgow) carried on the good work when he defeated Packy Cassidy (Govan) in round eleven, the referee stopping the bout in his favor.

Frank Markey outpointed Jim Kelly over 12 rounds. A. Goudie beat Dave Clarkson (Kilmarnock) on points over the 10-round route, and Johnny Grant (Glasgow) received the verdict over Phil Malloy over a like distance.

Glasgow—At the Scottish National Club there was staged a big attraction when the new Scotch star, Jimmy McHarg, was opposed to Jimmy O'Neil (Cambuslang) over a 15-round "excursion". The pair had previously met during their amateur days when O'Neil received a dicision over McHarg, but upon the occasion under notice McHarg outclassed his opponent and sent him to slumberland in workmanlike fashion in the sixth round. Fred Hughes beat Neilly Thompson in 10 rounds and Pat Hopkins was awarded the "plum" over Kid Simpson at the end of 10 rounds.

Edinburgh—St. Mary's Street Hall—A professional lightweight competition was staged here and this was won outright by a very likely customer named Alaster McInroy. The ties resulted as follows:

First ties: Alaster McInroy K. O.'d T. Davies in round one; Claud Mitchell beat Dodger Brown on points; Andy Findlay stopped A. Adamson in round three.

Second ties: Curly Mitchell beat Mike Rodgers in round one; McInroy beat Martin Dunnigan; Young Riley beat Claud Mitchell; Findlay beat Jim McKenzie.

Semi-finals: McInroy stopped Curly Mitchell in round two; Findlay beat Riley on points.

Final: McInroy beat Findlay on points.

WELSH RAREBITS

At Blaengarw, Stan Jehu, who is in the running for bantam honors clearly defeated Billy Williams on points over 10 rounds. Cliff Thomas and Kid Hopkins boxed a clever draw.

At Merthyr, Terence Morgan defeated Billy Pritchard on points in a 10-round bout. George Morgan had an easier task when he defeated Cliff Llewellyn over a similar journey. Nobby Baker K. O.'d Bryn Powell in the seventh round, and Billy Atkins outpointed Ted James. The gloving game is booming here.

At Aberavon, Jack Morgan just gained a win over Billy Nicholas in a 12-round bout; the winner's two handed stuff just helped him to take the winning end of the purse. Jack Wilks well won from Cliff Bell over a 10-round trip.

At Porth, Jim Jones boxed a 10-round draw with Battling Silver, and Les Pope, who was paired with Billy Jones, followed their example over the same distance. But the next bout was more to the liking of the spectators when Bryn Powell K. O.'d Joe Fry in round six.

At Gelli, Billy Evans, a former Welsh feather title holder, won from Glyn Richards in the seventh round by the K. O. route. (Con) Lewis won a hard fight from Kid Davies on points.

At Ammanford, Idris Jones got the verdict over a young welter by name of Ockey Davies, but he had to go all out to clinch the referee's award.

At Ferndale, Nobby Baker K. O.'d Dick Thomas in round three, and Harry Jones had the easiest job in the world to convince Bob Barnes that he ought to retire in the fifth round.

IRELAND'S IRE RISING

Ireland is now a peaceful country and there has been no fighting worth noting during the past month, but rumors are in the air that something is bound to develop and some corking battles will be in evidence very shortly.

(Editor's Note)—Who ever heard of peace among the Irish?

Australian Anecdotes

By SOLAR PLEXUS

EVEN in these days when real live instructors are mighty scarce in this country, there often comes to light small boxers of superlative worth. The latest to date is a Melbourne boy who fights under the name of "Young Llew Edwards." He is fast, two handed, clever, tough and very game, and having a clean sheet as far as defeats are concerned, looks a sure title holder of whatever poundage he grows to.

Jack Dunleavy, a clever Australian, who proved the goods in America, some 14 years back, and who has since made his mark as a teacher, has, after many months of painstaking instruction, unearthed a middleweight of great promise. His name is Jack Haines, and is tipped by fellows who never saw Darcy, as being a prototype of the deceased. Jack is undoubtedly good, a champion in fact, but not within leagues of what Les was.

Frank Van, never more than a mighty good winning fighter, but had many friends who thought him capable of lowering the colors of Haines, was outgamed, outslugged and practically knocked out by a poor class American importation, one "Tiger" Anderson who, a couple of weeks previously, was made a plaything of by Haines, who rocked him to sleep in five rounds.

Arrangements are being made for the coming wrestling season at our various stadiums. It is rumored that John Pesek is to again shed the lustre of his presence in this country, where, last year, he appeared so often and always won, and also defeated his only opponent in New Zealand. But, as more recent news is to the effect that John is hot on the trail of someone for championship honors, and the accompanying thousands of dollars, it is hardly likely that he will pay us a visit so soon and reap only a small harvest.

A previous bunch of matmen that comprised the amusing John Kilonis and Al Karasick, who, whilst not in it from a wrestling point of view with Pesek and Co., were better draws on account of their clever make-believe caveman-like actions. It was a sight for the gods to see the frenzied excitement of thousands of onlookers who really thought the men were out to commit nothing short of murder. Even the fact that these clever actors left the ring without their hair ruffled was not sufficient to show that it was so much hippodrome.

The death of Paddy Slavin did not, as so many thought, sever the last connecting link of the pugilistic past of Australian boxers. Two weeks subsequent to Slavin's demise, there also passed away one of his old opponents, Jim Fogarty of jaw-breaking fame. With short rights he destroyed, temporarily, the masticating works of no less than eight opponents. He was Joe Choynski's first opponent in this country.

Poor old Billy McCarthy is also on top, but in bad circumstances. He will be remembered by old-time American fight fans for his wonderfully plucky contest against the late Bob Fitzsimmons, in the latter's first fight in America. So badly punished was he that, according to the late Bill Naughton, in falling, Billy left the bloody imprint of his body on the floor of the ring.

Mick Dooley, the conqueror of Fitzsimmons, and who, though so much the lighter, fought grizzly Joe Goddard to a stand-still on two occasions, is also with us and has passed the three-score-and-ten mark; and Jim Barron, who will reach that age in August next, is as spry as a two year old. Jim, though a lightweight, was good enough to fight the famous Kid McCoy a ten-round draw. He is a great-grandfather, and is well ribbed financially. He still teaches boxing at a few of our colleges.

Mick Dunn, a very clever welter, who fought the terrible Joe Walcott quite a few rounds, is, though at about the 66th anniversary, sprightly as a young athlete. There was never a cleaner liver, and he is now enjoying his well-earned ring returns.

But these fellows are in the kindergarten class compared with "Hock" Johnson, the man who first put boxing gloves on the immortal Griffo. The sobriquet, I think, is not spelled correctly. There should be no "h" in it, but merely Oc, an abbreviation of Octogenarian. He is the wonder of wonders. He is rich, and the treasurer of one of the biggest sporting clubs in all Australia. And, what is better still, a real man.

Mums Quirk and Denny Garvin, mere lads of 87, can still be seen at the Sydney Stadium on fight nights. They were knuckle fighters, but are well connected. Quirk, on the word of no less an authority than the late Larry Foley, was one of the greatest fighters and boxers that ever lived, but after showing much of that class in a few contests, hearkened to the wish of his brother, The Rev. Father Placid Quirk, and retired from the ring. Quirk is engaged by an insurance office in this city, and to see him skipping along, one might be pardoned for thinking him only just old enough to vote. We surely live long in this country.

Much has been written of late concerning the size of the Italian boxer, Carnera, and he might be justly called the biggest ever, but he is certainly not the tallest. On the 26th, September, 1891, I witnessed a fight at the old Gaiety Hall between Dick Barker, 6 feet 11¾ and 16 stone 10 in weight, and Joe de Lore, about the same poundage but 1¾ inches the shorter. I think they made the tallest pair that ever fought. We recently had an amateur heavyweight who was over 6 feet 10, but like all such outsizes in mankind, was of no account even as a "lilywhite."

For many years past Australian heavyweights have been a sorry lot, but the present crop constitutes the worst ever. The top of the light-heavy and heavyweight heap is a man named George Thompson, who has long since run to seed. In his prime he was only "an also ran" among the middlweights in search of fistic fame, but never reached the peak until now, when his days of usefulness are o'er. In September, 1928, he was knocked out in five rounds by a hard punching American middleweight, Westley Ketchel, who has not done anything very great in the American ring in the meantime.

The rule in this country is against a visiting boxer competing for a local title unless qualified by a 12-months stay in Australia. "Tiger" Payne, an American colored man having complied with the residential qualification, dethroned Thompson, knocking him out in the first round and scored two more k. o. victories against the local crack, in defence of his (Payne's) championship. Immediately "Tager" left these shores the title reverted to Thompson, who has held it very securely against all comers, even one Pat Redmind, whose poundage is something in the vicinity of 17 stone.

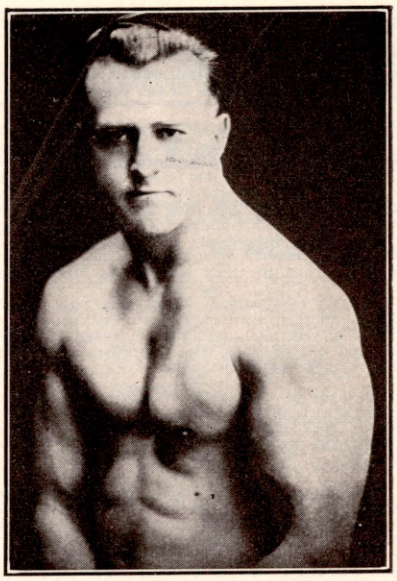
It will be 23 years ago since Jack Johnson paid us his first visit. He came here for Jim Brennan, then owner of the National Sporting Club, which is now a vaudeville house of that name. Brennan's idea was to match the colored man against our champion, Bill Squires, but unfortunately for Brennan and Johnson, those behind Squires had already fixed up for the American trip.

During his first stay he defeated another colored giant, the late Peter Felix, and Jack also proved too much for Bill Lang. The coming champion had with him a manager, a decent kind of white man named McLean, whom he brutally assaulted, but got through with a paltry fine of a fiver (£5) on the plea that Mc had said something to him that reflected seriously on Jack's parents. Johnson returned with another fine fellow, the late Sam Fitzpatrick, and again did the big fellow quarrel with his manager, who received nothing for his cut. It was luck he did not try his pugilistic ability on Sam, for the latter had many good friends who would have made it very easy for any man to have then beaten Johnson.

The quality of Australian boxing, for many moons past, has been many degrees below zero, and all because of any Jack, Tom, Jim, or Jerry, who never had a glove on in their lives, being allowed to carry on the game of instructors. But the coming of Jack Haines, well taught by clever Jack Dunleavy, Jim Barron, whose instructor was his grandfather of that name, who did such great work in America, and Jack Burns, pupil of "Digger" Evans, has caused quite a stir among fight fans, many of whom have been conspicuous by their absence of late, but are gradually returning to the fold.

I am strongly advocating the advisability of having an up-to-date gymnasium at the Sydney Stadium, there being plenty of spare spaces for such an innovation, and that the few remaining great old timers be employed to supervise the instructors. In that way the raw material that abounds in these parts, could be moulded into that form which made Jackson, Slavin, Fitzsimmons, Griffo, Dawson, Barron, Jim Hall, Mick Dunn, Martin Denny and Co. so famous in your glorious country and Australia will again be in a position of having boxers of all divisions the equal of those of all other parts.

Mr. Lean, managing director of Stadiums, Ltd., in this country, is at present in America in search of talent. It is to be hoped that his selections will be of a better brand than those, or at least the majority of them, who have come this way of late to ply their calling.



EARLE LIEDERMAN—"*The Muscle Builder*"

Author of "Muscle Building," "Science of Wrestling," "Secrets of Strength," "Here's Health," etc.

Muscles 5¢ apiece!

Wouldn't it be great if we could buy muscles by the bag—take them home and paste them on our shoulders? Then our rich friends with money to buy them, sure would be socking us all over the lots.

But they don't come that easy, fellows. If you want muscle you have to work for it. That's the reason why the lazy fellow never can hope to be strong. So if you're lazy and don't want to work—you had better quit right here. This talk was never meant for you.

I Want Live Ones

I've been making big men out of little ones for over fifteen years. I've made pretty near as many strong men as Heinz has made pickles. My system never fails. That's why I guarantee my works to do the trick. That's why they gave me the name of "The Muscle Builder." I have the surest bet that you ever heard of.

What I'm Going to Do

In just 30 days I'm going to increase your arm one full inch. Yes, and add two inches to your chest in the same length of time. But that's nothing. I've only started; get this—I'm going to put knobs of muscle on your shoulders like baseballs. I'm going to deepen your chest so that you will double your lung capacity. Each breath you take will flood every crevice of your pulmonary cavity with oxygen. This will load your blood with red corpuscles, shooting life and vitality throughout your entire system. I'm going to give you arms and legs like pillars. I'm going to work on every inner muscle as well, toning up your liver, your heart, etc. You'll have a snap to your step and a flash to your eye. You'll feel the real pep shooting up and down your old backbone. You'll stretch out your big brawny arms and crave for a chance to crush everything before you. You'll just bubble over with vim and animation.

Sounds pretty good, what? You can bet your old ukulele it's good. It's wonderful. And don't forget fellow—I'm not just promising all this—I **guarantee** it. Well, let's get busy, I want some action—so do you.

Send for My New Book

"Muscular Development"

IT'S FREE

Take it and read it. It's the peppiest piece of literature you ever flashed your eyes on. And 48 full-page photos of myself and some of my numerous prize-winning pupils. This is the finest collection of strong men ever assembled into one book—look them over—doctors, lawyers, merchants, mechanics and every line of trade you can think of. I swear you'll never let this book get out of your hands again. And just think—you're getting it for nothing. Don't hesitate—there's no strings attached to it. Grab it.

Take your pen or pencil and fill out the coupon—But **do it now**—before you turn this page.

EARLE LIEDERMAN

Dept. 2504 305 Broadway New York City

EARLE LIEDERMAN,
Dept. 2504, 305 Broadway, New York City

Dear Sir: Please send me absolutely FREE and without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development." (Please write or print plainly.)

Name .....Age.....

Street .....

City .....State.....

BOXING IN PORTO RICO
By MIKE SANTIR

THE biggest surprise of the month, one that astounded even the most staunch admirers of the Mayaguez Lion, was the K. O. Angle Fajardo Clivilles scored over Connie Josenio, American middleweight, who has been fighting for some time in our rings. The fight ended in about the second minute of fighting of the first round, when after firing two lefts, Clivilles delivered his famous right to the back of the ear, and they had to carry Josenio out of the ring.

Clivilles then signed for a bout with Charlie Hahn, another continental, who had beaten him about a year ago, but Hahn, sensing disaster, skipped out of Porto Rico into Santo Domingo a few days before the fight.

We have another official champion, Atilio Sabatino, San Juan welterweight, who captured the title of that class after decisively beating William Dick, who was picked by the so-called experts to win.

One of the fights that have furnished the most thrills recently was the Lizardi-Fiorillo battle, in which Lizardi became a veritable demon in the ring, and polished off Fiorillo in the third round. In the first and second rounds Lizardi had Fiorillo on the floor about eight times, and finished his work in the third.

Wilbur Cohen, Jewish Negro featherweight, was imported for the good reason of giving our own Koli-Kolo a try against a good fighter. Cohen before fighting Koli-Kolo knocked off a few of our boys, including Angel Sosa, and looked so good doing it, that many thought he would do the same to Koli-Kolo. The fight came and it proved that Koli-Kolo is a promise to the sport, for he played around with the veteran, winning handily.

Johnny Vestri, another American, took on Tony Villa, and Villa, who has been out of the ring for some time, demonstrated that he is the same fast, hard-hitting and clever little fellow that we all knew him to be before he temporarily retired. The fight was called a draw after eight rounds of lively milling.

Vestri then clamored for a match with Koli-Kolo, saying that he had come to Porto Rico primarily for that reason. He got his wish, and Koli-Kolo boxed rings around him in ten rounds. This Koli-Kolo is a comer. Watch his smoke from now on.

The next fight Cohen had before leaving was with Al Clemens, another of our boxers who had retired, but who is making a fine comeback. Clemens outweighed Cohen by six pounds, and won the decision after dropping Cohen two times.

Eladio Ferrer, flashy Ponce lightweight, came back from retirement to whip Herminio Moreno in eight rounds. It's a shame that good boxers like Ferrer, Clemens, Villa, and Beauchamp should retire when they are still young.

Rafael Morales, from Mayaguez, fighting Rafael Sanabria for the second time this month, furnished San Juan fans many thrills in six rounds of battle.

Another victim of Koli-Kolo during this month was Henry Chaff, featherweight champion of Venezuela. Chaff had to use all his cleverness to avoid being knocked out by the young and hard-hitting youngster, who will undoubtedly put Porto Rico on the fistic map, just as Chocolate has put Cuba on the pugilistic map.

Eladio Ferrer, from Ponce won a neat decision from Lao Torrers, who was supposed to be the winner.

Herminio Villafana (Kid Poison) made his bow before San Juan fans when he took on Gus de Sagon, a good bantam who has been forging rapidly to the front during the last months, and lost a hair-split decision in six rounds.

If you are a good, young middleweight who do not want a fortune for your services, and who wants to fight here in Porto Rico, you may write to writer at Box 455, Mayaguez, P. R., or to Dr. F. Garcia de la Torre, at Box 536, Mayaguez, P. R. Please don't confuse the numbers.

IF THE EVENT IS WORTH ANNOUNCING, IT'S WORTH ENGRAVING
Wedding Announcements
Invitations, Cards, Stationery, and all kinds of Formal & Social Engraving.
Send for Free Sample & Price List of Copperplate Engraving
OR SEND 25c, FOR BOOK "CORRECT FORMS FOR ALL OCCASIONS"
W. O. Wallace, 559 Washington St., Gary, Indiana

IN HAWAII
With HARRY M. STUART

SAM WARREN'S knockout of Bill Scanlon clearly established him as Hawaii's ranking light-heavy. A barrage of lefts and rights put the Samoan away in the second round.

Chick Delaney caught Kid Henry flush with a wild left that whispered "lights out" for the Molokai flyweight.

Herman Rupp had little trouble in spreading "Iron Man" Shutte on the canvas. A few devastating right handers turned the trick. Kid Frederico won a sensational six-round bout over Tiger Connell. The Kid was all over Connell and only sage experience saved the Schofield soldier from being kayoed.

Frank Torres dropped Al Davis. Harry Gret and Con Condero put on the best show seen here yet. Both mixed freely and had the crowd raving all the way. Gret won the duke.

Henry Kudo traveled at top speed to outpoint Young Pancho.

As a middleweight, Andy Blahut is the year's sensation at the Inland Post. To the writer, the soldier looks like the best prospect since Sammy Baker.

All those who are interested in the local field may receive information about same by writing to Mr. William Lederer, care of Honolulu Stadium, Honolulu, T. H. To insure a prompt reply, enclose postage.

SHANGHAI, CHINA, RUMBLINGS
With KAYO KING

THE light-heavyweight championship of the Orient was at stake when Eddie Calloway, U. S. S. Pittsburgh, and Kid Andre, of Russia, clashed. Andre was credited with a knockout victory in the seventh round. Calloway had previously flattened Andre in two rounds and a return match will be eagerly welcomed.

The semi-final brought out Marine Perlstein, the classiest boy in Shanghai, who stopped Taffy Hughes in seven rounds. Perlstein looks like the real goods. Kid Dugan kayoed L. S. McInnes. These boys are lightweights.

Bill Bullen stopped Jake Innaccio in five rounds. Private Blackwood was beaten by Louis Lee in eight rounds and Dan Sacremento, making his first showing here, was whipped by Young Ambition in the opening six.

Kid Andre turned in a surprise victory when he stopped Tiny Campolo in two rounds. Andre looks better each time he starts.

Private Cameron kayoed Bob Lacy in the second round. Young Nicko kayoed Sailor Jake. Private Miranda bested Dick Schwan in eight rounds. Sailor Lamblin outslugged Stoker Harding and Dickey Bird won from Zimmer Kutlo.

Rudy Benton, U. S. Marine, who captured the lightweight championship of China, when he knocked out Sammy Cockle, of the British Forces, has returned to the U. S. A.

Cleveland Chatter

By "PARSON" TOM McGINTY

PAUL PIRRONE, Cleveland's hard hitting welterweight youngster, turned in a good achievement when he kayoed Andy DiVodi in the opening round of their scheduled ten-round bout at the Auditorium. This win should place him pretty high in the future.

Frank Simms got the decision over Emmet Rocco in the other feature bout. Benny Gershe is still making good in his comeback campaign and licked Soldier Domprowski. Billy Light scored over Mike Payan in the other bout.

Bill McPartland, New York referee, who has officiated in many bouts in Cleveland, the last one being between Johnny Risko and Vittorio Campolo has great admiration for the methods adopted by Public Safety Director Ed Barry in which he lays the law down to the boys who are boxing in Cleveland. Barry gives strict instructions about no money when a foul is committed and that has more effect on the boys than any other policy.

Sammy Mandell, world's lightweight champion, and Joey Goodman featured the last Public Hall show staged in Cleveland, held for the Amateur Baseball Association of this city. Sammy showed himself a champion in every sense of the word and gave a wonderful display of the manly art.

Although credited with winning ten of the twelve rounds, Goodman gave a good account of himself and hustled Sammy every inch of the way. Joey did not disgrace himself by his showing and made additional friends.

Jimmy Evans was beaten by Meyer Grace in the semi-final; Billy Edwards stopped Lew Nicollette in five rounds and Ralph Gauthon kayoed Nick Martin in the first heat.

Bryan Downey pulled off a Golden Glove tournament in his home town, Columbus, and now they want him to stay and promote the shows at the Auditorium. Bryan has a fine personality and is liked immensely by everyone in the boxing game.

Ad Thatcher has opened his season at Toledo and drew a big crowd when he promoted the show between Henry Firpo and Young Tiger Flowers. Thatcher can be reached at 1206 Cherry St., Toledo.

Cleveland still ranks ahead of any other city when it comes to developing amateur talent. Amateur shows are staged here nightly and people seem to turn out more for the simon-pures than for the pros. The *Plain Dealer* starts its Golden Glove Tournament and will have a representation from all over the state. Jack Dempsey is expected to come here and referee some of the bouts.

Chuck Wiggins is still going strong. He knocked out Jack Barry in five rounds at Lorain and looked like his old self. Eddie Mead is now handling him and has him matched with Young Stribling down South. There are very few managers who know how to guide along their fighter like Mead and he should make plenty of money with Wiggins.

"Broadway" Johnny Cox is now handling the publicity for Eddie Mead's string of gladiators and is doing a real nice job.

Paul Pirrone is still dodging the issue with Freddy Fitzgerald. Freddy whipped him once and Paulie does not seem anxious to square accounts.

Benny Gershe is making a wonderful comeback and seems to be regaining the popularity that once made him the biggest attraction in Cleveland. Benny is a great kid and we wish him plenty of luck.

Tommy McGinty returned from New York after having Rosy Rosales in the Garden with Fred Lenhart. Rosy had Lenhart on the floor and should have stopped him but seemed to have an off night, either the crowd in the Garden or stage fright. He can do much better and Tom McArdle has promised to use him right back again.

Phil Zwick is ready for action again after resting for several months due to a badly injured right hand. This Zwick is one of the most dangerous punchers in the featherweight class.

Johnny Risko again was deprived of entering the hall of fame when he was given the worst of it by Kid McPartland down at Miami when they called his fight with Vittorio Campolo a draw. Somehow Johnny never seems to get the best of any decisions in any of the bouts that he engages in and the latest one certainly gives the New York State Athletic Commission the real laugh.

A short time ago they refused to let Johnny tackle Campolo in New York because he was too big, but the way all the papers stood up for Johnny after his bout with the South American shows how the fight really went. What they should do is compel Campolo to meet Risko again in New York to clear Johnny of any charges that he is no fit opponent for any heavyweight in the country.

Milton Cohen went back to New York without engaging in any bouts around here. Eddie Walker will handle him in the East. Cohen has fought Battling Battalino, Kid Chocolate, Davey Abad, Joe Scalfaro and Kid Pattenden and is still very much alive.

Benny Ray is just about getting a break with that good-looking youngster, Marty Stone, over in Detroit. It's about time that Benny got a break. He has been in this game for a good many years.

In California

By THERON FISKE

A WORLD'S champion in an over weight thing and the unveiling of Jim Jeffries' heavyweight hope were the highlights in our little community's fistic activities during the past month.

Young Corbett III, a despised shortender, outgalloped Jackie Fields, world's welterweight champion to win a ten-round decision at Recreation Park, San Francisco, before a crowd of 20,000, including Mayor Jim Rolph at the ringside.

Corbett fought the last rounds on sheer nerve. Courageously the little sawed-off southpaw boxed through the eighth, ninth and tenth rounds with a fractured left hand which was swollen to twice it's normal size.

Promoter Ancil Hoffman made little money on the show. The gate ran around $53,000. The champion received $26,500 and Corbett's end was $10,000. Another ten grand for rental of the ball park, and the preliminary fighters' pay-off brought the profits down to almost nothing.

Jim Jeffries' boy made good with a bang, Jeff has a great prospect in Al Morro.

Jeff's young giant from Burbank, making his first public appearance in the ring took a well earned ten round decision from Tony Stabeneau at Hollywood. And convinced a flock of wise observers that he is a threat to be reckoned with when discussing future heavyweight hopes.

Jeffries appeared as his fighter's chief second and what an ovation the old boy got. The crowd yelled for a speech, at which Jeff stepped to the center of the ring, waved for silence and said, "I haven't time to make a speech tonight, but I thank you all."

Jeff was pretty well pleased with his boy's showing as was every one else. "He looks pretty good for a fighter who has never had a public fight before," was Jeff's comment.

The touch brigade have taken on an air of prosperity—the reason: Jack Dempsey came home.

The popular ex-champion and his charming wife arrived in Los Angeles on their fifth wedding anniversary. Just vacationing and tending to a few little business ends.

Jack said he would like to get back to Los Angeles and promote boxing but made it plain that he had no intentions of bucking Jack Doyle's organization.

According to some observers it is not taking too much for granted to predict that at some future time Doyle and Dempsey will get together.

Newman's new Los Angeles Eastside club is having its troubles. Off to a bad opening, the second show a tragedy, Mr. Newman's only consolation is the knowledge that most clubs have a tough row to hoe during their first year.

Bobby LaSalle, Los Angeles welterweight boxer, returning home from the East, was critically injured when his car turned completely over on the highway near Prescott, Arizona.

LaSalle was accompanied by his trainer Chuck Walters and Joe Marciente, Brooklyn, N. Y., featherweight boxer who were but slightly hurt.

Fred "Dummy" Mahan, deaf mute welterweight boxer of considerable note is lost to the boxing world, due to an attempted parachute jump at San Francisco, which was planned in an effort to regain his hearing. Mahan's chute failed to open, and he plunged 5,000 feet through the air to his death.

Boxing commissioner Charles F. Traung halted the proposed Frankie Campbell-John Lester Johnson bout slated for San Francisco. It was the first official action directed against Campbell in his heavyweight climb against set-ups and the only regretable thing about it is that San Francisco beat Los Angeles to the punch.

Max Baer, sensational young Oakland heavyweight, was handed a vacation by the Commission for an alleged conversation with a gambler, prior to one of his fights which ended unsatisfactorily.

Les Kennedy, Long Beach heavyweight, received a set-back and Dynamite Jackson, Los Angeles, colored heavyweight moved up a step as a result of their ten-round bout at the Olympic, Los Angeles which was won by Jackson through a last round rally.

Jack Doyle's Olympic club has definitely decided to build an open-air boxing pavilion on the vacant property adjoining the Stadium. It will be ready to house the regular weekly boxing shows during the hot months of the coming summer.

Boxing has always suffered during the hot summer evenings; however, ring entertainment under the stars and moon should solve the problem.

Doyle plans a much greater seating capacity in the open-air arena which will make for bigger and better shows.

Jerry McCarthy, well known trainer of fighters and former boxer is conditioning the Oakland baseball club. This is Jerry's first season with baseball players.

Another new boxing club for Southern California, the New Wilmington Bowl, is rising from its burnt ruins, construction is expected to be completed by the first of April.

Old Wilmington was exceedingly popular with Harbor fans, thanks to the clever matchmaking of Doc Moffatt. The Doc has been retained by the new management and given free rein to make whatever terms he deems fit in order to bring the best fighters to Wilmington again.

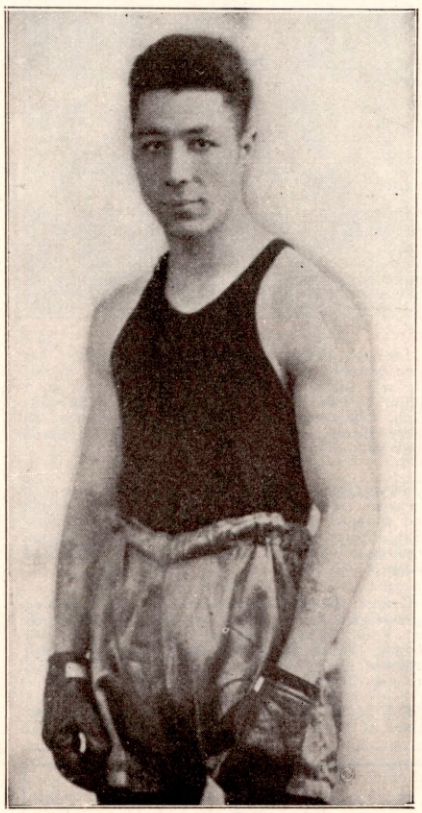
The new arena is patterned after the old arena with a few modern features added. It will accommodate 5,000.

Uncle Tom McCarey, who promoted fights here in the old twenty-round days is about again following an operation. Uncle Tom looks well and is still active in the business world.

Clyde Hudkins, brother and former manager of Ace Hudkins, the erstwhile wildcat, has forsaken the boxing game. Since selling his famous brother's contract Clyde has not been seen around the fights or gymnasiums. Inquiries, however, resulted in the information that Clyde is studying to be an evangelist.

California fans showed themselves to be fair as any other group of fight fans when they cheered Maurice Holtzer, young French featherweight, who fought Eddie Mack at the Olympia, to an echo after Holtzer had been deprived of a clearly earned decision over the Denver boxer.

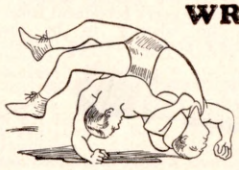
Holtzer, although only a featherweight, boxed Mack at 135 pounds, and made one of the biggest hits any visiting boxer ever made. He tore into Mack from the first bell and was outpunching Mack three to one at close quarters. The crowd almost mobbed Referee Abe Roth who gave this atrocious decision.



Bert Viscioni, Moline, Ill., featherweight

LEARN TO WRESTLE

COMPLETE SCIENCE OF WRESTLING



Thorough instruction here in the 158 pages of this great book. Scores of illustrations showing the "hows" and "whys" that make champions. For the beginner this book is a necessity—for the student of wrestling it is a revelation. If you are wrestling-minded get this Complete Science of Wrestling by the "Lion of Russia",

George Hackenschmidt

SCIENTIFIC WRESTLING

A comprehensive treatment of wrestling by one who has made his mark—an authority whose wisdom and skill in the wrestling field is never denied. Scientific Wrestling gives you page after page of the various steps in perfecting yourself in this age-long art. Authoritative poses of the great in wrestling. No exercise develops the mind and body like wrestling. Learn wrestling by reading this splendid book by

George Bothner

WRESTLING

By the American Grappler and World's Champion

Frank Gotch

Where can you find a better source for authoritative expression on wrestling than from him who worked his way from the lowest class to be champion of champions. Frank Gotch, in his book, Wrestling, lays out for you the principles by which his great triumphs came about. Follow with him the methods he used. Read his book, and know for yourself the spirit and craftiness of the champion.

The three books—each supreme in its field—should be in your library if you are a wrestler or a wrestling enthusiast.

Complete Science of Wrestling by George Hackenschmidt..... $1.50
Scientific Wrestling by George Bothner.. .75
Wrestling by Frank Gotch..... .50

— — — — USE COUPON BELOW — — — —

Macfadden Book Co., Inc.
Dept. R4, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

Please send me promptly the books checked below. I enclose ..... in payment.

☐ Complete Science of Wrestling by George Hackenschmidt.
☐ Scientific Wrestling by George Bothner.
☐ Wrestling by Frank Gotch.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

LEARN BOXING

Scientific, Modern Boxing can now be learned the *new, quick* and *illustrated* way. Don't waste your time and squander your money.

DON'T BE A PUNCHING BAG

This is the system acknowledged by every prominent boxer in the country to be the *world's greatest* Boxing Course. It is real *personal* instruction that teaches you every angle of **Attack** and **Defense** from **A to Z,** fully illustrated by *numerous photos.* It's the result of a life-time developing Ring Stars. You too can

BE A WINNER

and lick your weight in wildcats. Learn the **SECRETS** of Champions. This system is entirely in a class by itself. Never before has the fight-mad public paid so much for its thrills as now. Good boxers are in constant demand by the promoters, clubs and fans. **NOW** is **YOUR Time** to **CASH IN BIG.** There is

BIG MONEY

in the game if you're ambitious and follow instructions. I'll teach you the *right way*—the way I've taught the Ring Stars you read about and admire. You'll learn the fine **INSIDE POINTS** you'll never learn elsewhere—the little *secrets* that mean **SUCCESS** or **FAILURE.** One lesson is worth more than a month in the Gym. It's a *GOLD MINE* of *PRICELESS INFORMATION* and *INSPIRATION.*

Recommended by such Boxers as Jack Dempsey, Jim Corbett, Jack Britton, Bartley Madden, Sammy Mandell, Tommy Loughran, Schmeling, Genaro, McTigue, Wills and others.

MAIL IT NOW!

TEX O'ROURKE Dept. E-40
3 East 14th St., New York

Dear Sir:
Without any obligation whatsoever please send me full information on your Modern Scientific Boxing Course, together with complete illustrated First Lesson. I enclose 25c for postage and handling.

Name.....Age.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

Please Write or Print Plainly.

BUY IT NOW. REDUCED PRICE 75 CENTS

YOUNG GRIFFO

The Will o' the Wisp of the Ring. His Life and Battles. 30 pages of illustrations by Young Griffo on "How to Box." An excellent book for the beginner.

Address—NAT FLEISCHER, THE RING, Inc.
11 West 42nd Street New York City

BASHFUL?

"Shame on you!" Are you *nervous, embarrassed* in company of the other sex? Stop being *shy* of strangers. Conquer the terrible *fear* of your superiors. **Be cheerful and confident of your future!** Your faults easily overcome so you can enjoy life to the fullest. Learn about method to overcome bashfulness. **Send 25c. for my amazing book.**
RICHARD BLACKSTONE
B-244 Flatiron Bldg. New York

WILL BUY

Old Police Gazettes prior to 1905.
Police Gazette Annual Record books—Any year from start to 1906.

Address–Nat Fleischer, THE RING, 11 West 42nd Street New York City

What Do You Want?

Whatever it is, we can help you get it. Just give us the chance by writing for "Clouds Dispelled." Absolutely free. You will be delighted. Act today. Write NOW!

THE BROTHERHOOD OF LIGHT
Dept. P. Box 1525 Los Angeles, Calif.

BOXING IN MILWAUKEE AND VICINITY

By LARRY LICHTIG

ONE of the greatest bouts that Milwaukee enthusiasts of the hit and miss racket had the opportunity of witnessing was held at the Milwaukee Auditorium recently between Benny Bass, junior lightweight champion, and Eddie Anderson, the Wyoming cowboy. Nine knockdowns were registered, seven of them going to the champion. Throughout the setto the crowd was standing on its feet and yelling themselves hoarse.

The biggest thrill came in the ninth session. In this round Bass scored three knockdowns as well as taking a couple of nose dives himself. Many thought Bass was entitled to the verdict, due to the fact that he scored four more knockdowns than his opponent. Anderson went down for short counts in the third, fifth, sixth and seventh. But then again it must be said that Anderson was the aggressive throughout the skirmish and landed the most punches.

Tait Littman, the pride of Cudahy, lambasted his way to an easy knockout victory of Johnny Sherrod, of Chicago, in the third. Sherrod was no match for the hard-hitting Cudahy youngster. His wild swings were blocked by Littman, who in retaliation smothered his foe with straight rights and lefts. In the second Littman floored his opponent with a volley of lefts and rights to the head and body. Near the finish of this round, Sherrod hit the resin again and was as cold as a mackerel. The bell came to his rescue. The third didn't get very far, for after sparring around for a half minute Littman let go with a hard right and it was all over.

Gus DeSalvo, of Sal Serio's Boxing School, looked like a real comer when he stopped Bip Luntzell, of Louisville, in the second. From the opening gong it appeared just a question as to how long Luntzell would be in the ring. A smashing right hander turned the trick. Luntzell didn't move a muscle and was carried to his corner.

Joey Sutter, of the Milwaukee Athletic Club, smacked Vic Walters without mercy for four heats. Walters didn't have a chance in a million with the much improved Sutter. Joey made a pugilistic monkey out of him. Sutter had Walters in bad shape many times, but always the loser hung on for dear life.

DeSalvo has had eight professional starts, winning five, drawing one and winning two by knockouts. He is one of the sweetest "finds" in town, and has won himself the hearts of the Milwaukee pro fans already. Much is expected of him in the future.

Sal Serio, who has taken the reins as matchmaker of the Madison Eagles' Club, will stage his first show shortly. Serio is one of the busiest managers in town, having both amateur and professional boys in demand all over the state.

Johnny Lombardo, sterling Third Ward featherweight, is ready for action. The Third Warder was recently operated on on his nose and pronounces himself fit for all comers. Lombardo will make his first start at Oshkosh against Louie Statler.

Fred Saddy's team of Milwaukee Eagle amateur boxers came near having their winning streak broken recently when a team hailing from Pittsburgh took three out of six bouts. The Pittsburgh boys proved to be dangerous every minute they were in the ring. All of the skirmishes were closely contested, and served to give the customers a real treat.

Leonard Bernstein, the battling newsboy, has been winning consistently for the past few weeks. He will tackle a tough and willing boxer in a fellow by the name of Mike Ferro at the Elks Club. Bernstein has displayed improvement in every succeeding bout and should give Ferro a fight all the way.

Steve Oswald, Paddy Dalton's battler, sprung a surprise recently when he traveled to Chicago and whipped the former Central A. A. U. champion, Walter Gentry. Steve has had eight bouts, winning all but one. He looks like a very good prospect.

George Black, Milwaukee's up and coming lightweight, continued his winning ways by taking Eddie King of Chicago into camp in two rounds. Black has been coming along with rapid progress under the able tutelage of Fred Saddy, athletic director of the Eagles' club.

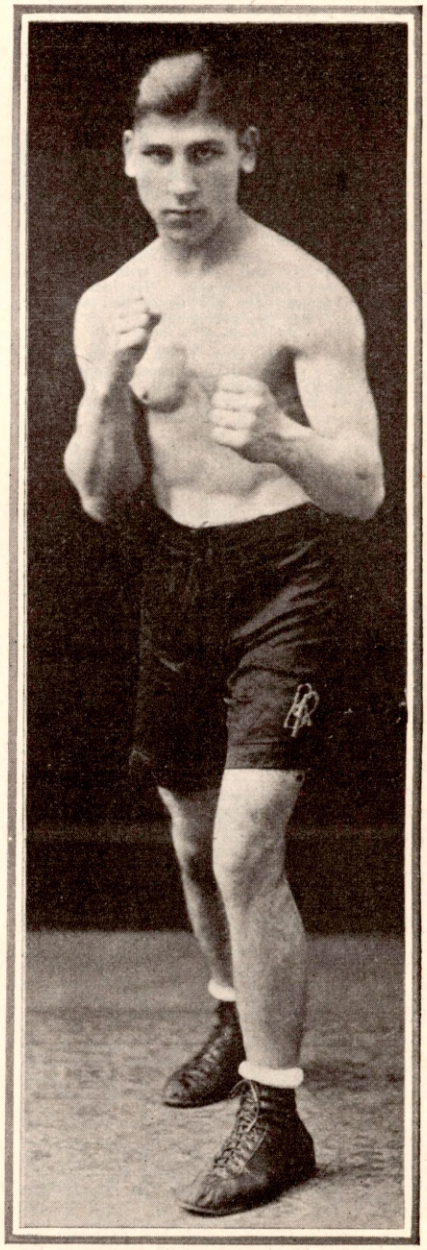
Bob Moha, of Milwaukee, former middleweight mixer of notable caliber, is now matchmaking for two amateur clubs, and he sure is making a sweet job of it. He hasn't yet staged a bout which didn't impress the crowds.

Elroy McFaul and Frank Burns have opened an elaborate gymnasium for Milwaukee gladiators. The gym is one of the finest in town with all credentials for a boxer in training. The club carries the name of the Ace Boxing Club.

Among the Ace Boxing Club members who have been hitting on all cylinders this season are Joe Cieslak, Johnny Dettlaff and Frank Balatto. All of these boys have been making it kind of miserable for the opposition to date, and much is expected of them in the future.

Julius (Casey) Cohen, star Milwaukee amateur bantamweight, went down to Chicago at the Lake Shore Athletic Club and made a home for himself with Windy City fans. Cohen fought Joey Kleka of Chicago and floored his opponent four times, but still the judges ruled the bout a draw. An extra round was ruled and Julius came out and continued where he left off, punching Kleka with everything but the ring posts. Cohen will meet Kleka in a return bout shortly.

Frank Musha, clever Milwaukee lightweight, fought his last novice tussle at the Eagles' club, beating Eddie Hebner, of Pittsburgh. Musha will make his pro debut against Frankie Hughes of Kenosha. Musha has had twenty-three bouts, winning all but two. He scored six knockouts.



Lew Massey, classy Philly feather, who just whipped Battling Battalino in an overweight bout

HOW TO TRAIN
The Greatest Book of Its Kind Ever Published—$1.00 Post Paid
THE RING, 11 West 42d St., New York City

In and Out of the Ring in Philadelphia

By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN

THEY say there's no gratitude in professional boxing. It remained for Lou Massey, Philadelphia's sensational featherweight, to sidetrack that theory when he fought for $1 in the windup at the Broadway A. C. recently and defeated Harry (Kid) Murphy, rival South Philadelphian.

Massey virtually made his professional start at the Broadway. There Promoter Jimmy Toppi gave the Italian lad his chance after he had hung up a long string of amateur victories. To repay Toppi for getting that start, Massey agreed to fight Murphy for the meagre sum of "one buck". Murphy was the chap who gave Massey the most trouble when he was just starting to climb the pugilistic ladder.

In their recent meeting Massey gained the decision in ten rounds. Murphy previously had beaten Lou twice and held the only verdicts over the Italian lad until Steve Smith received the "nod" at New Haven a short time ago. Massey holds a ten-round decision over Bat Battalino, featherweight champion. It's not often a fighter tries to repay his old time promoters once he gets up in fast company.

Young Johnny Ketchell of Chester knocked out Battling Willard of Lancaster in the seventh round at the Chester Armory. Ketchell, who frequently appears in Philadelphia rings, came in at 150½ and Willard, 154. Tommy Gleason of Philadelphia defeated Red Delp of Reading in six rounds.

More than 100 members of the Penn Athletic Club attended the Sharkey-Scott bout at Miami. They made the trip in a special Pullman train and were not as much interested in the Englishman's tiff with the Bostonian as Tommy Loughran's bout with Pierre Charles.

Gus Wilson, veteran trainer of boxers, while en route to Florida with Pierre Charles, Belgian holder of the European heavyweight title, and Moise Bouquillon, French heavyweight, was in an automobile smash-up near Oxford, Pa. The machine was wrecked and Wilson and his charges came to Philadelphia, from where they took a train for Florida. It took about $600 to get the auto repaired.

Meeting for the third time in less than a month, Gaby Bagdad, the Armenian, and Pat Haley, of Kensington, put up a slam-bang semi-windup at the Arena, with the foreigner winning the ten-round decision. Bagdad knocked Haley down twice. The series now stands two to one in Bagdad's favor.

Tiger Jack Payne, the Oklahoma colored light-heavyweight, was disqualified in the sixth round against Piet Brand, Holland importation at the Arena, for hitting illegal kidney punches, according to referee Herman Hindin. Payne appeared to be taking things pretty easy throughout the bout.

Mickey Diamond, of South Philadelphia, and Joey Hatfield, of Conshohocken, slammed and banged away at each other in their recent six round battle at the Arena, with the former gaining the decision. It was the kind of fight that would please stevedores in any port. The boys were trying all the time.

Al Gordon, one of Max Hoff's veteran fighters, has been going good on the Pacific Coast. In a recent bout he knocked out Rita Punay, a Mexican, in three rounds. Eddie Law and Tom Toner, are other Philadelphia battlers on the Pacific slope with Gordon.

Joe Hilsee, former amateur star, is boxing under the colors of George Labonty. Joe won 83 matches out of 103 amateur matches and since turning professional has turned in seven straight victories in eight starts.

When Johnny Jadick, the Kensington lightweight, made his 1930 debut by meeting Gaston Lecadre, Frenchman, in the windup at the Arena, he did not appear to be at his best and was rather fortunate to get a ten round draw. Jadick claimed after the bout that he had entered the ring with an injured shoulder which he sustained in training.

Paulie Walker, Trenton youngster, in his Philadelphia debut, made an impressive showing by winning from Joe Dundee, former welterweight champion. Walker was outweighed by at least ten pounds but gave a clever exhibition of boxing and hitting.

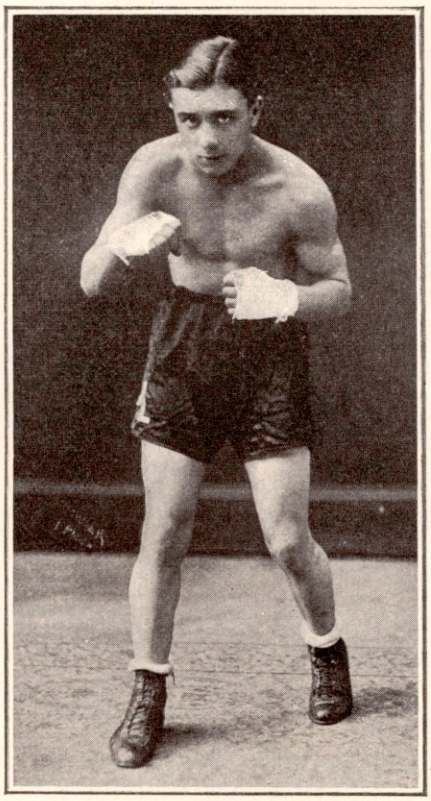
Matt Adgie, former "West Philadelphia Iceman", stepped into a bit of hot water when he lost a ten-round decision to Piet Brand, Holland light-heavyweight at the Arena. They let fists fly with reckless abandon most of the way, Adgie winning the first five rounds and Brand the last five, with the foreigner having more of an advantage.

Jimmy Smith, Kensington battler, who had been going like a house afire at the Cambria, turned in a six round victory over Red Grange of Vineland at the Arena, on the same Ralph Lenny of Newark defeated Lew Lafferty of Kensington.

Benny Bass, junior lightweight champion, made a punching bag of Davey Abad of Panama in their recent meeting at St. Louis, and Referee J. Harry Ertle stopped the bout in the fourth round to save Abad who had been floored six times.

Theodore (Kid) Snowden, former Lincoln University boxing sensation, made his bow under the colors of the veteran manager, Al Lippe, at the Cambria recently.

Harry Little has been coming along rapidly in the flyweight ranks. He is being kept busy during the winter months and is trained by his brother, Don Little. Harry recently defeated Tony DiMarco at the Broadway. He is managed by Jimmy Briggs of South Philadelphia.



Harry Little, flashy flyweight from Philly, a consistent winner

Chairman Frank Weiner of the Pennsylvania State Athletic Commission, has announced: "If George Godfrey can straighten out his troubles in Massachusetts, I will be glad to intercede for him with my colleagues on the Pennsylvania board." All this is a lead up to have Godfrey fight Primo Carnera, the massive Italian in New York.

Carmen Spagnolia, Germantown welterweight, who put up a lot of good bouts but was unfortunate in having close decisions go against him, easily defeated Sylvan Bass of Baltimore, in the ten round windup at the Cambria A. A. He is trying to get a crack at Jimmy Smith.

Bill Kent, 160-pound Philadelphian, ran into a flock of fists when he met Red Delp at Reading and was knocked out in the second round. On the same bill Mickey Marshall, 135-pound Quaker City lad, lost an eight-round decision to Art Feeser of Lebanon.

Pat Haley, the Kensington favorite, has been doing most of his recent training in Atlantic City. Pat likes the shore.

Joe (Ginger) Graham, a negro heavyweight, has been taken in tow by Joe Blum. "Ginger" was formerly a flashy amateur fist swinger.

Pal Moore, of the famed Moore family of fighters, has issued a challenge to Charley White, now that the Chicago veteran is staging a comeback. Moore fought White three times in bygone days and says he is still good enough to take his measure.

Having received good offers from promoters in Spokane, Wash., and Los Angeles, Peggy Sullivan, South Philadelphia southpaw heavyweight, plans a trip to the Pacific Coast.

Coast promoters are trying to snare a match between Benny Bass, world champion junior lightweight, and Eddie Mack in Los Angeles. Mack is the Denver junior lightweight who twice defeated Tod Morgan in non-title bouts.

Jimmy Harrison is a Hazleton light heavyweight who has invaded Philadelphia. The upstater claims decisions over Tony Stropes and Frankie Cawley.

Robert Gunnis, veteran boxing promoter, who looked after the arrangements for the staging of the first annual Y. M. C. A. Booster's Club boxing show for the milk benefit, estimated that sufficient tickets had been sold to provide milk and shoes for more than 1,000 children.

EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA

By TED GRESS

PAT IGO, fast climbing Shenandoah lightweight furnished the biggest surprise of the month when he scored a technical knockout over Tommy Liberto, of York in one round. Igo had Liberto down six times before the referee halted the fight.

Liberto, fresh from a brilliant battle with Billy Wallace, was figured to have too much class for the hard-hitting coal region Irishman. Igo looms as a threat in the lightweight ranks. He is managed by the clever Joe Sepauley.

Al Brown, Panama bantamweight, outpointed Johnny Canzoneri, of Alpha, N. J., in ten at Allentown. Brown knew too much for his youthful foe, who nevertheless put up a great fight.

Art "Baby Face" Feeser, Lebanon's little Jack Dempsey, still continues his upward climb. He trounced Jackie Bender and Mike Marshall, and then stopped Frankie Paul in two. Feeser looks like one of the best lightweight prospects in these parts.

Professional boxing was resumed in Lebanon after a lapse of several years, with a nice-sized crowd on hand for the opening show.

Danny Devlin, Allentown middleweight, continues his winning streak. He won from Joe Kuhns, of Reading, and stopped Sailor Matty, of Shenandoah, in less than a minute. Matty in turn whipped George Bender.

Sammy Walker, formerly Kid Buzz, is making a successful comeback, having knocked out Al Swilp and Andy Smully in sensational fights.

Johnny Canzoneri, Alpha, N. J., won from Lou Moscovitz, New York, and Ernie Caeser, Philadelphia, outpointed Billy Pollock, Scranton, in eight rounders at Allentown.

Morrie Pentacost, of Mt. Carmel, stopped Abie Rosenberg, New York East Side featherweight, in seven.

Jack Portney, of Baltimore, easily defeated Mickey Diamond, of Philadelphia, in ten at Bethlehem.

NOTICE TO BOXING MANAGERS
Fill Out and Mail This Coupon Today

The Ring Magazine,
Boxing Promoters Department,
Graybar Building, New York, N. Y.

Please tell me how I can bring my boxers to the attention of the entire boxing profession at a lower cost than is required to send 100 letters.

Name .....

Address .....

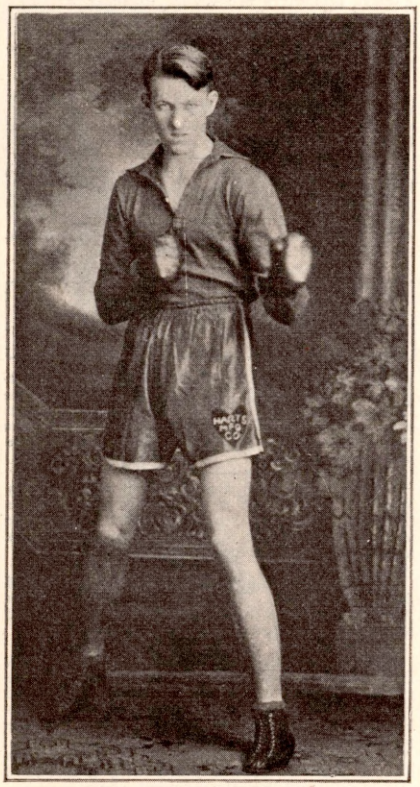
City ..... State .....

BIRMINGHAM AND VICINITY
By SAM CARPRI

TONY LETO, the crack Tampa featherweight, outpointed Claude Wilson, local favorite, in a ten-round bout at the auditorium. A great crowd witnessed the bouts.

Pete Sarron, Birmingham's pride and joy, will soon come home from his tour in Australia and New Zealand, with the featherweight crown on his head.

All promoters in the state are requested to send their addresses to the writer of this column. Managers and fighters are looking for same.



Honey Boy Brown, Kentucky's lightweight champion, comes from Louisville

At the Municipal auditorium, Young Manuel Quintero, of Tampa, chalked up an easy win over Steve O'Malley, of Ohio, a tough and game youngster, in the ten-round feature bout.

Battling Kelly, local middleweight, drew with Tarzan Leggett, of Mississippi, in an eight-round semi-final.

"Battling Bozo" is to fight under his real name "Curtis Hambright". His managers have lined up fights that will take Hambright to Florida and Louisiana, as well as Georgia. This Bozo can mix with the best of them.

Battling Bozo, local light heavyweight defeated Soldier Willie Ptomey, of Fort Benning, Ga., in a ten-round feature bout at Montgomery. The fight drew a capacity crowd. Both boys are very popular at Montgomery.

Jack Tunney, Birmingham light-heavyweight, lost a close decision to Jess Akers of Tupelo, Miss., in an eight-round main go at Memphis.

In the semi-final eight, Jack Sullivan, of Birmingham, lost a hairline decision to Joe (Kid) Peck, the Rockford, Ill., veteran.

At the Municipal auditorium, Bill Cather local welterweight trounced Willie Norwood, of Florida, in the ten-round main go. Cather floored Willie twice for short counts, and both bled throughout the fight.

The writer will do his best to have every boxing note sent to him printed from time to time in this column. Address 506-15th St., Ensley, Alabama.

Kid Curley and Kid Smith, local lightweights, were putting on a nice slugging fest, when one of Curley's uppercuts landed on Smith's solar plexus and the show ended then and there.

Sammy Nero, the sensational slugging schoolboy, got his man in the third round with a terrific left hook to the body. The victim this time was Peanut Vann, the popular East Lake scrapper. Vann took a beating but fought gamely. Both boys have been consistent winners.

Battling Kelly, local middleweight, won another close decision over Joe Monje, of Ohio, in the eight-round semi-final.

The local press boxing experts are Jerry Bryan of the *News*, Bob Phillips of the *Age-Herald* and John Putnam of the *Post*.

Kid Lott, local middleweight, lost a decision to Alex Simms, of Ohio, in a semi-final recently. The big "Carnera" was the headline. This took place at Memphis.

Rufus Miles, Birmingham welterweight who stayed ten rounds with Young Manuel, of Tampa, is doing good in Florida rings.

THE RING is one of the most popular and best selling boxing magazines in Birmingham. Local readers are continually looking forward to the next issue.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
By PATSY DONOVAN

JACKIE PORTNEY, the leading lightweight in this section, surprised his most ardent supporters recently when he won a decision over Louis Kid Kaplan in Baltimore. Portney outboxed the former featherweight champion most of the way and deserved the decision. Kaplan was far the better puncher of the two but was unable to fathom the southpaw style of the Baltimorean.

Boxing fans of Virginia were given a severe jolt when the Virginia legislature failed to pass the bill legalizing boxing throughout the State. Boxing is being conducted in many of the principal towns of Virginia at present on a Club-member basis, and is going over in a successful manner, but running the same on a Commission basis would be far superior to the present method. The bill was defeated by a small margin and there is a possibility of its passing at a later date.

Roanoke, Petersburg, Lynchburg, Portsmouth, Newport News and Norfolk are the principal boxing towns in Virginia, Arthur Emmerson's Oasis Club at Portsmouth being the largest, with Joe Hanna's club at Roanoke running him a close second. Toney Barbaria, who operates his club at his open air arena at Virginia Beach during the summer months, also operates in Norfolk during the winter.

Arthur DeBeve, former lightweight champion of France, lost a questionable decision to Mickey Flahive at Norfolk, Va. From the newspaper accounts of the bout the Frenchman was entitled to the nod.

Knockout Reilley flattened Bill Bishop in six rounds at Norfolk, Va., and later boxed a draw with Joe Rohanna at Portsmouth, Va. Ray Bowen, Washington lightweight, made his initial start in these parts after a long stay at Chicago with a draw decision against Young Bobby Greenwood at Norfolk.

Lew Heywood continued his winning streak with a decisive win over Johnny DeMarco at Salisbury, Md.

Herman Weiner, Baltimore heavyweight, knocked out Jack Davis, Charlotte, N. C., in one beat, before a capacity house at Hagerstown, Md.

Washington fans were given a treat when the Rockville fire department staged their annual He-Man night smoker. Under the direction of Frankie Mann the show drew a capacity house of approximately three thousand with another thousand on the outside clamoring to see the show. Baker Boy Billy Schwartz was handed the decision over Billy Stricker in the feature bout of eight rounds. Andy Bowen received the verdict over Sammy Hogan in the semi-final bout which was replete with thrills, Hogan making a wonderful finish but not enough to make up for Bowen's early lead. Reds Barry knocked out Charlie Marcelino in five rounds of a special bout. Several preliminary bouts completed the card.

Walter Cobb is back in training again. Prior to being flattened by Gorman, Cobb easily defeated Marty Gallagher and knocked out Johnny Grosso. Cobb appears to be in earnest in his comeback endeavors and will lick many second raters, if not some of the leading heavies.

Buster Brown, Baltimore lightweight, who has made a wonderful comeback in his last three bouts, the outstanding being a draw with Jackie Portney, will shortly meet Joe Glick in Baltimore.

Heavyweight wrestling shows are cutting quite a figure in Baltimore these days, the game going there on a successful basis for the first time since the days of Americus (former Baltimore heavyweight).

Frank Laspino, Baltimore lightweight, scored a pair of wins over Phil Roselli and Toney Cortez at Salisbury, Md.

Willie Ptomey, former All Service middleweight champion, is back in these parts and will see action shortly, opposing Mickey Solomon at Cumberland, Md.

Lou Guglimini, former New York featherweight, who has met them all, is training daily at the Mohawk Gym in Washington and will shortly get started on a comeback campaign. Although having boxed all the leading featherweights, Guggie is just 25 years of age and appears to be ready for many successful battles.

Many promising boys are being developed around Portsmouth and Norfolk, Va., the outstanding being Bobby Greenwood, Joe Kirckwood, Tommy Bashara, Young Mahoney, Tommy Landis and "Reds" Journey.

David Velasco, Mexican Welterweight, with a good record, expected to come to the States

TEXAS TIDINGS
By JACK TAYLOR

PROMOTER JACK SHELTON, of San Antonio, staged his first boxing show of the present year on the membership plan, and since then he has been running his weekly shows with fair success, using mostly local talent of which there is an abundance.

K. O. Castillo knocked out Kid Pancho in seven. Mike Delaney beat Sabino Apara in eight. Willie O'Brien beat Mickie Macias in four. Newsboy Eddie Lopez knocked out Red Shelton in three. Tom Hill knocked out Tommy Thomas in one.

Johnny Simpson and Red Foster drew in eight. Roberto Gomez beat Paul Vasquez in six. Santiago Azzorilla beat Martin Manes in four. Frankie Limon beat Willie Ortiz in four. Cowboy Henry beat Ike Kilbane in four.

Al Longoria and K. O. Castillo drew in eight. Roberto Gomez beat Blakie Paiz in six. Willie O'Brien and Martin Manes drew in four. Mickie Macias beat Roberto Kid Goldstein in four. Frankie Limon and Frankie Castillo drew in four.

Al Longoria and Brooks Hooper drew in eight. Roberto Gomez beat Kid Reyes in six. Newsboy Eddie Loez beat Joe arrera in six. Joe Delgado, Willie O'Brien, and Newsboy Eddie beat Cowboy Henry in four.

The outstanding boxers of the month were Mike Delaney, K. O. Castillo, Roberto Gomez, Joe Delgado, Willie O'Brien, and Newsboy Eddie Lopez. These boys are real crowd pleasers and will bear watching.

Jack Taylor and Speedy Davis are now operating the Continental Club gym at S. A.

Kid Gilbert, the welter champion of San Antonio, beat ert Norman in ten rounds at Nuevo Laredo, Mexico. Kid Monterey beat Jesse Sada in eight in the semi-final.

MIDWEST NEWS
By BOB WAGNER and PINKY GEORGE

ALLEX STAGG, Iowa's flyweight champion, defeated Bobby Graham, of Joplin, Mo., in their ten round fight at Marshalltown, Ia. Stagg is showing a lot of improvement of late and is considered the best prospect in the Midwest.

Tommy Grogan, Omaha lightweight star made short work of Tony Legouri, Des Moines lad in their fight at Des Moines. Grogan stopped the Des Moines boy in the second round of a ten round bout. Legouri was down once before taking the final ten.

Harold Matthews, hard punching bantamweight of Lincoln, Nebraska, won an easy ten round decision over Vale Falegano at Des Moines, Iowa.

Tuffy Griffiths, Iowa's heavyweight contender, made short work of Al Costello who hails from Chicago. Tuffy demonstrated how a left to the chin works and flattened Costello in the first round of their ten round fight, at Des Moines.

Hymie Wiseman, knocked out Jack Nitti, of Minneapolis in the fifth round of a ten round bout. Wiseman, a Des Moines featherweight, is fast coming to the front.

Lefty "Louie" Mays, Des Moines middleweight, defeated Emil Morrow of Sioux City, in ten rounds at Burlington, Iowa.

Jackie Evans, Kansas City flyweight sensation, defeated Johnny Wagner at St. Joseph, Mo., in ten rounds. Pete Goossens manager of Evans has a great little fighter and Evans is kept busy every week.

Frankie Spargo lost to Carl Krieger in eight rounds at Mason City, Ia. Both are Mason City welterweights. In the other eight-round bout Albork, Mason City, defeated Chuck Martio, of Des Moines.

Joe Rivers, Mexican welterweight of Cedar Rapids, knocked out Mel Gahmon, Wichita, Kans., in the first round of their ten round fight at Cedar Rapids.

Slick Jesnick, Newton welterweight, outpointed Billy Hoon of Rock Island, Ill., in six rounds at Cedar Rapids.

Duke Barry, of Davenport, Ia., has a new Cuban flyweight sensation in Hescedro Montello; this lad has had thirty-three fights and lost but one.

Harry Jones, manager of Riverview park at Sioux City, has just completed a new outdoor boxing arena. Jones has not yet announced as to who will act as his matchmaker.

Gabe Kaufman, promoter of boxing and wrestling shows at Kansas City, Mo., big convention hall would like to hear from managers of high class boys. Kaufman draws large crowds and has been running some high class shows.

Jack Reynolds of the Eagles club at St. Joseph, Mo., is also looking for new talent to show at his club there.

At Guthrie Center—Bill Cory beat Kid Shaffer in ten. This show marked the opening of a new Iowa club. They drew fair.

At Walnut—Glenn Allen stopped Kid Shaffer in four. Young Rivers beat Red Paul in six.

At Lohrville—George Martens won on a technical K. O. over Kid Toley in 5.

At Iowa City—Al Reed beat Snub Ganoway in six while Jim Haggerty, Iowa University football star, drew in his six-round bout with Matt Kelsh. Roscoe Hall, former lightweight, is the matchmaker of the Iowa City club.

At Mason City—In the Iowa middleweight elimination tournament Carl Krieger won from Frankie Spargo in ten. It was a surprise victory.

At Britt—Ralph Parcaut, Iowa's leading middleweight wrestler who is included by the N. B. A. in the National elimination tourney, won in a warm-up bout when he threw Tag Taggeson in forty minutes.

At Cedar Rapids—Mexican Joe Rivers celebrated his come-back with a one round K. O. win over Mel Gahman. Slick Jesnick shaded Billy Hoon in eight.

Frank Gray, Iowa blacksmith, looks like a good light heavyweight prospect.

Jim O'Brien, Fort Dodge promoter, is attempting to rejuvenate boxing there with 4 round bouts and is doing well. We can't believe, though, that Jim will stay with the four rounders. He likes to promote bigger things.

At Davenport—Kid Lear beat Harry Garbell in ten. Lear is managed by Ralph Alexander, former Waterloo heavy, and is getting results with the Waterloo feather.

Marshalltown, a great little sportsmens' town, is coming back to its own and is going to show bi-monthly shows. Bob Wagner is the matchmaker. In the opening show Alex Stagg beat Bobby Graham in ten. Sam Foster shaded Lloyd Dysart in 6.

At Mason City—Frankie Spargo beat Spin Nelson in 8, while Eskimo Gratio won from Mickey McGill in another 8.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA
By BILL HAWKINS

THE best bout of the month here took place on the American Legion Fistic card, which featured Louie Zack, the iron-hearted heavyweight of Sioux City, and the hard punching Jack McCann, of Bismarck, North Dakota, in ten rounds of fighting.

It was a rip-tearing, biff-bang, punch-for-punch encounter and had the fans yelling enthusiastically throughout the ten rounds. Zack was dropped in the seventh and eighth rounds but gave a remarkable display of courage that will not be forgotten in a long time and gallantly finished the fight, but was on the losing end of the decision.

Sammy Martin won every round of his eight-round bout with Johnny Simones in the semi-final. Jimmy Wooten shaded Johnny Sacco in a fast six-rounder. Young Kid Corbett knocked out Frankie Martin in the third round and Stubby Barnes drew with Kid Bullets in the opening four-rounder.

The initial boxing show of the season at the Business Men's Gym gave the fans plenty to talk about. Bat Slater bested Billy Goodrich in six rounds. Mickey O'Donnell won every round from Young Barney in their sixer. Jack Barnes and Kid Ferguson fought a draw. Kid Jabo shaded Leo Mercier; Billy Booth outpointed Buddy Buzz; Ray Mann licked Clarence Jones in the four rounders. Chuck Donavan refereed all the bouts and F. C. Smith was the matchmaker.

On the third American Legion show held at the Auditorium a whirlwind set of bouts was presented from start to finish. Henry Falegano shaded Sammy Martin in the feature ten-rounder. George Schaefer outpointed Ray Mann in the eighth semi-final.

Ted Sandwina, another Sioux City heavyweight star gave the fans a real surprise when he kayoed Knute Hanson in one round in New York. Sandwina was born here when his mother, Katie Sandwina, appeared in the Barnum & Bailey Circus, so we can claim Teddy as one of our own. His mother is the world's strongest woman.

Officials of the Monahan Post of the American Legion announce that they will not promote any more boxing shows until the summer season arrives. Frank J. Smith, their matchmaker, will act in an independent capacity.

The writer can be reached at 2206 N. Lafayette Place, Sioux City, Iowa.

A match that New York is seeking features two of our native born heavyweights; Tuffy Griffiths and Ted Sandwina. Both are youngsters and look like the best prospects of the coming year, although Tuffy is a trifle more advanced. Sandwina after kayoing Hansen in one round, defeated Riccardo Bertazzolo, the Giant Italian, at Madison Square Garden.

WRESTLING IN IOWA
With BILL HAWKINS

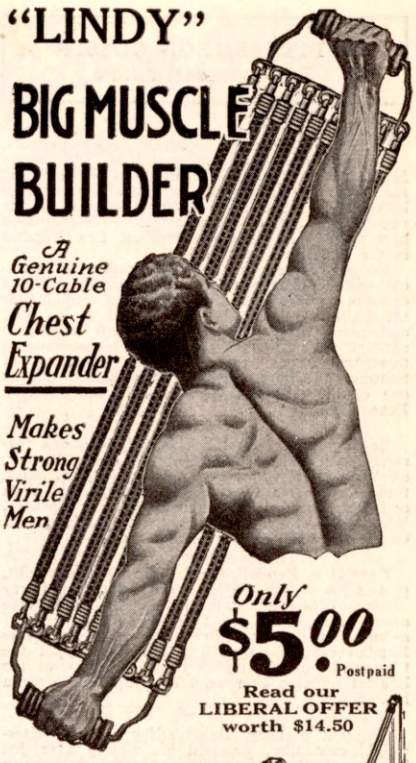
Wrestling is coming along nicely in this vicinity, particularly in Sheldon, Sibley, Iowa, and Worthington and Elsmore, Minn.

Henry Kolin and Young Wampler wrestled one hour and thirty minutes to a draw before one of the largest crowds of the season at Sibley. Kolin followed up with a victory over the Masked Marvel at Sheldon in two falls out of three.

At the local Auditorium, Ernie Hasson, of Omaha, won two falls to one over "Cyclone" Tommy, of Clinton. They are heavyweights. Curly Smith and Roy Gillis went thirty minutes to a draw. Charles Loch was the promoter.

In the next show, Hasson defeated Roy Boyd in two straight falls. Roy Gillis tossed Curly Smith in thirty-three minutes of a one-fall match.

"LINDY"
BIG MUSCLE BUILDER
A Genuine 10-Cable Chest Expander
Makes Strong Virile Men



Only $5.00 Postpaid
Read our LIBERAL OFFER worth $14.50

10 Cable Chest Expander, for upper body and course of Exercises, worth $5.00
Head Harness for spine, neck and head muscles worth 2.50
Foot Strap, for foot, ankle and leg, worth 1.00
Grip Machine, for wrists, fingers and forearms, worth. ... 1.00
Equipment for transforming Expander to to Wall Exerciser and Instruction Course, "How to develop the entire body, etc.," worth 5.00
Total Real Value.. $14.50

For over 30 years famous men of Athletic history have used our Exercisers.

BUSINESS and PROFESSIONAL MEN

Eliminate nerves, temper and constipation; build sinew, circulation and health, on our progressive system of exercising.

Clip This Adv. and Order NOW!
LIND-HENDRICKSON CO. 321 Broadway (128) N.Y.C.
Originators and Mfrs. for 30 Years

THE RING
has the greatest collection of fight pictures in the world. Present day and old timers. Poses and action photographs ready for framing. Size, 8 by 10 inches on heavy glossy paper.
THE RING PHOTO DEPT.
11 West 42d Street New York City

Mouth Bleeding Stopped For $5
Cut lips and bleeding mouths are past.
NO MORE is it necessary to be annoyed by a LOOSE, ILL-FITTING MOUTHPIECE that is always FALLING OUT.
MOUTHPIECES MADE TO ORDER
Of soft, flexible, rubber, red in back, white in front, can hardly be noticed.
OUT-OF-TOWN BOXERS CAN ORDER BY MAIL
M. M. SALOMON, D.D.S.
144 Columbus Ave. at 66th St., New York City
Tel. Trafalgar 7096 Office Hours 10 to 5

PITTSBURGH GOSSIP

By WILLIAM PIKOR

THE fight of the month in this section was the amazing affair between Jackie Rodgers, local Negro knockout sensation, and Benny Schwartz, of Pittsburgh, formerly of Baltimore, at the Motor Square Garden in Pittsburgh. Rodgers knocked out the highly-touted Schwartz in one round before one of the greatest crowds ever seen here since Jack Zivic knocked out Lew Tendler in the same ring back in 1925.

Rodgers scored his seventh consecutive knockout victory over a fighter who already holds a decision against him. This was the second time the Baltimore lad had been stopped in his long and noted career. The local Negro may gain national recognition as a result of his sensational two-fisted attack that flattened a boxer of Schwartz's calibre. Rodgers now stands out as one of the best drawing cards in southwestern Pennsylvania.

Battling Gizzy, local lightweight, who was formerly under the management of George Tucker, of Washington, Pa., is getting plenty of work these days from his new managers, Abie Witz and Jack White, of Pittsburgh. Harry Spencer, Washington, Pa., welterweight, and stablemate of Gizzy, was also included in the deal.

Tiger Joe Randall, local Negro welterweight, proved his courage in his recent bout with Larry Madge, Cleveland star, at the Moose Temple arena. Madge had the "Tiger" on the verge of a knockout in the earlier rounds but the game Randall carried on until he finally stopped the Clevelander in the eighth canto with one of the lightest punches ever seen here that put over a haymaker.

Sergeant Sammy Baker, New York welterweight contender, repeated his victory over Joe Trippe, of Rochester, N. Y., before a capacity crowd at the Motor Square Garden. This bout, like their first meeting, was among the greatest seen here in a long time. In the semi-windup, Jack Wells, of Wellsburgh, W. Va., who had been on the sidelines as a result of a broken arm, was knocked out in a peculiar fashion in two rounds by Harry Williams, Negro heavyweight.

The latest addition to the local fistic colony is Jack DiNeri, Italian featherweight, who was brought here from Cleveland by Irish Kane, now trainer at Francis Flynn's gym in Pittsburgh. Kane has turned his protege over to Jimmy Conrad but will continue to train DiNeri for his bouts.

Pittsburgh fight fans bade farewell to Jack Zivic, a fighting favorite of local fans some years ago, when he paraded the ranks as one of the leading welterweight contenders. Jack left for his home at Pelham Manor, N. Y., with his wife and small daughter. He is only 26 years old and hopes to remain in the ring.

The proposed ten-round go between Pete Zivic, Pittsburgh featherweight, and the great Earl Mastro, Chicago featherweight contender, on Jack Dempsey's Coliseum card at Chicago, was cancelled when Mastro developed an infected tooth.

Henry (Young) Firpo, Cleveland light-heavyweight, won a slashing slam-bang affair from Indian Tiger West of Arizona, in a ten-round go at the Jolly Bowl at New Castle, Pa. The Indian was game throughout and always came back for more.

In the semi-final to the Firpo-West card, Howard Mayberry, Donora, Pa., bantamweight star, bested Johnny Willis, of Philadelphia, in six cantos. Mayberry is coming along at a lively clip in spite of his 30 years of age. Prior to his defeat of Willis, Mayberry beat Jack DiNeri, Irish Kane's protege in six rounds.

Willie Davies, local flyweight contender, of Charleroi. Pa., recent conqueror of Steve Rocco in a return bout, came back to beat Vitto Mazzeo, Cleveland flyweight, in a warm-up bout at the Junction Park arena in New Brighton, Pa.

Tommy Crawley, Pittsburgh lightweight, created a rather phenomenal win when he met and defeated Young Zazzarino at Jersey City, N. J., recently. In his native section here Crawley had been making poor showings of late until he left for the East and beat such a star at Zazzarino.

Billy Jones, Pittsburgh Negro, went right back into the light-heavyweight running again as a result of his three-round knockout victory over Frankie Florian, Cleveland heavy. In the semi-windup Dom Profio stopped Johnny Jadd in two heats.

Howard Mayberry, Donora bantamweight, will get a crack at Jackie Rodgers, sensational local Negro knockerout, before long, as a result of his victory over Johnny Dunn, New Kensington, Pa., featherweight, at the Moose arena in ten rounds. Both Dunn and Mayberry hold previous victories over Rodgers.

Others who figured prominently in bouts here during the month were Gene Moretti, of Atlantic City; K. O. Kelly, of Akron, O.; Young Joe Walcott, of Washington, Pa.; and Joe Zinks, of McKees Rocks, Pa.

For information in regards to the fight game in this section send your queries to the writer at Donora, Pa.

BIG SHOTS FROM LITTLE RHODE ISLAND

By ANTHONY PETRONELLA

PROFESSIONAL boxing took on a new lease of life in this section last month. The old National A. C. in Providence re-opened it's doors and inaugurated a weekly schedule of shows of the popular variety. The Auditorium A. C. is also staging popular cards at the Infantry Hall.

The best fight in this vicinity last month was the Ernie Mandell-Johnny Gonzales scrap staged at Infantry Hall. The official verdict was a draw at the conclusion of the hotly contested eight rounds, but in the opinion of this writer, Mandell rightly should have won the palm, by virtue of winning six frames. The Providence flash employed a pretty left-jab that invariably found it's mark, and Gonzales' main forte was to counter with a stiff right to midriff. In the final canto Mandell swarmed all over the Mexican, at times completely turning his opponent around under a barrage of punches. Mandell scaled 130, and Gonzales 127½.

In the semi-final Al Linzi, 138, of Italy, scored a six-round technical kayo over Al Koziol, 137, of Cranston. The Italian made a pronounced hit by his aggressive style of milling. Paris Apice, 121½, Providence flash, carried too many guns for Jimmy Dixon, 121, of Worcester, and the referee stopped the slaughter in the third frame. Pat James, 124, of Brown University, lost a six-rounder to Johnny Yaghian, 124, of Worcester, and Albion Holden, 125, of Attleboro was too smart for Matty Cordes, 125, of Lynn, in the opening six.

Billy Lynch, 135, of Providence, looked like a potential champion when he stopped Baby Jack Renault, 136, of Cambridge, in the seventh round of the main-go of a card featured with kayoes at Infantry Hall. Joe Smallwood, 153, Washington, D. C., stopped Johnny Curcio, 159, Providence, in the first; Al Koziol, 136, Cranston, put the damper on Manuel Burgess, 135, East Providence, in the second; Patsy Reno, 153, Brockton, won over Walter Main, 151, Westerly, in three, and Battling Brousseau, 149, Fall River, did the same to Billy Shannon, 146, of Pawtucket, in a couple of heats.

At the initial show at the National A. C., K. O. Brown put the "kayo" on Homer Robertson, of Boston, in three innings. Brown weighed 173, and the Hubite 168. Harry Foley was counted out in the first round against Eddie Holmes, 138, of Providence; Mike Harrington, 139, East Providence, scored a one-round kayo over Louis Lima, 140, of Providence, in the initial chapter; Buster Collins, 123½, won on a foul over Charlie D'Ambra, 121½, in the second round, and Jimmy Metcalf, 135, Pawtucket, won a six-round verdict over Wildcat Clinton, 136, Providence.

The next show at the National A. C. featured a well-balanced card of local fighters. In the top spot, Johnny Lelano, 129, Boston, technically kayoed Hughie King, 128, Providence, in the sixth frame; Billy Woods, 176, stopped Jack Hamilton, 184, New Bedford; Eddie Williams, 143, Worcester, won the palm over Nick Madonna, 141½, Boston; Jimmy Metcalf, 132, Pawtucket, won from Young Leonard, 130, Providence, and Sonny Suggs, 134, Newport, put the sleep wallop on Billy Kohler, 138, of Flatbush.

Billy Lynch, of Providence, journeyed to Fall River to teach Johnny Casper of Lansing, Mich., a few pointers of the manly art in a ten-round setto. Lynch, a protege of Dan Hickey, shows a wealth of promise and should go places in the lightweight field.

Frankie Hennessey, lightweight contender from Fall River, keeps right on piling on victory after victory. In his two latest starts Hennessey took Henry Janco, of Lawrence, and Hot Chocolate, of Cuba, over the well-known hurdles. Hennessey is also coming along fast and was to meet Billy Lynch, of Providence, in a feature bout at the Fall River Casino.

Eddie Holmes, 137, Providence, beat the highly-touted Pete Petrolle, of Albany, in the feature "eight" of a bang-up card at the National A. C. Holmes turned in a fine, aggressive performance in beating the Fargo Express, 2nd. In the other feature Victor Ferrand, 115, of Spain, out-pointed Ruby Bradley, 113, of Holyoke. Ferrand looked and acted the part of a miniature Paolino.

The rest of the card was featured by knockouts. Frankie Woods, 176, Taunton, won over Jack Hamilton, 184; Leo Ledoux, 138, won over Mickey Flynn, 140, Woonsocket, and Eddie Williams, 143½, Worcester, won over Mike Harrington, 143, East Providence.

Paris Apice, of Providence, made his New York debut at the Madison Square Garden on the night of March 14th. Apice battles in the 122-pound class, and if his present rate of improvement is any criterion, Paris should be up with the leaders in a year or so. In his last local appearance Apice won in such easy fashion that his hair was unspoiled.

The weekly amateur boxing shows in Providence will no longer be staged at the Arcadia Ballroom, the scene moving to Infantry Hall, where the same policy will hold forth.

At the present time a Golden Glove tournament is taking place at Infantry Hall, and this city rates favorably with other simon-pure centres as far as high-class amateur milling is concerned.

The Rhode Island State championships will be held in the near future at Infantry Hall, and as usual a host of spirited fighting is guaranteed.

MAINE BOXING AND WRESTLING GOSSIP

By FRANKIE BREARD

ASH WING, Maine's youngest promoter, is putting boxing back on its feet in Bangor.

Buck Potvin, Lewiston, outpointed K. O. Gauvin of Bath, in a tame main bout at Brunswick. Young Liberty, Waterville, drew with K. O. Laffley, Topsfield, in the semi-final.

Dan Lucas, heavyweight star, who has been in there against Jack Sharkey, Bob Mills and other top-notchers, is now located in Portland. His affairs are being handled my Lew Bedel.

In one of the best wrestling shows ever offered to Bangor fans, Henry De Glaine, French heavyweight champion won over Sailor Arnold, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Harry Katron, Maine's middleweight grappling king, drew with Joe Fourtier of Sanford.

Art Giroux, state flyweight boss, knocked out Gene Rochon at Lewiston in three rounds and Tommy Lemmieux at Portland in six rounds.

Ted Kid Drew, "The Bidderford Buzz-Saw", kayoed Leo "Kid" King of Berlin, N. H., in the third round of their bout at Lewiston. Johnny Laroux, Berlin, N. H., won over Johnny Mendoza, Lewiston 135 pounder, on a foul.

Cannonball Cote, of Lewiston, drew with Larry Marinici, at the 106th Infantry Armory, Brooklyn, New York.

Boxing has been introduced as a major sport at the University of Maine, where Bill Kenyon, formerly of Georgetown, instructs the would-be pugilists.

Eddie Salvi, Boston middleweight, was awarded the decision over Kid Alrick on a foul in the third round of their main bout at Augusta. Rocky Stone, Bidderford, kayoed Granger Elvin, Readfield, in the third round of the semi-final.

Young McCoy, Central Maine lightweight champ, out-classed Cyclone Violette, Bud Fisher and Ish Patterson during the past month.

Ish Patterson, eastern Maine lightweight leader, won over Phil Filinger of Erie, Pa., at Bangor. K. O. Ketchell, Bangor, kayoed Tiger Hurd, Waterville. Baby Dempsey, Augusta, won over Peanut Dubay, Old Town; Mike Fourtier, Bangor, kayoed Jack Kid Rose, Bangor, in one and Young Querion, Brewer, won over Kid Francis, Eastport.

P. H. Connelly is drawing the crowds with his red-hot shows at Bar Harbor. Other active promotors are: Frankie De Rice, Portland; Irving Miachels, Bangor; C. J. Cote, Augusta; Ash Wing, Bangor; Louise J. Loupigineous, Ellsworth; and Pa Kearns, Lewiston.

Young Harry Wills made a successful comeback by whipping Young Villa, of Waterville. Others who have the comeback bug are: Christy Maroon, Eddie Mallice and Spad LaPlant.

The main bout of the card offered at Bath ended in the third round when the crowd walked out of the hall, after the fighters, Baby Jack Renault of Boston and Bobby Jones of Portland, failed to show any action.

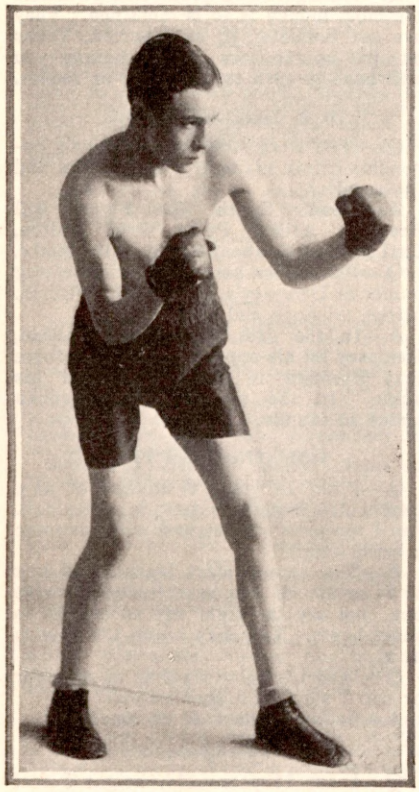
Dan Daley, Bangor, once ranked as one of the world's best featherweights and the man who participated in the longest featherweight bout on record, has gone to his final resting place. Old timers will remember him for his bouts with George Dixon and Solly Smith.

ST. LOUIS AND VICINITY
By BOB RILEY

THE boxing game is flourishing in the Mound City as never before. Jack Tippett, Tom Packs, Mique Malloy, Bat Nelson and Tommy Sullivan all are promoting and with the exception of Sullivan, all are successful. The last two shows at the Coliseum and Arena drew $20,000 and $30,000 respectively.

Jack Tippett, pioneer boxing promoter, is back in the Coliseum. Jack is blind but he matches the fighters who draw crowds and is the only promoter to ever close a successful financial season in St. Louis. Tippett's new office is located at Suite 403, Holland Building, St. Louis.

Tommy Sullivan and Bat Nelson who promote at East St. Louis, both bid for Lou Terry's services. Nelson outfigured his St. Louis rival and matched Terry with Jimmy Dalton, Indianapolis Iron Man. Terry had Dalton down four times and won the referee's decision in ten rounds.



Louis Jallos, 20-year-old Ohio State University student, and a good featherweight prospect

Mique Malloy had Primo Carnera matched with Buster Martin at the Arena for his opening show. Carnera impressed with his great size and stopped Martin dead in the second round. The huge Italian's stablemate, Jean Boreau, tangled with Lou Terry, Missouri lightweight champion at 132 pounds. Terry easily defeated the Frenchman. Other bouts on the same bill were: John Schwake, St. Louis, kayoed Buck Weaver of Tulsa, Okla., in the fourth round; King Tut, Minneapolis, kayoed Russie LeRoy, Fargo, N. D., in the second heat; Al Stillman, St. Louis lightheavyweight, shaded King Levinsky, Chicago, in five rounds, and Chuck Haeffner, Denver, Colo., beat Patsy Pollack, Chicago, in five rounds.

Benny Bass and Davey Abad mixed in a scheduled ten-rounder for the world's junior lightweight title. Benny kayoed Davey in the fourth. Abad pleaded sickness before entering the ring but it was a great fight while it lasted.

Ray Alfano, East St. Louis, Ill., club fighting lightweight, has boxed 24 straight battles without a defeat. Tommy Bambrough and Johnny Lucas were the last two to finish second in cyclonic ten-rounders. Jackie Mason, Staten Island, was fortunate to get a draw in a Hannibal ring when he met Alfano in the top ten.

Eddie Barth's K. of C. gym at East St. Louis is having an influx of professional biffers who train there for fights in St. Louis. Hotel accommodations there are excellent and the training quarters are very good.

THE RING magazine is sold at all St. Louis fights and the fans like the service it gives them. They get a broader knowledge of the game throughout the country.

A certain manager of fighters tried to buy Nat Fleischer's "Training for Boxers" and "How to Second a Fighter," in St. Louis. He failed to secure a copy. The book stores here would do well to carry the works as the writer has "Training for Boxers" and uses it constantly with excellent results.

Tom Packs, St. Louis wrestling promoter, has signed Bass to meet Eddie Shea, Joe Glaser's great featherweight, for the junior lightweight title. Both boys are Mound City favorites and one of the largest crowds of the season should be out to see them.

Mique Malloy, Chicago promoter who has three dates in the Arena here, is planning to show Primo Carnera with Chuck Wiggins, Indianapolis Windmill. Wiggins has always drawn well at St. Louis and with a good supporting card the show should be a financial as well as pugilistic success.

Tom Ford, Chicago fight manager, accompanied Malloy on his first promotional venture here and made friends with everyone. Ford directs Hershie Wilson, Walter Madey and Bus Hammer, all Chicago fighters and good ones.

Lou Terry has agreed to meet Benny Bass for Jack Tippett for the title if Tippett can arrange the match. Tippett thinks the bout would draw better than 40 grand.

Jack Horner, St. Louis welterweight, knocked out Jack Donovan at Springfield, Ill., last week. He meets Kurt Prenzel on the Kaiser-Terry card. Chico Cisneros and Billy DeFoe are also signed to go ten rounds on the same bill.

Fighters seeking work here get in touch with the writer at the Business Mens' Gym.

OREGON
By GORDON M. CONNELLY

THE card sponsored by Promoter Gruman featuring Del Fontaine, Winnipeg, Canada, and Young Firpo, of Burke, Idaho, was greeted by a large and appreciative audience.

Firpo won the decision after 10 rounds of fierce milling.

Del Fontaine, Winnipeg light-heavy, and Charlie Risko, Tacoma, fought to an exciting draw.

On this same card of Gruman's, Dode Bercot, Seattle, scored a technical knockout over Ole Nasheim, Marshfield, in the tenth.

On Hansen's card, Joe Marcus, Portland, knocked out Benny "Kid" Carter, Los Angeles, in the first. Marcus showed a terrific punch and viciousness which never before has been his custom.

Carter's purse was held up, but later given to him after he proved that he didn't take a dive.

In the semi-windup, Mickey Dolan, Portland lightweight, and Jimmy Anderson, Astoria, boxed to a draw. Kenneth Kent, Portland, knocked out Joe Blackwell, Eugene middleweight, in the fifth.

In a ten-rounder featuring Ralph Gruman's card, Pete Cerkan, Pe Ell, Washington, slugged with Del Fontaine, Winnipeg, to a draw. More popular than ever, Ole Masheim, Marshfield welterweight, was technically knocked out by Lou Sauer, Portland, in the sixth.

Promoter Hansen featured a card of six-rounders which proved unpopular. In one, Frankie Monroe lost on a foul to Soldier Thompson in the fourth. In another, Tiny Hayes, Independence, lost a decision to Bob Mariels, Portland heavyweight.

The best bout of the card was between Jimmy Anderson, Astoria, and Bruno Bertucci, Tacoma, which ended in a draw; 135 pounds. Referee Tom Louttit threw Kenneth Kent, Portland, and Ray Clark, Bellingham, out of the ring for stalling, 150 pounds. In the final bout, Gene O'Grady, Ashland, won a decision over George Rickard, Winnipeg light-heavy, in a mild bout.

The Portland Boxing Commission has granted promoters' licenses to George Moore, manager of negro boxers, and Bobby Rowe, owner and manager of the Portland Buckaroos ice hockey team.

At Salem, Terry Kileen, Independence middleweight, lost in ten rounds to Spud Murphy, Hubbard, by a decision.

At Baker, Curley Johnson, Boise middleweight, was fouled by Brownie Buskirk, Pendleton, but came back, refusing to win on a foul, to lose a decision in ten.

At Pendleton, Mickey Dolan, Portland lightweight, stopped Curley Rogers, Yakima, Washington, in round one.

Jimmie Dolan, Los Angeles, kayoed Brownie Buskirk, Pendleton middleweight, in four.

LIMITED LOW PRICE OFFER
Send No Money

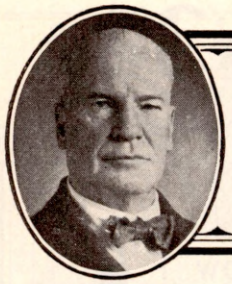
SAVE OVER HALF ON THIS OFFER

But you save still more if you buy now. Every thing's to be included in this special low price offer. Big, rugged 10 Cable Exerciser adjustable to 200 lbs. resistance. Complete **Wall Exercising** Parts for Back and Shoulder development. **Hand Grip** that builds husky Wrists and Forearms. **Head Gear** to bring out those dormant Neck Muscles. **Foot Stirrup** and **Harness** that develops sinewy Calf and Thigh Muscles. Regulation **Heavy Skip Rope** for Speed, Endurance and Wind. And a completely illustrated **Course of Instruction. All This—For only $3.98!** Take advantage of this temporary low price offer **NOW! Just send your name and address. We'll ship everything out by return mail. Pay postman only $3.98 plus postal charges. Outside United States Cash With Order.**
INSTITUTE FOR PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT, Inc.
1475 Broadway, Dept. D-12 New York, N. Y.

GUS WILSON
For Many Years Connected with
GEORGES CARPENTIER and JACK DEMPSEY
Has an Ideal Training Camp
Open All Year Round at
ORANGEBURG, NEW YORK
ROCKLAND COUNTY
Near Nyack Between Sparkhill and Tappan.
Only One Hour from Center of New York
Modern Indoor and Outdoor Gymnasium
OTTO BEER, Mgr.
Splendid Surroundings for Road Work
BOATING—FISHING—HUNTING

PROFESSOR
Jimmy De Forest
The World's greatest trainer and conditioner of Athletes Teaches Boxing and how to get in condition. Personally Only at the
Pioneer Gymnasium
340 West 44th St., N. Y. City
World's Famous Boxers train here every afternoon between 1 and 4 P.M. Amateur and Business Men's Sessions, evenings until 9 P.M.
Tel. Longacre 8398 Chas. Doessereck, Mgr.

AGENTS-Represent THE Carlton LINE
A-America's Best Paying Proposition!
SAMPLES FREE
SELL FROM A MILLION DOLLAR STOCK
Shirts, Neckwear and Underwear.
No Substitutions. 4 Hour Shipping Service. Highest Commissions. Bonuses. Profit Sharing. Biggest Company. Mail Coupon.
CARLTON MILLS INC
79 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK
Dept. 588-J
CARLTON MILLS, 79 FIFTH AVE., N.Y.C. Send me your Famous Sample Outfit
588-J
Name
Address
MAIL COUPON



IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

Len Sears, N. Y. C.

Q.—Why is there no junior middleweight title?

A.—Because the Committee that formulated the rules did not consider it necessary to create that class.

Q.—What are the measurements of Walker, Loughran, Shade, Sharkey and Dempsey?

A.—Loughran, 5 ft. 11½ inches, 175 pounds, 73 inches reach; Sharkey, 6 ft., 190 pounds, reach 72 inches; Dempsey, 6 ft. 1 inch, 196 pounds, 77 inch reach; Walker, 5 ft. 7 inches, 160 pounds; Shade, 5 ft. 8 inches, 160 pounds.

K. J. C., Okla, City

Q.—Where can a colored boy get a chance around N. Y., or Chicago?

A.—Write to any fight manager in these cities.

John Kesselring, Passaic, N. J.

Q.—Does any amateur need a license? Can he fight for money and still be an amateur?

A.—Must have an A. A. U. card, and cannot fight for money.

Q.—What are Tunney's favorite punches?

A.—Straight left or hook for the face and a right cross for body or jaw.

Q.—Do you recommend Jimmy DeForest's mail course?

A.—Yes.

Q.—What is the best for a boxer to drink—coffee, milk, water, cocoa or tea?

A.—Milk if it agrees with you. Get "Training for Boxers," which tells you all about diet for an athlete.

N. J. T., Kenaro, Ont., Canada.

Q.—I am 21 years of age, weigh 149 pounds, height 5 feet 11 inches, reach 71 inches. Am I too old to take up boxing?

A.—No. But do not engage in contests until you have mastered the rudimentary science of boxing.

Q.—How long must one fight as an amateur?

A.—Only as long as you desire.

Q.—Is the Jimmy DeForest course good for beginners?

A.—Excellent. But you should also buy from THE RING Nat Fleischer's splendid books, "Training for Boxers," and "How to Box." The price is $1.00 each. Send your order to 11 W. 42nd Street, New York City.

F. M. D., San Diego, Calif.

Q.—What is King Tut's name and where was he born?

A.—Henry Tuttle, born at Winnemoc, Wis., July 2, 1905.

Q.—Did "Tuffy" Griffiths ever go by the name of "Buzzsaw" Griffiths?

A.—No. His brother did.

Q.—Has Griffiths a chance to be champion in the near future?

A.—Not immediately, but possibly in the future.

Q.—What would be the odds on "My" Sullivan and "Jackie" Fields in a Championship bout?

A.—3 to 1 on Fields to win.

J. S. Jacobson, Brooklyn.

Q.—How do you rate Pete Sanstol and Haakon Hansen?

A.—Sanstol, good boxer. Hansen, terrific puncher.

Q.—Am 17 years, 9 months, 6 ft. 1 in., weigh 165 lbs. What class when in full growth? Have I reached the full growth or will I grow taller?

A.—Should be a heavyweight. Will not grow much taller.

Q.—Who would win a Schmeling-von Porat fight?

A.—Schmeling.

William Furman, N. Y. City.

Q.—Should Jack Dempsey really have lost that fight with Firpo when he was knocked out of the ring?

A.—The rule says that it is a foul if you are assisted into the ring, but Jack was not called out when he was helped into the ring. Why?

Q.—Do you think Dempsey was capable of climbing back into the ring unassisted?

A.—Walker Law, rules for referees, Page 32, provides: "If a contestant who has been knocked or has fallen out of the ring during the contest fails to return immediately the referee may count him out as if he were down." The Commission added to that rule that the man who falls or is knocked out of the ring must return UNASSISTED. Dempsey was assisted to re-enter the ring. Had the rule been enforced he would have been disqualified. It is questionable if he would have been able to return unassisted within ten seconds.

Alex Pullman, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—I am 16 years old, height 5 feet 2 inches and weigh 122 pounds. What will be my measurements at full growth?

A.—Probably 5 ft. 8 in., and 145 pounds.

A Reader at Independence, Mo.

Q.—I am 17½ years of age, height 5 feet 9½ inches and weigh 163 pounds. Will I make 6 feet?

A.—You should make 6 feet.

Q.—Will I make a heavyweight?

A.—Undoubtedly.

Buck Williams, Lowell, Arizona.

Q.—What size ring did Dempsey and Tunney have at Chicago?

A.—Twenty feet square.

Q.—What is the size of a regular sized ring?

A.—Originally the ring was 24 feet square, but the modern rings are less. The rule of the New York Commission provides that the ring shall not be less than 18 feet nor more than 20 feet square within the ropes.

Q.—Who has the best record, Dempsey or Tunney?

A.—Dempsey's fights all heavyweight class. Tunney's heavy fights very limited. On the whole Dempsey's record is best.

Q.—Has any champion heavyweight a better knockout record than Dempsey?

A.—Dempsey's knockouts 47. Fitz 36. John L. Sullivan 10 in regular matches. More than 100 novices in 4 round bouts. Jeffries 11. Burns 36. Johnson 28. Willard 19. Tunney 28.

The Lone Star, Beaumont, Texas.

Q.—Is there a grudge between the Northern States and the Southern States that some of your high classed managers and promoters cannot or won't come down below the Mason-Dixon line as far as Texas to get some of our best fighters and boxers, take them back and give them the chance at some of the titles that they long for, or do they think that they are ham fighters?

A.—Managers and promoters go where the most money is to be obtained. They are not feudists. If, as reported, Texas has put up the bars against boxing you will have to turn to wrestling or rodeos.

B. R. Jones, Augusta, Ark.

Q.—Who were some of Dempsey's opponents before his fight with Willard and the results?

A.—Homer Smith, Jim Flynn, Bill Brennan, Arthur Pelky, Fred Fulton, Carl Morris, Gunboat Smith, Billy Miske.

Q.—What were some of the interesting points in Dempsey's fights with Brennan, Miske, Gibbons and Carpentier?

A.—In the first fight with Brennan, Dempsey hit his opponent with such force that Brennan in falling sprained his ankle. In the second fight, Brennan lasted 12 rounds.

Teddy O'Neill, New York.

Q.—I am 18 years 8 months of age, weight 154 pounds, 5 foot 8 inches tall. Am I too old to begin, and will I become a heavyweight?

A.—You should start learning to box at 14 or 15. If you have learned how to box, you are the right age to engage in short bouts. You may reach 175 pounds at 21.

Q.—Will I have to start as an amateur or can I start as a professional?

A.—Better to start as an amateur.

Dave Lynch.

Q.—I am 14 years old, height 5 feet 8¾ inches, weight 128 pounds. What will be my weight and height at full growth?

A.—Probably 6 ft. and 170 pounds.

Q.—Was Kid McCoy ever knocked out? By whom?

A.—Tom Sharkey, Jack McCormack and Jim Corbett. The latter bout has always been under suspicion. McCoy lost to Billy Steffers in one round in 1894, but the record does not designate it as a knockout.

Q.—How long a sentence does McCoy have to serve in California?

A.—20 years.

Q.—Can I still obtain a copy of Nat Fleischer's "Idol of Fistiana"?

A.—Yes. Send $2.00 to THE RING.

S. Lazar, Jr., Montreal, Canada.

Q.—Who won the bout between Timmy Butts, Montreal and Dark Cloud Bradley, Syracuse, held at Syracuse on Monday, October 14, 1929?

A.—No report of bout received in this city.

Q.—Who are some of the men Bradley beat during his career?

A.—Bradley is entered in flyweight tournament. His best achievement was a victory over Ernie Peters.

HOOSIER FISTIC NEWS
By "KID" CHISSELL

JACKIE DUGAN, Indiana lightweight champion, although he hasn't retired from the ring, has emulated Dempsey by turning promoter.

Dugan has been running shows at Fort Wayne, Indiana, every week with much success. The popular Jackie has signed "Young" Stribling for a bout in the near future.

Chuck Wiggins, Indianapolis heavyweight, stopped George Wallace, of Cleveland, in four rounds at Richmond, Ind. Chuck then journeyed to Springfield, Ill., where he defeated Frankie Wine, of Butte, Mont., in ten rounds.

Buck Crouse, former middleweight star, now has Soldier Scotty of Los Angeles in his stable. Scotty is the former welter champ of the army, and has shown well in his bouts with the "Dummy" Mahan, Eddie Burnbrook and Ham Jenkins.

Tommy O'Brien, Los Angeles middleweight, stopped Tommy Branch, of Indianapolis, in the first round of the main go of a red-hot slugging match, while it lasted at Richmond, Ind.

Kid Chissell, New Orleans welterweight and "Irish" Chamberlain, of Richmond, slugged six rounds to a draw. Shifty Dando, Columbus, Ohio, welter, stopped Buddy Lanz, of Richmond, in one round. Roy Woods, Indianapolis bantam, defeated "Kid" Hardwood, of Richmond, in four rounds.

Chuck Wiggins, Hoosier playboy heavyweight, won by a technical kayo over Jack Barry, of Elyria, Ohio, at Lorain, Ohio.

Rosy "Kid" Baker, Anderson middleweight, shaded Cecil Hurt, of Indianapolis, in ten rounds at Connersville, Ind.

Spug Meyers, Idaho lightweight, and Billy Rose, of Cincinnati, went ten rounds to a draw at the Armory. In the semi-windup Jimmy Dale, Decatur, Ill., featherweight, stopped Jimmy Gordon of Middletown, Ohio, in the first round. Scotty Scotten, Indianapolis feather, stopped Frankie Campbell in one round. Walter Pickerd, Sandusky, Ohio, heavyweight, stopped Billy Myers, of Indianapolis, in two rounds.

Willie Yap, Honolulu bantam, shaded Roy Woods of Indianapolis in four rounds.

Roy Rodgers, the battling bellhop, former state amateur featherweight champion is now sports writer with the Indianapolis *Times*.

Soldier Goolsby, Ft. Harrison middleweight, outpointed Fay Boarman in six rounds at the Capital City Athletic Club.

Jack Reynolds, of Indianapolis, retained the world's welterweight wrestling title by taking two out of three falls from Charlie Grip, of Huntington, W. Va., at Cincinnati, O.

Jimmie "Tex" McLemore, popular promoter, who has been running shows all over the state, is the first boxing and wrestling promoter in the State of Indiana to take out a promoter's license with the National Boxing Association.

S. R. Stafford has opened the Capital City Gymnasium at 1066 Virginia Ave., and has been running popular priced shows every Friday. Many good boys are working there now including Jackie Purvis, Pete Zivic, Kid Woods, Happy Atherton, Willie Yap, Young Leach, Shifty Dando, Cecil Hurt and Soldier Scotty. Stafford has issued an invitation to any out of town pugilists who have fights scheduled here, to use the gym for workouts free of charge.

Chuck Wiggins, Indianapolis heavyweight contender, stopped Pedro Lopez, of Mexico, in three rounds at Springfield, Ill.

Several gymnasiums are open here now and running successfully. Frankie Jones' gym, 1003 E. Washington St.; Mike Mitchell's Arcade Gym, 24½ S. Illinois St.; Maxie Epstein's, 726 Russell Ave., and S. R. Staffords' Capitol City Gym, 1066 Virginia.

Nate Farbe, local manager, now has the contract of Walter Pickerd, a promising heavyweight, from Sandusky, Ohio.

Wrestlers desirous of obtaining matches on Lemores shows, get in touch with Carl Singleton, The Grand Hotel, S. Illinois and W. Maryland Sts., Indianapolis, Ind.

Any boxers wanting action on Jimmie McLemore's shows get in touch with "Gay" E. Gardner, The Broadway Hotel, S. Illinois St., Indinanapolis, Ind.

Any promoters wanting the services of Hoosier battlers get in touch with the scribe, Kid Chissell, 255 N. Arsenal Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES
By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO

YOUNG TERRY, Trenton's premier welter, lost a ten-round decision to Freddie Polo at the Armory in Newark. Many were of the opinion that the worst Terry deserved was a draw. It was one of the most savage fights this writer has ever seen. There wasn't a dull moment in the entire ten rounds. Both boxers showed scars after the battle. One week later Terry traveled to Philadelphia to put the skids under Stuffy McInnes, champion of Scotland, in five rounds. Referee Leo Houck mercifully stopped the fight to save McInnes, who was nearly blinded by a nasty gash over his right eye, from sustaining serious injury.

Paulie Walker, Trenton welter, who is keeping pace with Terry's success, won as he pleased over Joe Dundee, former welterweight champion, in a ten-round bout at Philadelphia. Much credit goes to Dundee; never once did he back up from the storm of leather that poured into him.

Tommy (Kid) Murphy won over Meyer Grace in ten rounds, but the bout was terrible. It was an unwise match, bringing together two clever defensive boxers who were more intent upon ducking than shooting punches.

Mooch Murphy, flyweight of Trenton, won over Six Cylinder of New York in six rounds. The decision was very unpopular.

Jack (Fats) Manze won by a knockout in the first round over Billy Dillon. Both are heavyweights and of this city.

Bobby Rosen won by a knockout in the second round over Jimmy White. Rosen showed improved form. Both are of Trenton.

Johnny Brennan, dynamic local featherweight, scored a sensational knockout over K. O. Sweeney of Red Bank, in the first round of a scheduled ten-round windup at the Asbury Park Armory.

In the semi-final slated for eight rounds Ralph Fulton, promising lightweight of Trenton, scored a K. O. over Micky Chapman of Asbury Park in the third round.

Willie Wiggins stopped Sol Litto of Camden in the first round of a scheduled eight in the Armory at Lakewood.

Roxie Allen of Camden beat Tommy (Kid) Murphy in an eight-round bout at the Convention Hall in Camden.

Al Little of Philadelphia won a six-round decision over Mooch Murphy of Trenton.

Ray Rivera of Mexico won over Art Nadeo of Newark in a six-rounder.

After taking a count of nine in the first round, Jack Riley came back in the second and knocked out Jack (Fats) Manze, with a well-timed right to the chin.

Tommy (Kid) Murphy and Frankie Hayes boxed a draw at the Camden Convention Hall. Murphy won in the early rounds, but tired. Hayes came on to win the late rounds and a draw.

(Baby Face) Rapolla of Keyport won over Joe Sykes of Trenton in six rounds. This bout was fast and furious throughout. Sykes had Rapolla down for the count of nine in the second. In the third Sykes went down, and again the sixth found Sykes on the floor, but Rapolla could not keep him there. At the bell both boys were hammering each other.

After being on the verge of a knockout in the third round, Frankie Fratto rallied in the last three rounds to cop the duke over Bobby Rosen in six rounds. Both boys are of Trenton.

Savario Picariello of Rider College scored a knockout over Carmivo Preste in the third round of a scheduled six.

Tommy Mahan, who has been out of the ring for more than a year, is back in training and looking for bouts. Mahan has fought some of the best, including Maxie Rosenbloom, Matt Adgie, Yale Okun, Tony Marullo and many others. Sammy Perro, manager of Young Terry, is doing his business.

Paulie Walker and Sammy Baker engaged in a gruelling ten round swatfest at the Philadelphia Arena that was declared a draw. Both sides claimed victory and the fight was that close that either boy could have claimed it. A draw does not harm anyone and it always paves the way for a return match.

Pete Tyrell, promoter at the Arena, was so pleased with the showing of both boys that he wanted to rematch them immediately.

MINNESOTA NEWS
By BOB BURRILL

DICK DANIELS climbed another rung in the pugilistic ladder when he handed a severe trouncing to Matt Adgie of Philadelphia. Adgie forced the fighting continuously and landed many pile-driving punches to the body but Daniels showed just what grit he is possessed with by the manner in which he stood up under the assault and fought back with more spirit.

Daniels left immediately after that bout to take the scalp of Jimmy Mahoney in Tulsa.

Jackie Sharkey and Johnny Ryan went nip-and-tuck for ten rounds with honors even at the finish. No one could accuse these fighting Irishmen of stalling and they fought harder as each round went by with nothing decided to select the winner.

Jack McCann, North Dakota's Dempsey, came back to win a six-round decision over Tim Derry, lanky Irish heavy.

Paul Wangley showed what real dynamite is composed of when he let his terrific right hand go on the person of Ernie North and the bout was ended after sixty-three seconds of the first round. They were slugging it out until Paul got the proper range and then it was curtains for poor Ernie.

Duke Horn's attempted comeback did not meet with much success when he clashed with Angus Snyder. Duke substituted for Otto Von Porat and put up a stubborn battle before the tilt ended. He was down three times before the towel was heaved in.

My Sullivan did little to impress the critics in his bout with Al Van Ryan. My has started to neglect his training and will only create the impression that he is another "has been" if he keeps up his lackadaisical training.

The boxing game in Minneapolis has had a remarkable winter. With one or two exceptions, Promoters Mike Collins and Jim McCarthy have never had a poor program, either fistically or financially. They developed Dick Daniels into a tremendous attraction and they will never have to worry about the receipts when Dick is on the card.

Charley Retzlaff, Duluth's great heavy, is stepping along at a lively clip. Charley stopped Art Malay in Chicago and Tony Talerico in Detroit.

Jimmy Gibbons, Mike Gibbons' heavy protege, bowled over Mitts Minikel in two rounds at La Crosse. Tommy Havel stopped Stan Ketchell in the second round of the semi-final.

RASSLIN' 'ROUN'
With BOB BURRILL

GUS SONNENBERG pulled John Freberg to the mat in two successive falls with his flying tackle. Gus forced to extend himself to keep that tottering crown on his manly brow but at no time did Freberg succeed in having champ in a real bad way. "Bull" Montana went 45 minutes with Hassan Ojile with honors even at the finish. This battle was crowded with excitement and gave the fans the real "kick" of the night.

Big John Freberg outbulled "Bull" Montana in a fast bout at the Palace. Freberg spilled the tough one after 36 minutes of going with a flying mare. The final and deciding fall was won by Freberg after 7 minutes of grappling. The Swede had a 31-pound advantage in the weights over the California Gorilla.

Judging from the numerous letters received by the writer from fans through Minnesota, this state must have an enormous following in the art of "grab and grunt". Most of the letters were apparently from old fans wanting to spill a yarn or two. The letters have proved interesting as well as educational to ye scribe and I wish to take this opportunity of thanking these correspondents for their interest in this column.

Frank Ojile took six minutes to wrestle Frank Topez to the mat after a fast assortment of grabs.

Bobby Bylund and Gus Johnson went thirty minutes to a draw and Pate Honde pinned Thor Jensen to the mat after 23 minutes of wrestling.

Bobby Bylund was thrown in two successive falls when he tried to grasp the 160 pounds title from Harry Fisher at the Palace Theatre.

The writer will appreciate any results that are forwarded of wrestling bouts in their vicinity before the 18th of each month. He can be reached at 5328 York Ave., S. Minneapolis.

KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

WICHITA, KANS.—Babe Hunt and George Hoffman fought one of the hardest and fastest ten round battles ever waged in a Wichita fighting ring. They were at it hammer and tongs from bell to bell, stood toe to toe and slugged with neither giving ground. Hoffman displayed a beautiful perfectly timed right cross that carried dynamite and tormented the Babe considerably. Hunt unleased a barrage of left and right hooks that landed with telling effect and puzzled Hoffman. Fans milled and buzzed like stirred bees after the bout arguing pro and con as to who won. Papers gave Hoffman the decision.

Only a return engagement will settle the question with the fans, and a packed house will witness the contest. A great compliment is due Johnny Husong and Harry Ortmeyer, matchmakers and promoters for the American Legion. Also Harry Hutt is to be given much consideration for his masterful work as third man in the ring.

On the Hunt and Hoffman card, Tiger Del Wolfe knocked out Ernie Taylor in 3 rounds. Wildcat Monte won a close decision over Jimmie Carter in six. Kid Granite won from Mel Gahman in six. Kenny Hill beat Jimmie Smith in six rounds.

Ft. Scott, Kans.—Young Jack Dillon shaded Johnny Wagner in 10 rounds. Walter Dunham knocked out Fred Wittington in 8. Luther Ashford knocked out Spider Kelley in 3 rounds. The colorful referee, George Cox was third man in the ring.

Kansas City, Mo.—Chick Rains defeated Young Jack Willon in 10 rounds. "Tiger" Johnny Cline won from Billy Atkinson in 10. Jack Gibbs knocked out Rusty Jones in two. Harold Sines beat Charley Patrick in four. Johnny Owens beat Tommy Fagan in four rounds.

Hutchinson, Kans.—Les Showers of Denver, the most successful Amateur Tournament promoter in the middlewest, was at the helm as director of the Hutchinson A. A. U. boxing tourney and packed the house all three nights. Over 3500 howling fans witnessed the finals. It was a record breaking crowd to witness a boxing show. Had not inclement weather prevailed they would have been compelled to turn them away in large numbers.

Kansas City, Mo.—Mickey Cohen shaded Mike Dundee in ten rounds. Ham Jenkins knocked out Johnny Wright in five. Sammy De Salvo lost on a foul to Larry Cappo in the sixth round. Harold Sines knocked out Phil Waters in two rounds.

Muskogee, Okla.—Louie Avery won a close ten round decision over Johnny Nichols. Jimmy Fogarty defeated Wop Shuman in eight. Bill Dougherty won a T. K. O. over Bill Carey in two rounds.

Duke Trammel, Sammy Ward, Wildcat Monte and Kid Granite are all making their headquarters in Wichita, and here is a quartet of real battlers, under the management of that congenial pilot Vic Bickley, 204 Palace Apartments. Vick is a fine fellow to deal with.

Pittsburgh, Kans.—Patsy Pollock won a T. K. O. in four rounds over Luther Ashford. Joe Rich won a T. K. O. over Ross Smith in nine. Gyp Zarro defeated Tommy Smirl in eight. Jack Huffman won on a foul in five rounds from Roy Wilson. George Cox officiated as third man in the ring.

The Cudahy Club is staging a big Southwest A. A. U. Amateur Tournament. Winners, runnerups and semi-finalists boxers of ten various states are entered. Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Iowa, Arkansas, Texas, Wyoming and New Mexico, the cream of tournaments held in these various states will compete.

NOTICE TO BOXING PROMOTERS

Fill Out and Mail This Coupon Today

.....

THE RING MAGAZINE,
Boxing Managers Department,
Graybar Building, New York, N. Y.

Please tell me how I can bring my club and its facilities to the attention of America's leading boxers and boxing managers, at a minimum of cost.

Name .....

Club .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Tulsa, Okla.—Babe Hunt knocked out Sandy Moir in two rounds. Chick Rains defeated Bob Hamilton in eight. Wildcat Monte won from Louie Avery in eight. Johnny Nichols won from Eddie Murray in six. Wilson Dunn defeated Ray Jones in six rounds.

Fred Reese, a heavyweight of Ft. Scott, is becoming a very popular fighter and always lands a berth on all the big heavy cards in this section. Reese has met them all in these parts, and invaded Mississippi and Louisiana, and met with great success. Fred can fight and can hit as hard as any heavy in the game. Several of the promising heavies have been knocked horizontal by him. Buck Weaver who is fighting in the east now, was flattened by Reese just prior to embarking for the Atlantic seaboard. Eastern promoters would do well to bring Reese back there to see just how good some of their promising young heavies are.

St. Joseph, Mo.—Jackie Evans substituted on a few hours notice and gave Chick Wagner a neat trimming in ten rounds. Jack Dempsey refereed the bout.

The promoter's tangle in Tulsa, Okla., has been settled at last. The Coliseum with Walter Whiteside as president has purchased the boxing franchise from Roy Rhodes and others and will do all the promoting in that city in the future. Joe O'Brien has been selected as matchmaker and contemplates staging some high class attractions. Boxers of national reputation for top shots wishing to show in this territory get in touch with Joe O'Brien in care of the Coliseum, Tulsa, Okla.

Joplin, Mo.—Nick Broglio defeated Joe (Kid) Pack in ten rounds. Willie Erne knocked out Russel Kline in two rounds.

Concordia, Kans.—"Cannon Ball" Joe Kopfer and Jimmie Carter the "Fighting Fool" drew in ten rounds. George Sprague knocked out Stub Drury in eight. Charlie Scott outpointed Ed Boughen in ten rounds.

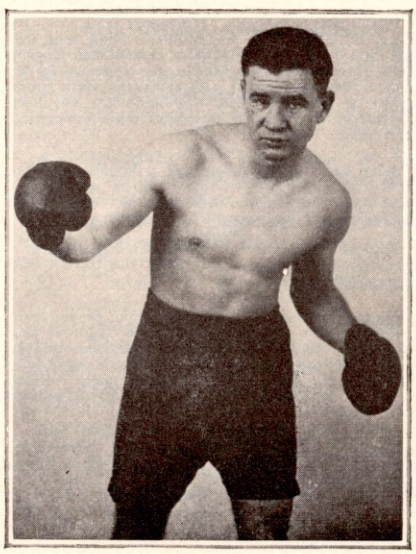
St. Joseph, Mo.—John Smogye outpointed Frank Carbone in ten. Sailor Liston defeated Pun Jamison in eight. Joe Smogye beat Harold Sines in six. Ray Palmer beat Tony Gagliano in six rounds.

St. Louis, Mo.—Primo Carnera knocked out Buster Martin in two rounds. King Tut knocked out Russie Le Roy in one. Chuck Heffner beat Patsy Pollock in five. Lou Terry beat Jean Boireau in five. John Schwake knocked out Ora (Buck) Weaver in five. Al Stillman defeated King Levinsky in five rounds.

Tulsa, Okla.—Dick Daniels won the decision from Jimmy Mahoney in ten. Kid Kober knocked out Pug Humphries in five. Johnny Nichols knocked out Jimmy Miller in four. Wilson (Indian) Dunn knocked out Young Ketchell in five rounds.

Independence, Kans.—Billy Fisher defeated Bob Hamilton in ten rounds. Frankie O'Farrell won on a foul from Young Paul in four. Forrest Hatch knocked out Ernie Taylor in two. Art Hatcher knocked out Billy Bringle in two.

Oklahoma City, Okla.—Prima Carnera knocked out John (Man Mountain) Erickson in two rounds. Ora (Buck) Weaver and Tilden Stutz fought eight rounds to a draw. Ralph Abel won from Bill Cox in six. Dickey Dillman won from Lester Allen in the opening four round bout.



Johnny Hawkes, who claims decisions over Billy Townsend and Wildcat Carter

AROUND ARIZONA ARENAS
By DON PRICE

BATTLING SIKI, lightweight champion of Arizona, scored a technical knockout over Bobby Neal of El Paso, Texas, in the fourth round of a scheduled eight-round bout at Tucson. Neal's nose was broken in the fourth stanza and he took a severe beating in every round. Charley Rios, Tucson, outpointed Soldier Hicks of Nogales in the six-round semi-windup. This card was promoted under Louis Gherna's banner.

Although boxing in this state has been at low ebb (a general condition prevailing throughout the entire country), fistic activities have picked up since the holidays. Regularly scheduled fight cards are now staged at Tucson, Stafford, Nogales, Prescott and, of course, at Phoenix Madison Square Garden.

Billy Hunefeld, veteran lightweight of the four-round days in California, has been successfully promoting in Phoenix for the past six years. At present he is promoting for the Disabled American Veterans and holds high-class programs every Friday night at Madison Square Garden. Hunefeld knows the angles of the fight racket far better than the average matchmaker now holding sway in the West.

Owen Phelps, formerly known in the ring as Wildcat Nelson and present titleholder in both the light heavyweight and heavyweight divisions of the state, doled out a neat shellacking at Madison Square Garden to Tony Stabeneau of Los Angeles. Despite the fact that the Arizona champ was outweighed over twenty pounds he easily took every one of the ten rounds. Phelps dropped the elongated coast heavy for a nine count in the fifth heat. Stabeneau came in at 195 pounds, Phelps at 174½.

Because of his unorthodox mauling and tugging style of milling, Owen Phelps never has been greatly popular in his home town but in the Stabeneau melee hundreds who came to jeer the Mesa "Cactus Man" remained to cheer him to the skies. Dopesters had figured that Stabeneau would put the kayo on Phelps but the 6 ft. 3in. coast battler never had a chance at any stage of the fight.

Jimmy Hoover of Reno, Nevada, outpointed Frankie Mason in a ten-round main event at The Garden. Mason, who hails from San Antonio, Texas, managed to drop Hoover for a short count in the first frame but thereafter the Reno redhead had things his own way. Hoover attributed his failure to stop Mason to a broken hand he suffered in the fourth round.

In one of the best fights seen at Phoenix Madison Square Garden in years, Ramon Montoya of San Diego, Calif., defeated Billy Evans, colored battler of Columbus, Ohio. Montoya, claimant of the bantamweight championship of southern California, had a slight shade in six of the eight rounds while Evans, although dropping the nod, made a creditable and interesting showing. In another eight-rounder on the same card, Mike Stankovich outpointed Earl Stevens of Oklahoma City. Bill Boaz whipped the rugged Mexican veteran, Kid ValDon, in the six-round semi.

At Madison Square Garden, Phoenix, Mike Stankovich of Miami took an eight-round decision over Allen Whitlow of Superior in a slow and featureless headline attraction. Whitlow, who is state featherweight titleholder, was outweighed six pounds by his opponent. Ramon Torres, new Mexican lightweight idol of his countrymen, was robbed of a win over Orin Mack of Phoenix when the referee called their six-rounder a draw. And Referee Hegele's draw verdict in the Bill Boaz and Hymie Goldberg bout met with disfavor with the large crowd, the majority believing Boaz won, an opinion also held by the humble conductor of this column. Marion West of Laveen continued his winning streak among the lightweights by stopping "Goldspot" Tapia in the first of a scheduled four-round preliminary.

Joe Levy, formerly matchmaker for Jack Doyle's Olympic Auditorium, Los Angeles, and more recently matchmaker for the city of Portland, Oregon, in the municipal bouts, has entered Tucson and will promote boxing weekly. Levy, who is rated as one of the best matchmakers in the West, is busy lining up his opening card and promises to give fistic fans of Tucson a glimpse of the best fighters now campaigning in the country.

The entry of Joe Levy into promotion at Tucson undoubtedly will result in a boxing war between two factions as Louis Gherna has been holding shows there for several years. Perhaps a little competition will mean better fights for the fans. At any rate, those in the know claim that Levy is firmly entrenched and prepared for any emergency which may arise.

The writer will be glad to answer any questions pertaining to boxers, managers or any query relative to fighting conditions in this vicinity. Boxers contemplating a trip to the Pacific Coast would do well to get in touch with me regarding stopping over for bouts. Address Don Price, care of Phoenix Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. and Monroe, Phoenix, Arizona.

New Knockout King Arrives

(Continued from page 17)

in the Boston arena, and Rawson was spilled for the fare-thee-well in the sixth canto of a ten round mill. Not, however, until after he had dumped Mills thrice into the resin dust.

But, like the cat, Larry came back, met Mills all over again at Fenway Park last summer, and floored him in four. Then, for luck, he met Mills a short while ago and again knocked him out, this time in one round. He practically retired Mills from further big league consideration.

"Big Boy" has a peculiar style—it is a bit weird—but he starts fighting on the bell and has a way of keeping right on punching until the scrap is over. "I believe," said he to the writer, "the way to win fights is by fighting, so I always start with the bell. Anyone who will fight with me, suits me exactly."

Had all of Rawson's fights gone the scheduled distance, he would have had to fight 160 rounds.

The exact route, however, has been but 48.

In the seven scheduled 10-rounders he has participated in Boston, a total of 70 stanzas, he has had to travel but 14. He lost to Mills, as stated, in six, stopped four opponents in one for each, one opponent in two, and another in four.

Concerning his two last musses with Mills of New Hampshire, Rawson, as we have stated, finished him in one round, also four, a total of five for 20 slated chapters.

He was badly outclassed in his last start by Al Friedman who stopped him in five rounds, yet he still looks like a good prospect.

Fake, Yet a Blessing

(Continued from page 41)

sending a message to someone by the official. Leaning to the bottom rope, Jackie drew the official toward him and snapped:

"How long before the fire can get into this hall?"

"Probably twenty minutes," said the thoroughly terrified man. "You know there's a fire wall, and the doors have been shut."

"How long does it take the crowd to get out of here, usually, after the show is over?" demanded Jackie.

"About ten minutes," answered the official.

"All right," exclaimed Jackie. "Now you sit down right there and don't open your mouth or I'll knock your cowardly block right off. This show is going to be over in just thirty seconds," coolly observed Jackie as the bell sounded, "and they'll all be out before the flames burst into this room."

* * *

"OUT to the center of the ring the boys advanced, and instantly Jackie led with a long, slow right swing which started from the floor. It missed Palmer almost a foot.

As he missed, Jackie turned his body and dropped his hands, throwing himself "wide open", as they say. Palmer, apparently suspecting some sort of trick, stared stupidly for a second or two at the chin of his opponent directly in range and stood stock still.

"Hit me, you so-and-so," growled Jackie through his teeth. Palmer, stung into action by the epithet feebly and automatically struck out and landed a weak punch on the jaw that was still so invitingly in front of him. Jackie dropped to the canvas as if struck by an axe.

The crowd was dumbfounded. Even Palmer stood there amazed as he heard the referee count ten over his rival.

Jackie had saved the day. He faked the fight that meant so much for him in order to prevent a wholesale sacrifice.

Cries of "fake, fake, crook," rent the air, but Jackie paid no attention. He leaped over the ropes, down the aisle to his dressing room and with his exit, the crowd soon started on its devious way out.

Ten minutes later the last of the noisy gathering had reached the street. The fans had passed down that narrow stairway little dreaming that they were escaping from a wall of fire that would soon eat its devastating way through the building.

* * *

SUDDENLY, there came an explosion and the fight arena was in flames. The men then realized what a narrow escape they had had. Jackie Roberts' faked knockout had saved their lives, yet only two other persons besides Jackie were in on his secret.

Jackie reached the street just before the crash.

He was downhearted. The dreams of fame and fortune in the ring and that beautiful house on the hillside, were now truly a dream.

The din of the crash of the southern wall had scarcely passed, when word of Jackie's heroism had spread through the street. The club official let out the secret.

Those who had only a few minutes before jeered him, were now looking for Jackie in that crowd. They found him. They were now his keenest supporters. They had learned the truth and were ready and waiting to reward him. They would see that he was well taken care of.

He was—for word had been flashed to his sweetheart, Kate Karney, and when Jackie visited her the following morning to explain the stories of his "fake" which appeared in the early papers, he found a willing heart and two willing hands to grasp him towards it.

The parish priest benignly completed the job.

THE THREE GREATEST BOOKS ON BOXING EVER PUBLISHED

There are many books on the market on boxing, and training, but not one that compares to the masterpieces on the sport published by THE RING and written by THE RING publisher, Nat Fleischer.

"HOW TO SECOND A BOXER"

(The American Way) With a foreword by William A. Brady, is making a hit with fight managers and promoters and boxers. Every manager and second should have a copy and study its contents.

Nothing like it ever published. Contains heaps of valuable information for boxer, trainer and second. The chapter devoted to the medical end, the first aid department of a second's job, is worth ten times the cost of this book. Only $1.00 for a book that teaches you all a handler of a boxer, amateur or professional, need know.

In its pages are instructive illustrations of the correct and incorrect way to handle a fighter. These pictures, gathered at great cost, give you the kind of instruction that is invaluable.

* * *

"HOW TO BOX"

(With a Foreword by James J. Corbett)

A book that not only tells you how to learn this great sport, but gives a reason for everything you are asked to do.

A Book that not only gives you reasons, but explains in minute detail the meaning of each blow and illustrates with many photographs, the correct and incorrect way to handle yourself.

In addition, a special section with fourteen full page photographs by Benny Leonard on his "Lessons on Boxing."—All for only $1.00

* * *

"TRAINING FOR BOXERS"

With a foreword by the greatest of modern fighters, Jack Dempsey

No matter how good a boxer you are, you shouldn't be without this book. Buy it—Read it—Study its contents thoroughly if you want to be up near the top.

A book adopted in many colleges, high schools and even in the Hawaiian Department of the United States Army.

It is a book without an equal. Jack Dempsey, most popular of all boxers, has endorsed this book. He writes that it contains many fine points that he never knew about.

In this third edition, you'll find six full pages of training stunts which Dempsey, The Man Killer, The Greatest of All Modern Fighters, employed in getting in trim for his big battles.

Would you miss such a treat? You can't go wrong by sending in $1.00 for the latest training book, or $3.00 for the three books.

PLEASE USE THIS COUPON:

THE RING BOOK SHOP,
No. 11 West 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.
Enclosed please find { $3 / $1 } for which send me Nat Fleischer's
"How to Second"
"How to Box"
"Training for Boxers" } Please mark books desired
Name_____
Street Number_____
City_____
State_____

All photographs which appear in each issue in this book may be purchased from The Ring, Inc., 11 West 42nd Street, New York City, N. Y.

NERVES?

Are You Always Excited? Fatigued? Worried? Gloomy? Pessimistic? Constipation, indigestion, cold sweats, dizzy spells and bashfulness are caused by **NERVE EXHAUSTION.** *Drugs, tonics and medicines cannot help weak, sick nerves!* Learn how to regain Vigor, Calmness and Self Confidence. Learn about my method to overcome Nerve Exhaustion. **Send 25 cents for this amazing book.**

RICHARD BLACKSTONE, N-244 Flatiron Bldg., N. Y.

ALLAN'S ALL RUBBER EXERCISER
(Strong and Durable)
Single $1.00

Equal to Any $5.00 Muscle Builder.
(Nickel Handles)
Double $2.50

A New and Improved Strength Builder

(Just what you have been looking for), made of the strongest of pure Gum Rubber equal in strength to any progressive muscle builder. We guarantee results with this machine. Boys get strong and stay so. USE the fastest Developer of the Arms, Shoulders, Back and Body. This Exerciser will work WONDERS in the shortest time. (Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded.)

Send Today: $1.00 for single Rubber Exerciser (postpaid). $2.50 for Double Rubber Exerciser, with nickel handles (postpaid).

A New and Highly Illustrated Course of Training, The "Anatomical Chart of Exercises", given with every machine.

A. ALLAN HENDRICKSON COMPANY (Makers), Dept. R-4
318 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

An EVERLAST TEETH PROTECTOR

AT A NEW LOW PRICE $2.50

These are not to be confused with the usual stock mouthpieces that in many cases are made of poor rubber and chemically vulcanized resulting in a protector that injures the gum and gags the mouth. Or that are made only in one size and prove ill-fitting.

The new Everlast mouthpiece is priced low only because of quantity production. Made only as Everlast makes mouthpieces, in various shapes and sizes, and sold to you according to the impression of your teeth on an Everlast "Impression Card" sent to you gratis. (See illustration directly above.) Complete with jar of preserving fluid that keeps the device in perfect condition at all times.

SAVE YOUR TEETH!
SAVE YOUR LIPS!

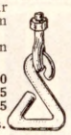
SEND FOR AN IMPRESSION CARD NOW
or fit one at your dealer!

NEW!

EVERLAST OCTAGON-FACED SWIVEL

Your fingers won't slip around THIS swivel when you want to take it off the platform. It's been purposely made with eight flat surfaces around the socket so that you can get a good grip on it and turn it out easily.

An added convenience is the all metal bag holder that eliminates the fear of having the bag fly off the platform as was the case with cord. Made to fit the present size bases on platforms.



No. R4 Swivel.....$2.00
No. R4 Swivel without bagholder... 1.25
No. R4 Bag holder alone..... .75

Get your new swivel today at your dealers.

NEW CATALOG READY
Send 10c for Catalog 3OR
Dealers Write for Proposition.

THE 1930 EVERLAST BOXING RECORD

By Mail 45c
On News Stands 35c
or at your sporting goods store

EVERLAST
"World's Boxing Headquarters"
33 UNION SQUARE NEW YORK

Miami Bout Recalls London Prize Ring Rules

(*Continued from page 7*)

his rights according to the strict interpretation of the rules. It was a situation exactly analogous to that in the Scott-Von Porat fight in New York. Scott was fouled and he claimed foul and would not go on. There was nothing for Dempsey to do but give the fight to the Briton.

In Miami there was some sort of agreement not to claim the fight on a foul unless the claimant was injured. Scott seemingly was injured, but his manager made a bad mistake and there was no comeback in the face of the way the thing developed. It is my opinion that irrespective of the result, foul or no foul, Sharkey was the better man. He would have won by a knock-out in about five rounds had the fight continued.

Scott was not aggressive. He proved fairly clever in a way, but there was nothing serious to his attack. It was very plain that he was fighting a better man.

GUS MARTEL SCORED FOUR KNOCK-OUTS IN ONE NIGHT

By

FRANK RAGAN

Noted Chicago Sportsman

Gus Martel, former undefeated amateur lightweight champion of the world, was one of the greatest fighters I ever knew. No man was ever known to stay three rounds with him. He stopped most of them in the first round.

Kayoed Four Men

One of the greatest things I ever heard of a fighter doing was the night Gus knocked out four men at the Wateida Hall, Chicago, in 1905. He fought as a lightweight and, after winning that class, my welterweight who was due to fight didn't show up, so I announced that Martel would fight the welterweight. Gus knocked him out in one round. The crowd went wild and yelled for him to fight a middleweight. To satisfy the crowd, I let him. He knocked the middleweight out in one round.

If the fans were crazy before, they were way out of control now and yelling, "Ragan, let him fight the lightheavy." To avoid a riot, I let him go on. He cleaned the lightheavy in the second round, then begged me to give him a chance at the heavyweight. Mind you, he licked the four men without getting out of the ring or getting any rest between fights.

Won Every Bout

In all the amateur fights that were fought in Chicago in my time that Gus took part in, he won every bout. Time and time again, men would see him knock out opponents and they would refuse to go on with him. He would walk into the ring smiling and look very slouchy, and the fellow he was boxing would think he was a sucker. But just as soon as he led, Gus would let fly his right, and nine times out of ten he would knock out his opponent with the very first punch.

Among those Martel met and defeated are such men as Ed. Toomey, California's best lightweight; Jack Williams, feather champ of England; Frank Purcell, heavyweight champ of Honolulu; Tommy Mowatt, who held Young Corbett to one of the closest decisions Corbett ever received.

Starting In Next Issue

JACK CURLEY'S REMINISCENSES

As told to Frank Graham

THRILLING - INTERESTING - ENTERTAINING

A series with a punch. The story of one of the most colorful promoters in American ring history

Behind the Scenes With Real Detectives!

Tales with the Added Thrill of Truth

Written by World's Leading Detectives and Reporters

Actual Inside Stories of 20 Great Crime Mysteries

FIENDISH murder tracked to its lair. Treacherous blackmail exposed. Debauching white slavers brought to justice. Tragic kidnapping—gruesome crime—intriguing mystery revealed. Not by fictional pawns moved at the will of a clever story writer. But by real detectives and newspaper men.

Here are the true stories—the inside facts of most baffling and sensational murders, mysteries, and crimes that have paraded themselves across the front pages of our newspapers within the last few years. Told to you by the actual detectives and reporters who worked on the cases.

Here you learn the real solutions to the mysteries that have always puzzled you. The actual motives, intimate facts and ultimate conclusions of crimes that have rocked our continent. The actual solution coming in most instances after the newspapers have dropped the cases. And now are for the first time revealed to the public.

Not A Book of Fiction

"Strange and Mysterious Crimes" is a book you will eagerly read from cover to cover. For it is not a book of fiction—not a tale of the imagination. It deals with *real* mysteries and *real* criminals. Crime mysteries that are true—thrilling—exciting—baffling—fascinating. Each story tingles with the reality of blood-chilling experiences. The bizarre crimes and misdoings described have been committed by cunning individuals who leave no clues behind them. Not only the brutal crimes themselves, but the gradual unfolding of the processes of justice, add to the suspense.

In these stories you read of detectives—crime-hunters, clever, brainy and brave. And of how they take the tangled knots of circumstance into their own hands. How they slowly and patiently unravel all their twistings and windings until finally the great secret is disclosed—and the criminals brought to justice.

You have long been waiting for tales of this sort. Stories that are true—that combine all the fascination—all the lure of fictional stories—with the sure knowledge that the events unfolded in cameo clearness on the pages before you *have actually happened.* Stories that for suspense, surprise and startling denouement are setting a new mark in popular reading material.

Lovers of the finer points of crime detection will find this book more fascinating, more absorbing than any of the imaginary detective novels. In this great book you enjoy thrilling accounts of the actual exploits of living detectives—revealing first-hand statements of how tangled trails of criminal operations have been solved. Tales from the life experiences of crime hunters well known in the American detective world.

Written by or under the personal direction of the detectives and newspaper men involved, these stories reveal the cases described in accurate detail from beginning to end. They supply the important facts not available in newspaper accounts. They give, often for the first time, the authentic version of the episodes leading to the crime's solution.

Twenty Complete Stories in One Volume

The Strange Story of the Lost Millionaire
The strangest disappearance case on record

The Crime that Rocked a Continent
Inside story of the sensational Hans Schmidt murder case

Chicago May's Cleverest Job
A clever blackmail scheme revealed

The Horror Package in Red
Story of the cold blooded "Guldensuppe Murder"

My Adventures with a Blackmail Ring
Story of a cruel blackmailer at work

The Crime Without a Clue
Was this ferocious crime finally solved?

The Clue of the Crucifix
A fiendish killing shrouded with black mystery

Inside Story of the Catherine Ging Murder
The famous "Harry Hayward" case

The Boy Who Stole a Million
How the underworld works

The Lone Million Dollar Diamond Thief
The story of Hubbard, notorious diamond thief

Human Contraband
Smuggling opium and Chinese girls from Mexico

The Unwritten Evidence
A helpless creature buried alive

How They Captured the "Human Gorilla"
Earle Nelson's mad career of blood totalled 22 victims

The Farm of the Seven Crimes
Inside story of the mysterious Oberst horror

Tapped Wires
"Limping Charlie" Cleaver, notorious Chicago safe-cracker, captured

The Strange Death of Beautiful Elizabeth Griffith
A tragic end to the 17-year old Kentucky beauty

My Encounter with a White Slave Ring
Girls taken to South America to marry wealthy men. What they found

Hands Up
Story of a $73,000 Los Angeles hold-up

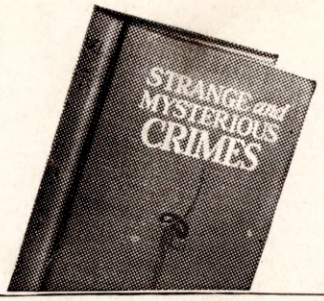
The $1,000,000 Insurance Frauds
The gang responsible for the losses

Written With Scissors
Amazing grab for $200,000 from the National Bank of Cuba

20 Stories For the Price of One

One glance at the contents of this book will convince you of its scope. And these stories—twenty of them—have been put into a single volume, within the means of all. And you do not have to send a cent with your order. Merely mail the coupon below and the book will come to you by return mail. When it arrives pay the postman only $2.00 plus a few cents postage. There is no further charge. *You get this masterpiece—twenty heart-throbbing, hair-raising stories in one volume—for only $2.00.*

The edition is limited. So order from your book store or send in the coupon at once assuring yourself of a copy now.



Macfadden Book Company, Inc., Desk R-4
1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Send me at once a copy of "Strange and Mysterious Crimes." When the book arrives, I will pay the postman $2.00 plus a few cents delivery charges. This will pay for the book in full.

If you care to send cash with your order, we will pay the postage.

Name_____

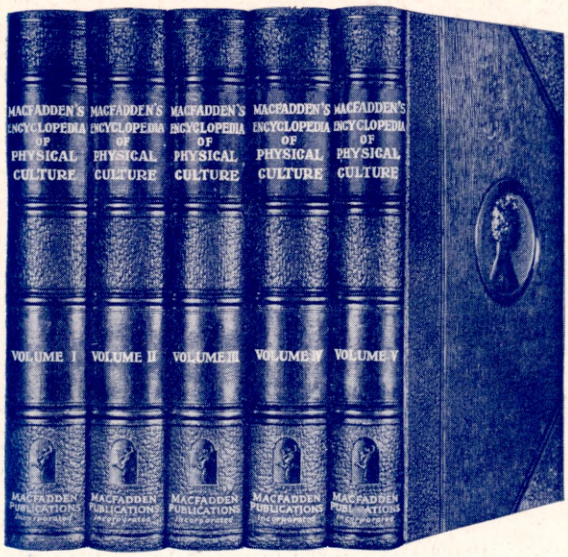
Street_____

City_____ State_____

(Canadian and foreign orders—cash in advance)

On Sale At All Bookstores

. . . . or use coupon to order direct



Will you be one of the 800,000 who will die this year of preventable disease?

OF the hundreds of thousands who die from respiratory diseases, bronchitis, pneumonia, kidney diseases, tuberculosis, influenza, and intestinal disorders, a large portion would not have died if they had been able to recognize early symptoms and had known how to treat themselves.

Nature always warns of impending sickness. The occasional headache, that tired, exhausted feeling, loss of appetite, a casual cold and other slight disarrangements are Nature's warnings to you that your body isn't functioning properly or that you are not living and eating correctly.

You can rule your health just as surely as you can rule your actions. If you are not enjoying perfect health today it is because you haven't enjoyed the method provided by Nature to keep you well. If you don't know what her requirements are, you are sure to blunder into some kind of sickness—perhaps fatal disease.

ENCYCLOPEDIA of PHYSICAL CULTURE
New 8th Edition ~ Completely Revised

EVERY year more than ten thousand people die of bronchitis, sixty four thousand die of pneumonia, seventy-five thousand die of kidney trouble, fifty thousand die of respiratory disease, one hundred and six thousand die of tuberculosis, approximately eighty-five thousand die of influenza, and more than ten thousand die of intestinal trouble.

Barring accidents and suicides, only a small percentage of these thousands should die.

It is a fact that only about one person out of three enjoys good health. And those who are physically a little "Off" right now, will more than likely be the ones to succumb to preventable diseases this year. And they are the ones who should not die.

Nature is constantly warning you of impending sickness. Seemingly trivial symptoms tell of serious trouble taking root in your body. And yet, ninety-nine people out of every hundred will absolutely ignore these danger signals. As long as they are not flat on their backs, they will fool themselves into believing that they are all right.

Nature is merciless. If you do not understand her laws and her methods of preventing and curing sickness, you suffer. She knows no excuse—she accepts no apologies.

The Average Person Pays Thousands of Dollars in Doctors' Bills

Those who do not know Nature's methods of preventing and curing sickness are ill an average of 21½ days each year. In fact, it is estimated that the average person in a lifetime spends $4,100 on doctor and hospital bills, loss of time from business, medicine and other expenses due to illness. Thousands of people are living half-powered lives because they are ignorant of the laws of Nature. Many of these people will fill an early grave, when they might easily have lived to enjoy a ripe old age.

What would it be worth to you to be able to instantly identify in its earliest stages any sickness or disease that might overtake you or any member of your family? To enjoy perfect health, almost complete freedom from sickness, doctor and hospital bills, and no days of suffering and worry or salary lost through sickness?

How to—

possess exhilarating health every day in the year
know your own body
eat for health
diet for the cure of disease
know the art of food preparation
build a powerful physique
correct physical imperfections
become a physical director
avoid unhappy marriages
avoid disease
fast as a curative measure
cure by hydropathy (heal by the use of water)
apply all methods of drugless healing
give first aid in emergencies
apply home treatment for disease
recognize diseases by manifestations
build nervous energy
treat the common form of disease
understand the process of reproduction
benefit by laws of sex and marriage
treat diseases of women
diagnose diseases
have healthy and vigorous children
treat female disorders
treat male disorders
obtain virility and manhood
care for the complexion
manicure; care for the hair and feet
cultivate the mind—

These are only a few of the matters explained in the Encyclopedia.

The Encyclopedia of Physical Culture
(8th Edition—Greater Than Ever Before)

This marvelous 5-volume work gives you the information you need to build up rugged strength, health and vitality. It is for every member of the family—it covers every phase of strength and body building for adults, children and babies. It gives invaluable information on fasting, dieting and exercise. A thorough and extensive treatment is given of the laws of sex, the attainment of virile manhood and womanhood, and happy, successful parenthood, together with details for diagnosis and treatment of all sexual diseases. Handsomely illustrated charts on anatomy and physiology are scattered through out the book.

It is neither dull nor technical, but is simple, comprehensive and complete in every sense. It is the crowning effort of Bernarr Macfadden's rich, full experience in the science of health and physical culture. He has had more than thirty years' experience in guiding thousands of physical wrecks to glorious health and vigor. Out of that experience he built his Encyclopedia of Physical Culture.

Seven big editions of this popular work have been exhausted. And now the eighth edition—greatest of all—has just come off the press. This edition has been completely revised at great expense. Scores of new illustrations have been inserted. The binding has been changed to a beautiful all Fabrikoid, more durable than leather. Altogether it is the finest edition of the encyclopedia ever issued.

10 Days' Free Examination of Entire Set—No Money Needed

This is the most liberal offer we have ever made on the Encyclopedia—10 days' examination of the entire set at no expense to you. There is no money needed—no deposit to pay. Just fill in the coupon and we will send the five volumes to you, all shipping charges prepaid, for your inspection.

Take ten days to examine the set. Then, if you decide to purchase, send us only $2.00 as your first payment. Additional payments may be made at the rate of only $3.00 a month until the total cost of $35.00 has been paid.

If you care to pay cash you may do so by sending us only $31.50. This represents a 10 per cent discount.

If you purchase the set at once we will include, without extra charge, a one year's subscription to Physical Culture Magazine.

Remember, no money now, and no obligation to purchase. You simply agree to return the books at the end of ten days in case you decide not to keep them

Macfadden Book Company, Inc.
Dept. R-4, 1926 Broadway, New York City

Macfadden Book Company, Inc.
Dept. R-4, Macfadden Building,
1926 Broadway, New York City.

SPECIAL

Send me on 10 days' inspection the five volumes of the Encyclopedia of Physical Culture. If I find the set satisfactory I will either send $2.00 in ten days and $3.00 a month until $35.00 has been paid, or $31.50 cash. If I decide not to keep the books I will return them in 10 days postpaid.

Foreign orders—cash in advance.

Name.....

Occupation.....

Residence.....

Employed at.....

Business Address.....

I understand that this price includes a subscription to Physical Culture Magazine for one year.